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KOTTABOS.

DUBLIN :
PORTEOUS AND GIBBS, PRINTERS
WICKLOW STREET.

K8775

KOTTABOS.

[A college miscellany]

EDITED BY

ROBERT YELVERTON TYRRELL,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

FIRST SERIES.

Πολὺς δὲ κοττάβων ἀραγμὸς

. . . ἀχεῖ μέλος ἐν δόμοισιν,

Eur. Pleisth.

635-59
18/1/06

✠ DUBLIN:

WILLIAM MCGEE, 18 NASSAU STREET.

LONDON: GEORGE BELL AND SONS.

1874. 5170

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CORRIGENDA IN VOL. I.

p. 131,	line 19,	for	λειριοεσσών,.....	read	λειριοεσσέων.
„ 171,	„ 7,	„	μετά σε,.....	„	μετά σε.
„ „	„ 14,	„	ἀδελφῷ,.....	„	ἀδελφῷ.
„ „	„ 8,	„	πάτερ,	„	πατέρ.
„ „	„ 21,	„	χρῆ,	„	χρῆ.
„ „	„ 29,	„	ἐκ βοφῶν,	„	ἐκροφῶν.
„ 173,	„ 5,	„	τοίοισδ',	„	τοιοῖσδ'.
„ „	„ 7,	„	ἐξώλει,	„	ἐξώλει.
„ „	„ 9,	„	χυθές,	„	ψυθές.
„ „	„ 12,	„	χαῖρέ συ,.....	„	χαῖρε σύ.
„ „	„ 13,	„	σύν,	„	σύν.
„ 181,	„ 26,	„	καποθαύμασαι, ...	„	καποθαυμάσαι.
„ 190,	„ 15,	„	Ut,	„	Vt.
„ 195,	„ 9,	„	Juppiter,.....	„	Iuppiter.
„ 197,	„ 6,	transfer the inverted commas to the end of the piece.			
„ 199,	„ 8,	for	maligua,	read	maligna.
„ 203,	„ 19,	„	coeli,	„	caeli.
„ 205,	„ 11,	„	βρεφους,	„	βρέφους.
„ 207,	„ 3,	„	venti,	„	uenti.
„ „	„ 6,	„	solicitare,.....	„	sollicitare.
„ 211,	„ 9,	„	tyrrani,.....	„	tyranni.
„ 212,	„ 2,	„	aequor Indum,	„	Indicum aequor.
„ 217,	„ 8,	„	ὅσθ' οἶα φησίν, ...	„	ὥσθ' οἶα φησιν.
„ „	„ 11,	„	ἀν,	„	ἄν.
„ „	„ 15,	„	μαχῇ πάτηρ,.....	„	μάχη πατήρ.
„ „	„ 17,	„	κορῆς,	„	κόρης.
„ „	„ 23,	„	λυπῆς,	„	λύπης.
„ 222,	„ 17,	omit (from the German of Heine.)			
„ 245,	„ 3,	for	flabello,	read	flagello.
„ „	„ 3,	„	virgo,	„	uirgo.
„ 247,	„ 24,	„	illachrymat,.....	„	illacrimat.
„ 251,	„ 13,	„	frimo,	„	firmo.
„ „	„ 14,	„	adversa,	„	aduersa.
„ „	„ 14,	„	adhue,	„	adhuc.
„ 258,	„ 16,	„	μῖα,	„	μιᾶ.
„ 259,	„ 1,	„	ὀλῃ,	„	ὀλῃ.
„ 263,	„ 11,	„	invidia,	„	inuidia.
„ „	„ 21,	„	Quem,	„	Quam.

p. 265,	line	2,	<i>for</i>	versibus,	<i>read</i>	uersibus.
" "	"	5,	"	vires,	"	uires.
" 266,	"	2,	"	τοξότων,	"	τοξοτῶν.
" "	"	5,	"	καινάς κ.τ.λ.....	"	καινοὺς φοροῦσι θυλακοὺς.
" "	"	6,	"	πάρθενον,	"	παρθένον.
" "	"	7,	"	τεχνήν,	"	τέχνην.
" "	"	12,	"	τῇ,	"	τῇ.
" "	"	25,	"	ἡμετέρην,	"	ἡμετέραν.
" "	"	26,	"	ἔτος,	"	ἔτος.
" 267,	<i>note</i> ³ ,	"	"	συμφορῇ,	"	συμφορῇ.
" "	<i>note</i> ⁴ ,	"	"	σχωπτειν,	"	σχωπτειν.
" 268,	<i>note</i> ⁶ ,	"	"	αὐται,	"	αὐται.
" 275,	line	13,	"	διωρισθαι, ...	"	διωρίσθαι.
" "	"	21,	"	ᾠρισθαι,	"	ᾠρίσθαι.
" "	"	21,	"	δ,	"	δ'.
" 287,	"	1,	"	conjunct,	"	coniunct.
" "	"	26,	"	solicitant,	"	sollicitans.
" 261,	"	26,	"	ἔστ',	"	ἔστ'.
" 299,	"	17,	"	nation's,	"	nations.
" "	"	21,	"	born,	"	boon.
" 303,	"	3,	"	ὄσωνπερ,	"	ὄσωνπερ.
" "	"	5,	"	ἄπω,	"	ἄπο.
" "	"	15,	"	οὐδ',	"	οὐδ'.
" "	"	16,	"	ᾧτος,	"	ᾧτος.
" "	"	26,	"	αὐτοῖς,	"	αὐτοῖς.
" "	"	27,	"	ὀλίγον,	"	ὀλίγον.
" 304,	"	24,	"	Et ut,	"	Nos ut.
" 307,	"	13,	"	coeleste,	"	caeleste.
" 309,	"	1,	"	effaeta,	"	effeta.
" "	"	5,	"	captivi,	"	captiui.
" 311,	"	5,	"	off,	"	oft.
" "	"	18,	"	viri,	"	uiri.
" 313,	"	23,	"	time,	"	true.
" 315,	"	10,	"	τινάς,	"	τινάς.
" 317,	"	1,	"	cosi,	"	cosi.
" "	"	4,	"	guignemmo,	"	giugnemmo.
" "	"	5,	"	lôr,	"	lor.
" "	"	17,	"	ogetto,	"	oggetto.
" 319,	"	11,	"	livet,	"	liuet.
" "	"	19,	"	nigrans,	"	nigrans.
" "	"	22,	"	fervere, vox,	"	feruere, uox.
" 351,	"	7,	"	augustas,	"	angustas.
" "	"	18,	"	aestate,	"	aetate.

KOTTABOS.

DOUBT.

I.

THEY change, they die! We watch them day by day;
We see them go in wedding-robcs and hearses,
Uncaring what may fail or pass away,
Until *our* clique of friends at last disperses.

II.

The curse of work and death, still unexpired,
Clings to our mother-age in all her glory;
And it appears the Fates are not yet tired
Of making human life the same old story.

III.

Else, why do they who rule us as they will
Still make the bad on each occasion winners?
Why do disease and debt and failure still
Make us such very miserable sinners?

IV.

Alas! all generous faiths are overtopp'd
By selfish facts; and I, a fond romancer,
May question Fate until my mouth is stopp'd
By churchyard dust—Is this the only answer?

C. P. M.

Motto for a Matchbox.
Penetralia Vestæ.

R. B. C.

PROLOG IM HIMMEL.

Die drei Erzengel treten vor.

RAPHAEL.

DIE Sonne tönt nach alter Weise
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang.
Ihr Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Wenn keiner sie ergründen mag;
Die unbegreiflich hohen Werke
Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GABRIEL.

Und schnell und unbegreiflich schnelle
Dreht sich umher der Erde Pracht;
Es wechselt Paradieseshelle
Mit tiefer, schauervoller Nacht;
Es schäumt das Meer in breiten Flüssen
Am tiefen Grund der Felsen auf,
Und Fels und Meer wird fortgerissen
In ewig schnellem Sphärenlauf.

MICHAEL.

Und Stürme brausen um die Wette,
Vom Meer auf's Land, vom Land auf's Meer,
Und bilden wüthend eine Kette
Der tiefsten Wirkung rings umher;
Da flammt ein blitzendes Verheeren
Dem Pfade vor des Donnerschlags:
Doch deine Boten, Herr, verehren
Das sanfte Wandeln deines Tags.

ZU DREI.

Der Anblick gibt den Engeln Stärke,
Da keiner dich ergründen mag,
Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.

GOETHE.

ΙΞΙΩΝ.

ΧΟΡΟΣ.

Εὐγγονος Ἥλιος ἀντηχήσας
 ἀστράσι μόλπην οὐρανίοισιν,
 δρόμον ἀέναον τέμνει δίφροισ
 ὑψιβρεμέταις·

ἐνέπνευσε δ' ἄλως πάμβοτος ἰσχὺν
 Δαίμοσιν αὐτοῖς, οὐδενὶ ληπτήν·

Κόσμον δὲ μένει
 φύσις ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως.
 Γαίας δ' ἰδέα ποικιλονώτου
 τροχοδινεῖται τάχος ἄφραστον,
 νυκτὸς κρυερᾶς ἡμαρ λευκὸν
 διαμειψαμένη·

κύματα δὲ ζεῖ μακρὰ θαλάσσης
 βυσσόθεν ἄλμῃ σηράγγων ἐξ·

ἄστρων δ' ἐν ὁδοῖς
 χέρσος θ' ὑγρά τε φοροῦνται.
 Ἄγριοι δ' ἄνεμοι πνεύμασι λάβροισ
 γαίαν ποντῷ ξυμμίξαντες
 ξυνέχουσιν ὅμως, πάντα γὰρ ἐντὸς
 ψυχῇ νωμᾷ·

στέροπαι δ' ὀλοῆς πρόδρομοι βροντῆς
 ἐκλάμπουσιν· πάρεδροι δ' ὑπάτου

Ζηνὸς ἔκηλοι
 θαμβοῦσιν πραότατον φῶς.
 Ὡς Ζεὺς αὖξει πάμβοτος ἰσχὺν
 Δαίμοσιν αὐτοῖς, οὐδενὶ ληπτήν·

Κόσμον δὲ μένει
 φύσις ἀθάνατος καὶ ἀγήρως.

AUBURN.

WHERE, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.
 If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train :
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah ! turn thine eyes,
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village-plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn.
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

GOLDSMITH.

QUANTUM DIMISSA PETITIS PRÆSTANT!

ERGO ubi pauperibus dabitur considerare, nolit
 Vicina siquis nobilitate premi?
 Si pecus in nullo descriptos limite campos
 Egerit ut sterilis gramina carpat agri,
 Arrogat at dives vel publica jugera campi,
 Pauperibusque situ vel loca senta negat.
 Quæsierit Romam—quid quærere proderit immo?
 Quippe sitit vetitas, Tantalus alter, opes:
 In genus humanum conjuravisse nefandas
 Mille artes, luxus mille alimenta, videt;
 Quot sibi Patricii delectamenta pararint
 Plebeiis cernit suppeditata malis.
 Scilicet ut Tyrio princeps splendescat in ostro
 Hic grave pallescens textor adurget opus;
 Longa triumphantes hic pompa celebrat, at illic
 Crux funestatis ingruit atra viis;
 Hic ubi sub media bacchatur nocte voluptas
 Accipiunt festos atria festa choros;
 Luce nitent lautæ reboant clamore Carinæ,
 Esseda dum properant dum rutilantque faces:
 “Nimirum,” dicas, “tanta inter gaudia nunquam
 Surgit amari aliquid, lætitia usque viget!”
 Falleris ah! demens—i, lumina flecte, puellam
 Contemplare istam quæ jacet, alget, eget:
 Illa, ut paganæ cui quondam copia, flebat
 Si narraretur capta puella viro;
 Digna verecundo casulæ decus addere vultu,
 Primula ceu mediis semireducta rubis;
 Jam projecta suis—projecerat ipsa pudorem—
 En! corruptoris sternitur ante fores;
 Et contracta gelu, pluviis tremebunda profusis,
 Flet male felicem corde dolente diem,
 Cum fatua et fieri cupiens urbana Minervam
 Contempsit tenuem carbaseosque sinus.

TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

MILD offspring of a dark and sullen sire !
 Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
 Was nursed in whirling storms
 And cradled in the winds ;
 Thee, when young spring first question'd winter's sway,
 And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
 Thee on this bank he threw,
 To mark his victory.
 In this low vale, the promise of the year,
 Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
 Unnoticed and alone,
 Thy tender elegance.
 So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
 Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
 Of life, she rears her head,
 Obscure and unobserved ;
 While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
 Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
 And hardens her to bear
 Serene the ills of life.

HENRY K. WHITE.

SEA-SHORE STANZA.

METHINKS I fain would lie by the lone sea,
 And hear the waters their white music weave !
 Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
 So that our sorrows might companion'd be
 By that strange harmony
 Of winds and billows, and the living sound
 Sent down from heaven when the thunder speaks
 Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks,
 When the swollen sea doth strive to burst its bound !

BARRY CORNWALL.

PRIMITIÆ VERIS.

O BLANDA torvi progenies patris!
 Formâ modestam quam tenui graves
 Ventique produxere alumnam
 Imbriferoque sinu procellæ;
 Te, quum gravatum jura Hiemis recens
 Jam Ver tyrannum provocat horridum,
 Hâc victor in ripâ secundæ
 Te posuit monumenta pugnæ.
 Hic in reductâ valle Aquilonibus,
 Æstatis O Spes, objicis asperis,
 Secura fallenti recessu,
 Munditias capitis tenellas.
 Sic ipsa Virtus editur algidas
 Rerum procellas inter; et angulo
 Semota longinquo serenam
 Tollit inambitiosa frontem.
 Illi ira ventorum obstrepit innocens
 Intaminatæ, quodque parum juvet,
 Deterget, adversique pectus
 Roborat in mala dura fati.

J. R. W.

IDEM LATINE.

Deserta ponti visere litora,
 Audire fluctus mens avet, albicans
 Quâ spuma vocalem corollam
 Nectit aquis. Socios dolores
 Fudisse tali fert animus loco;
 Sic cum querelis se magicum melos
 Misceret aurarum, gemente
 Oceano, quotiens caducos
 Cælum fragores detonuit, vada
 Aurita diis vocibus adloquens;
 Cum sævus eruptis minatur
 Objicibus vagus ire pontus.

H. C.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

HERO SONG.

SIR Humphrey Gilbert walks the deck,
 Amid the howling blast ;
 His brave old ship 's a sinking wreck,
 Each moment seems her last.
 But still his crew he seeks to cheer,
 And cries, with lifted hand—
 " It is as near to heaven from here
 By sea as by the land ! "

He lifts the Gospel of the Lord
 Before his sinking crew,
 And cries—" Men, hearken to the word
 This book reveals to you.
 This book says, Christian, banish fear,
 God holds you in His hand,
 And 'tis as near to heaven from here,
 By sea as by the land. "

H. E.

ZENOPHILE.

Now blooms the young white violet ; now blooms, made glad
 with showers,
 Narcissus ; now the lilies bloom, o'er mountains wandering
 free ;
 And now, beloved of lovers, consummate flower mid flowers,
 Fresh blooms Persuasion's fragrant rose, my own Zenophile ;—
 Ye meads, why deck your tresses forth with smiles of wasted
 light ?
 Than all your garlands breathing sweet this girl is far more
 bright.

R. P. G.

THE OLD PARSON AND THE NEW.

A LAY ADDRESSED TO DIVINITY STUDENTS.

AN old song, somewhat alter'd, to suit events of late,
 Of a fine old Pluralist Parson living at a bountiful rate,
 Who held three separate rectories, and swore by Church and State,
 And drank the glorious memory of Sixteen eighty-eight,
 Like a fine old Parson of the old school,
 And an old-school Parson.

With a fine old house located in a fashionable square,
 And an old church tumbling to decay, for which he didn't care,
 And a fine old chancel almost by the winds and rain laid bare,
 And a fine old peal of bells which, except on Sunday, never rung
 for prayer,
 Like a fine old Parson of the old school,
 And an old-school Parson.

With fine, fashionable daughters, who could dance and sing and
 play,
 Though visiting the poor and sick was not much in their way,
 And a fine old pack of hounds (for which he made the parish pay),
 And a fine old Bible and Prayer-book, which he'd somehow sworn
 to obey,
 Like a fine old Parson of the old school,
 And an old-school Parson.

Who, drinking too much fine old Port one day with Squire Jones,
 Died of delirium tremens, as all the parish owns;
 And his successor announced his coming in a letter dated—*Jones*,
On ye Feast of ye Translation of St. Simpherosa's bones,
 Like a fine young Parson of the new school,
 And a new-school Parson.

Who at once gave up the Rectory house, and sold off all the hounds,
 And lived in a cottage (he called it *ye Abbage*) within the church's
 grounds,
 And among the poor and sick every morning went his rounds,
 And to repair the chancel subscribed a thousand pounds,
 Like a fine young Parson of the new school,
 And a new-school Parson.

Who preach'd each Sunday morning in surplice, hood, and stole,
 And, working in the parish with all his heart and soul,
 He caught a fever at last, and died of it, so the whole
 Parish subscribed for an altar-tomb, with—Please praye for ye soul
 Of this fyne yong Parsonne of the newe School,
 And this new-school Parsonne.

THE SEQUEL, IN WHICH THE PARSON OF THE NEW SCHOOL IS
 SUCCEEDED BY ANOTHER OF THAT ILK.

And to him succeeded one who work'd in quite a different way,
 And with candles, copes, and crosses, made a wonderful display,
 And insisted upon double choral service every day,
 And preach'd such sermons as made most people curse instead
 of pray,

Like a new young Priest of the Anglicans,
 And a new young Anglican Priest.

Until to the Court of Arches they brought this erring ecclesiastic,
 Because they thought his prayers too long, and his piety too
 gymnastic,

Where Sir J. F. Fust (as every one must) condemned his *poses*
 plastic,

And his reading of the Articles as entirely too elastic,
 Like a new young Priest of the Anglicans,
 And a new young Anglican Priest.

Who to give up his living was order'd very soon,
 And then against his Archbishop cursed and swore like a dragoon,
 And who went to Rome on a pilgrimage with staff and sandal
 shoon,

And at parting was greeted with words that refer to a Connaught-
 man and to a spoon,

Like a new young Priest of the Anglicans,
 And a new young Anglican Priest.

Motto for Tattersall's.
 "Cespitate vivo."—HORACE.

S. O'G.

LOUISE.

(BY A MAGAZINE POET OF THE PERIOD.)

I.

WAVERING lily-buds are fair
 In the spaces of the spring,
 Comes a wealth of mellow air,
 Comes a tenderer whispering.
 Angels' molten glories these :
 Why not thou, Louise !

II.

Crimson lily-flowers are glad
 In the glow of great-eyed June ;
 Nightingales divinely mad
 Flinging raptures to the moon.
 Hebe's ministers are these :
 Why not thou, Louise !

III.

Orb'd lily-fruits are rare
 In the autumn's cloistral shades,
 Ere the star-sown heavens are bare,
 Ere the verdurous twilight fades ;
 Dædal panoplies are these :
 Why not thou, Louise !

IV.

Lisping lily-leaves are sad
 In the wintering woodlands frore ;
 Sombre skies austereclad,
 White with waning more and more.
 Shudderings of Earth's harp are these :
 Why not thou, Louise !

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

"OH, unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names;
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned,
 With what to sight or smell was sweet; from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

MILTON.

 MEMORY.

"Thus the ideas, as well as children, of our youth often die
 before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which
 we are approaching: where, though the brass and marble remain,
 yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders
 away."

LOCKE.

IDEM GRÆCE.

Οἴμ' ὡς ἀέλπτῳ, καιρίας ὑπερτέραν
 πληγείσα, τῇδε συμφόρᾳ διόλλυμαι.
 ὦ θεῖον ἄλσος, δεῖ σ' ἄρ' ἐκλείπειν ἐμέ,
 γενέθλιόν τε βῆσαν, ἐνθ' ὑπόσκιον
 χαρά μ' ὑφείρπε δαιμόνων κατάξιος·
 ἐν ἧ τὸ λειφθὲν τῆς τε νῦν μεταλχμιον
 καὶ τῆς φερούσης ἡμέρας βίου τέλος·
 ἔκρηλος ἄξειν ἥλπισ', ἀφίλον ἀλλ' ὅμως.
 ὦ χαίρετ' ἄνθη, βλαστάνειν γὰρ οὐδαμοῦ
 μελλήσεται ἄλλοθ', ὦν τροφήν ἅμ' ἡλίῳ
 τέλλονται πρώτων καὶ φθίνονται λοισθίων
 φοιτῶσα χερσὶ μαλθακαῖς παρειχόμην,
 ἅ τ' ὠνόμαζον καλυκὸς ἐκ λοχευμάτων·
 τίς νῦν τάδ' ὑμῶν ἐκτρέφων πρὸς ἥλιον
 διακρινεῖ τε φῦλα, καὶ θείας ἀπο
 κρηνῆς παρέξει χρησιμώτατον γάνος ;
 σέ δ' ἂν προσαιδῶν, ὦ στέγος γαμήλιον,
 πανύστατον θέλοιμι, πᾶσιν ἐκπρεπές,
 εἰ μοί τιν' ὁσμῇ καὶ χλιδῇ σαίνειν φιλεῖ·
 σοῦ δὲ στερεῖσα πῶς ἀμείβομαι πλαναῖς
 ἐδρῶν σκοτεινὴν ἀντὶ τῶνδ' ἐρημίαν ;
 αὔρας δυσαύλου πῶς με θρέψουσιν πνοαῖ,
 ἀγηράτοις κάρποισιν ὧδ' εἰθισμένην ;

W. M. J. M.

MNEMOSYNE.

Plurima sic mentis species, mihi si qua juventâ
 Grata fuit dulci, mox instar prolis, obivît,
 Incolumi genitore : simillimaque ipsa videtur
 Mens excepturo nostri caput omne sepulcro.
 Stent Parii lapides, stent æra perennia : voces
 Quas scalpsit pietas non immemor, oblinet instans
 Annorum series, fugaque innumerabilis ævi.

H. C.

TO CASTARA IN A TRANCE.

FORSAKE me not so soone: Castara, stay;
 And as I breake the prison of my clay,
 Ile fill the canvas with m' expiring breath,
 And with thee saile o'er the vast maine of death.
 Some cherubin thus as we passe shall play
 "Goe happy twins of love": the courteous sea
 Shall smoothe her wrinkled brow: the winds shall sleep,
 Or onely whisper musicke to the deepe.
 Every ungentle rocke shall melt away;
 The Sirens sing to please, not to betray.
 Th' indulgent skie shall smile; each starry quire
 Contend which shall afford the brighter fire.
 While Love, the pilot, steeres his course so even,
 Neere to cast anchor till we reach at Heaven.

W. HABINGTON.

 THE FISHER-MAIDEN.

(FROM HEINE.)

THOU fair young fisher-maiden,
 Come steer thy boat to land,
 And rest thee here beside me;
 We'll whisper hand in hand.

Rest on my heart thy bosom,
 And, fearless, trust to me;
 Who daily, thus unfearing,
 Can't trust the stormy sea.

My heart is like that ocean,
 With storm, and ebb, and flow;
 But brightest pearls are sleeping
 In silent depths below.

C. P. M.

IDEM LATINE.

Hic maneat paullum, neu me, mea vita, relinquo;
 Haud mora quin rumpam vincula carnis erit:
 Decedente animâ mihi turgida vela tûnebunt;
 Cocyti tecum est trajicienda palus.
 Nos dea per tenebras nos arridebit euntes,
 Voce melos modulans—"Ite in amore pares."
 Quin Nereus solvet frontem, Caurusque quiescens
 Non nisi suaviloquo murmure fallat aquas.
 Vanescent scopuli; Sirenes carmina fundent—
 (Decepisse olim, jam placuisse juvat.)
 Annuet inceptis Phœbus, dum sidera flammâ
 Certatim accendent lucidiore faces.
 Tendet Amore viam clavum moderante phaselus,
 Donec in Elysiis ancora sidet aquis.

H. W. C. & R. B. C.

IDEM LATINE.

Huc ades, Oceani gavisâ diutiùs undis;
 Ad litus fragilem dirige, nympha, ratem.
 Hic tibi erit mecum requies; interque susurros
 Jungetur dextrâ dextera nostra tuâ.

Labere in amplexus nostros, securaque tandem
 Crede, precor, forti, fortis et ipsa, viro.
 Ipsa soles audax remis urgere phaselum
 Vimque soles venti temnere, vimque freti.

More maris tumidi nostri jactantur amores:
 Ipse Amor in varias itque reditque vices.
 Clarius elucet radiis argentea puris
 Si qua sub æquoreo marmore gemma latet.

W. B. G.

THE HOUSE OF ADMETUS.

(ALCESTIS, 567-605.)

HAIL! House of the open door,
 Hail! home of the chieftain free!
 The Lord of the Lyre himself of yore
 Deign'd to inhabit thee.
 In thy halls, disguised in his shepherd's weeds,
 He endured for a while to stay,
 Through the upland rocks,
 To the feeding flocks,
 Piping the pastoral lay.

And the spotted Lynx was tame
 With the joy of the mighty spell;
 And, a tawny troop, the Lions came
 From the leafy Othrys dell;
 And from where the tall pines waved their locks,
 Still as the lute would play,
 Light tripp'd the Fawn
 O'er the level lawn,
 Entranced by the genial lay.

The house where the Lord Admetus bides
 Is blest for the Pythian's sake—
 Fast by the shores that skirt the tides
 Of the pleasant Bœbian Lake.
 His fallows and fields the Molossians bound
 To the stall of the Steeds of Day,—
 And to airy sweep
 Of Ægean steep
 All Pelion owns his sway.

He will welcome the stranger with moisten'd lid,
 Though his hall he hath open'd wide;
 Wailing the dead in her chamber hid,
 The loved that hath lately died.

For the noble born is on high thoughts bent,
 And the good are the truly wise;
 And deep in my breast
 Doth the firm faith rest,
 That his hopes from the dust will rise.

T. E. W.

*For men unexpectedly recommended for Honours from Catechetical
 Ordinary.*

“Tum de salute, mox pro victoria certant.”

AGRICOLA.

H. C.

Undetected Plagiarism of Tennyson from Horace.

“Seu voce nunc mavis acuta.”

“The clear-voiced mavis swelleth.”—CLARIBEL.

Inscription for the Graves' Family Vault.

“Data sunt sua fata Sepulcris.”

R. Y. T.

The Cessation of Crinoline noticed by Euripides.

Ἄλλ' αἶδε παῖδες ἐκ τροχῶν πεπαυμένα
 Στείχουσιν.—MEDEA.

J. H. T.

Apology for the College Beer.

“De mortuis nil nisi bonum.”

R. Y. T.

Yankee habits among the Greeks.

Ἔτυφε κἀνέπτυε.

ANTIGONE.

R. W.

Unsympathetic Reply of Pylades to Orestes' Tale of Woe.

Πάντα ταῦτ' ἐν ὄμμασιν.

EURIP. Orestes, 785.

J. H. T.

Euripides in favour of Ready-made Tailoring.

Τί τᾶρῤῥητ' ἀναμετρήσασθαι με δεῖ;

J. H. T.

A VOTE.

THIS only grant me, that my means may lie
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high ;
 Some honour would I have,
 Not from great deeds, but good alone :
 Th' unknown are better than th' illknown ;
 Rumour can ope the grave !
 Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
 Not on the number, but the choice, of friends ;

Books should, not business, entertain the light ;
 And sleep as undisturb'd as death my night.
 My house a cottage more
 Than palace, and should fitting be
 For all my use, no luxury :
 My gardens painted o'er
 With nature's hand, not art's, should pleasure yield
 Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
 For he who runs it well twice runs his race :
 And in this true delight,
 These unbought sports and happy state,
 I would not fear nor wish my fate ;
 But boldly say each night,
 "To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
 Or in clouds hide them ; I have lived to-day."

COWLEY.

Advice to a Person unsuccessful in guessing a Riddle.

"Aequam memento Rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem."—HORACE.

C. G.

Motto for a Winter Morning's Bath.

"Deposito pariter cum veste timore."

H. W. C.

HOC ERAT IN VOTIS.

Detur minor res invidiâ, neque
 Fastidienti tenuia sordeat ;
 Sed Fama ne desit precanti,
 Fama bonis bene parta factis,
 Nam nomen amplum deprecor inclyti,
 Mallem latenter vivere quam male
 Audire ; Rumori sepulchri
 Porta patet Stygiæque fauces !
 Turbam salutantum atria ne vomant,
 Commendet at mi quemque fides sua ;
 Nec luce me rixæ forenses
 Sollicitent mediusque Janus
 Libris vacantem ; grata quies mihi
 Sit nocte, Leto sit similis sopor ;
 Et munda contingant, nocentes
 Nescia suppeditare luxus,
 Tecta apta cultu, non Laris æmula
 Lauti potentum ; nec sciat addere
 Ars ulla quæsitos honores
 Sponte sua nitidis agellis
 Flacco invidendis. Sic geminas licet
 Duxisse vitas, nam spatia integrat
 Bina ille qui vitæ supremam
 Innocuus petit usque metam ;
 Ah ! tanta nullo si maneat quies
 Venalis auro ! nec mihi deprecet
 Cultrum verendarum Sororum
 Nec nimium quærar esse filum,
 Sed sorte degam lætus, et in dies
 Dixisse fas sit, " Viximus, optimus
 Vel sole cras puro, vel atrâ
 Nube polum Pater occupato."

R. Y. T.

"Invita Cerere." "Against the Grain."

J. H. T.

THE FLIGHT OF THE MUSES,

CAUSED BY AN ORDER OF THE BOARD OF T. C. D.,

October 31, 1868.

LAST Monday early, cold the morn and chill,
 While Freshmen of their homes lay dreaming still,
 Ere honest Christy had his rounds begun,
 I issued forth to meet the morning sun.
 Long hath it been, long may it be, my use
 To court Apollo ere I court the Muse.
 I gain'd old Trinity's most ancient square,
 When, lo! a sound of sighs oppress'd the air :
 My eyes I raised—believe it, future years !
 There stood a heavenly maid dissolved in tears.
 A silver radiance from her raiment gleam'd—
 A heavenly maid ! but sorely vex'd she seem'd.
 By rarest beauty, noblest majesty,
 I knew the sternest Muse, Melpomene :
 Her hair, more golden than the golden west,
 Rain'd on her shoulders and her heaving breast—
 Her heaving breast, her eyes suffused with flame,
 The secret anguish of her soul proclaim :
 The vine wreath from her brows was rent away ;
 The club of Hercules rejected lay ;
 But in her hand, oh strange to poets' rhymes !
 She held a copy of the "IRISH TIMES."
 Full on the leading article she gazed,
 And, as she looked, her eyes with fury blazed.
 But see ! more wondrous ! there appal my eyes
 Eight radiant figures hovering in the skies :
 The Aonian sisters ! they in slow, sad wheel,
 Circle the summit of the Campanile :
 Not so, quick swallows bid their nests good-bye
 In autumn, when September frosts they fly.
 Fain to be gone, unwilling yet to go,
 They seem'd to beckon her who sat below :
 " Fly, sister, fly, ere dawn the rosy hours—
 Fly and abandon these ungrateful towers."

She heard, she rose ; but first her passion broke,
 And thus the Muse in choking accents spoke :
 " Farewell ungrateful, 'tis the Board's decree,
 Forgetful of my Porson and of me !
 Forgetful of the glory and the fame
 That I have shed around your once scorn'd name.
 With niggard hands their gifts the gods dispense ;
 They gave you genius, but denied you sense ;
 Genius that lifts you o'er the Nations far
 As from Orion is the Northern star ;
 In sense you are the rest as far below
 As is the Liffey from the shining Po.
 For now the sacred Board no more allows
 Greek* verse to grace the Scholar of the House ;
 Oh for the days when yet no levelling cry
 Was echoed from the halls of Trinity :
 Ere cried our statesmen, stuffed with stale research,
 ' Down with Iambics and the Irish Church !'
 And Lowe, cold railer at Hellenic lore,
 Join'd deadly Gladstone, drunk with hellebore.†
 Gone is the test, the easy test that once
 Could separate the scholar from the dunce :
 Gone are the days, the golden days of men,
 When every parson could Iambics pen.
 Then Alma Mater welcomed with hurrah
 Her sober Grecians entering from Armagh :
 The mild Cæsura dealt its genial laws
 And boors grew polish'd under Porson's pause.
 Base was the wretch, condemned to long disgrace,
 Who dared a spondee in the fourth foot place ;
 Then even the peasant boasted lines to scan,
 And learn'd to venerate himself as man.
 Soon rose the music of your whispers wild,
 And Hellas wonder'd at her western child :
 From reedy Cam I shook my wings and flew,
 And hoped to find a dearer home with you.

* Greek verse has since been reinstated in its pristine dignity at the Scholarship Examination.

† c.f. *ebria veratro*. Persius.

But hear the sacred Board: 'Tis all my eye,
 There lies no magic in senarii:
 A man may carry just as much weight with him
 Who never learn'd a foot of ancient rhythm.'
 Be it so then: the well-tryed code discard,
 And sell your learning at so much per yard:
 Let cultivation yield to pelf, and then
 You'll make no men of taste, no gentlemen.
 Eager to profit by the grand reform,
 I see the noble counter-jumpers swarm:
 M.A.'s, like Beales, shall own your handiwork,
 But hope no more a Goldsmith or a Burke.
 And now farewell, to my own Greece I fly,
 Where tall Olympus mingles with the sky:
 Vainly I've wander'd through th' ungenial earth;
 No land so dear as that which gave me birth.
 There my own Sophocles, begged from Pluto's reign,
 With BRADY, TYRRELL, and great CULLINANE,
 On meads of lotus and of asphodel,
 With mighty Homer shall immortal dwell.
 No more pale candidates for Fellowship—
 No more Dan Duncan waiting for a tip;
 No giant Tyrant of the menial brood,*
 No stalwart Sizars rushing to their food;
 But calm from Helicon we'll view below
 Green valleys, and the silver streams that flow:
 And thou, my servant, if thou faithful prove,
 And for the Muses keep thy zealous love,
 Thou, too, shalt join the band, to death denied,
 And live and sing for ever by my side."
 She ceased: for now the chapel bell's dire boom
 Broke, loudly clanging, through the morning gloom:
 Like mists which flee before the sun's bright face,
 The sacred sisters vanish'd into space.

A. P.

* Janitorum Principem Hingstonum sine dubio innuit poeta noster.

RHODOCLE.

THIS wreath of beauteous flowers I send to thee,
 Woven by mine own hands, my Rhodocle ;
 See here the rose-cup glow, the lily shine,
 See anemone with bright dew-drops wet,
 See fair narcissus, honey-moist, combine
 With the dark purple-gleaming violet.
 Crown, then, but not in pride, thy lovely brow ;
 Both bloom and pass away, the wreath and thou.

R. P. G.

JEALOUSY.

Hic dextrum Glyceræ claudit latus, ille sinistrum ;
 Hei mihi ! quod ternum non habet una latus !

T. H. O.

HENDECASYLLABICS.

From Catullus.

WEEP, fond Venus ; ye Cupids, fall a grieving :
 Mourn, if any be left of kindly mortals ;
 Dead and cold is my darling's little sparrow,
 Dearer e'en than the light unto his mistress.
 For most winsome he was, and knew the maiden
 All as well as the maiden knew her mother.
 Never nestled he in another bosom,
 Though he'd hither and thither hop around her
 Ever chirping, to charm his mistress only.
 Now he flits o'er that highway lost in shadow,
 Whence all hope of return is unavailing.
 Ill betide ye then, glooms of hateful Orcus,
 Most insatiably feasting on the fairest,
 Ye have stolen the fairest of all sparrows ;
 Cruel deed it was : O unhappy sparrow,
 'Tis for thee that my darling is lamenting,
 'Tis for thee that her eyes are red with weeping.

A. P. G.

GELLERT'S MONUMENT VON OESER.

Als Gellert, der geliebte, schied,
 Manch gutes Herz im Stillen weinte,
 Auch manches matte schiefe Lied
 Sich mit dem reinen Schmerz vereinte;
 Und jeder Stümper bei dem Grab
 Ein Blümchen an die Ehrenkrone,
 Ein Scherflein zu des Edlen Lohne,
 Mit vielzufriedner Miene gab:
 Stand Oeser seitwärts von den Leuten
 Und fühlte den Geschiednen, sann
 Ein bleibend Bild, ein lieblich Deuten
 Auf den verschwundnen werthen Mann;
 Und sammelte mit Geistesflug
 Im Marmor alles Lobes Stammeln,
 Wie wir in einen engen Krug
 Die Asche des Geliebten sammeln.

GOETHE.

“BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.”

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold grey stones, O sea!
 And would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
 That he shouts with his sister at play;
 And well for the sailor lad
 That he sings in his boat on the bay.

And the stately ships move on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But oh for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

TENNYSON

ÆRE PERENNIUS.

Mundi delicias dolore flebant
 Abreptum tacito Catullum amici ;
 Et carmen vapidum improbumque multum
 Jungebat lacrymis inanem hiatum :
 Baronum chorus ad rogum secutus
 Addebat sua quisque sorta, magno
 Laudem ut ipse viro daret perempto,
 Nec non mirifice sibi placebat.
 At spernens vacuum Myron tumultum
 Sensit pectore imaginem Catulli,
 Et promisit moriturum in æva nunquam
 Quod cari simularet ora signum.
 Solus quæ titubabat ante fama
 Hic nôrat dare marmori tenaci,
 Angustam socii velut reponit
 Æqualis cineres dolens in urnam.

J. P. M.

IDEM LATINE.

Dum gelidis glaucas cautes mare verberat undis,
 Cur quæ mens agitat lingua referre neget ?
 Felix heu ! nimium parvus piscator, arenâ
 Quocum ludit ovans consociata soror :
 Tuque, puer, felix nimium, cui littora cantus
 Curva sinus reddunt, dum vada lentre secas !
 Non humilem cessat portum ratis alta subire :
 Cessat nota manus, vox et amata silet.
 Frangantur scopulis undæ : non temporis acti
 Bis tenerum florem carpere fata sinunt.

M.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade, when all things rest.
 In lark and nightingale we see
 What honour hath humility.

LAND AND SEA.

THAT is a farmer's, this a sailor's grave;
 One end awaits the land and one the wave.

SUMNERO CUIDAM RESPONDET PYTHIA VATES.

*Ἀρκαδίην μ' αἰτεῖς; μέγα μ' αἰτεῖς· οὐ τοι δώσω.
 Πολλοὶ ἐν Ἀρκαδίῃ βαλανηφάγοι ἄνδρες ἔασιν
 Οἳ σ' ἀποκωλύσουσιν.*—HEROD. B. I.

YOU ask me for Canada, President Grant;
 This is coming it, rather, and have it you shan't;
 Many beef-eating farmers can Canada send
 To the battle, and THEY will prevent you, my friend.
A. P.

"IF I HAD A DONKEY."

SI mihi forte foret qui pergere nollet asellus,
 Mene dolaturum tergora fuste putes?
 Non ego, sed placidis demulcens pectora verbis
 Nutrimenta simul, blanditiasque darem.
 I mihi dulce decus, quo non præstantior alter,
 Quadrupedum princeps, perge, Eduarde, precor.
J. G.

The Home Secretary on hearing the Clerkenwell explosion.

"Fragor aurem
 Percutit, eventum Viridis quo colligo Panni."—JUVENAL.
A. P. G.

IDEM LATINE.

QUÆ cœli in liquidos pennis altissima tractus
 Tendit, humi nidum condere gaudet avis;
 Cantat in umbrosis latebris, quum cuncta quiescunt,
 Cui datur aligerum vincere voce genus.
 Sic Philomela, decus quantum sit temnere magna,
 Præcipit exemplo—sic et alauda docet.

W. R.

IDEM GRÆCE.

*Τῇ μὲν γεωργός, τῇ δὲ ναυβάτης ἀνὴρ
 Κεῖται· τελεύτην κύμα γῇ τ' ἔχει μίαν.*

R. R.

FACIT INDIGNATIO VERSUS.

REGNUM pronis infirmius annis
 Unde fit? Unde velut vitiato sanguine corpus
 Turbatur, penitusque revellitur ordine toto?
 Quum de seque suisque nihil Plebecula curat;
 Quum fimus ante fores, et stercore foeda suillo
 Limina, putenti quum stagna virentia caule
 Utrinque exhalant, te prætereunte, mephitim!
 Fit domus hîc cœni congestus acervus, abactis
 Stramineo solis radiis aurâque salubri
 Tegmine; sive focus collectis fustibus ardet,
 Luteus erumpit per valvas fumus hiantes.
 Forsitan et videas perfracto in pariete rimam
 Angustam—quis enim sanus putet esse fenestram?
 Atqui sic voluit catus olim conditor aulæ;
 Inde fenestra quidem, donec male saucia vitrum
 Rima suum tandem pannis reparetur avertis;
 Intrusâ tum veste dies extruditur antro.
 Externâ pejora domo penetralia; lectus
 (Proh pudor!) exiguus recubantibus unus avenæ
 Sufficiet cunctis quot eodem sub Lare vivunt—
 Uxori puerisque decem totidemque puellis

Cum domino! Quanti risus, spectacula quanta,
 Cœnantes! (portâ vix clausâ, vidimus ipsi)
 Scrofa fero casulæ patre cultior assidet unâ
 Cum dominis (quin hos etiam appellare sodales
 Debueram) fundente dapes uxore marito
 Squalidiore ipso; mediâ sibi quisque patellâ
 Radices avido—quippe est cibus unicus—ungui
 Præripit elixas. Consumpto quod satis, omnes
 Inde vias passim repetunt precibusque lacesunt
 Quicumque occurrat festinantemque morantur;
 “Des aliquid, generose, seni,” pater ore misello
 Succinit; at conjux—neque enim comitata maritum est—
 Patriciam ante domum nutus expectat heriles:
 “Da viduæ,” clamat, “Da mucida frusta, magister!
 Sic tibi Di Superi quodcumque cupiveris addant!”
 Mittitur immunis—domino mala cuncta precatur.
 Quocirca, lector, monitus cave ne quid ineptus
 Ignoto dederis, specioso nomine quamvis
 Poscat opem. Longè pars maxima flagitiorum
 Consilio rectè faciendi admittitur. Assem
 Qui mendicanti mediis in quadriviis dat,
 Stultior est quam qui decies centena barathro
 Mandat. Scilicet hic unum se læserit, ille
 Perniciem rerum clademque locaverit auctor,
 Inscius et Patriæ vigiles adjuverit hostes.
 Conducit qui vivat humi, grave dedecus, orbis
 Opprobrium, gnavas qui fucus inutilis erret
 Inter apes! Quid agit? Quid vivo opus? Asse negato,
 Quærendus labor est, augendæ accesserit urbi
 Multa manus.

R. W.



SONNET.

(FROM THE ITALIAN.)

SWEET voice of her, my sweetest love, that now
Filleth with clearest tones the dusky room,
Where scarce, amid the peaceful, happy gloom,
I see my dear one's fair and lofty brow.
Ah, me! that time and fate would but allow
This moment for my lot to stretch to doom,
Here by this rose-wreathed window 'midst the bloom,
Where flowers breathe out their soul, and through the bough
Of yon dim spectral elm the pale stars gleam,
While the sweet siren voice I love so well
"Utters such dulcet breath." Oh, joy supreme,
Beyond the lot that ancient poets tell
Befell Adonis, who, in deathless dream,
In plains Elysian sleeps on asphodel.

S. M. W.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

"STAT nominis umbra"—this will never be
Inscribed on Byron's matchless verse, I trow;
A few short weeks, and we shall surely see
Upon Macmillan's "Nominis umbra Sto(we)."

J. G.

BILLY TAYLOR.

BILLY Taylor was a brisk young fellow,
 Full of mirth and full of glee,
 And his mind he did discover
 To a maiden fair and free.

Four-and-twenty brisk young fellows,
 Clad in jackets' blue array,
 And they took poor Billy Taylor
 From his true love out to sea.

His true love she follow'd after,
 Under the name of Richard Carr,
 And her hands they were bedaubed
 With the nasty pitch and tar.

An engagement came on the very next morning,
 Bold she fought among the rest ;
 The wind aside did blow her jacket,
 And discover'd her lily-white breast.

Now, when the captain he came for to hear on it,
 Says he, "What wind has blown you to me?"
 "Kind sir, I be come for to seek my true love,
 Whom you press'd and sent to sea."

"If you be come for to seek your true love,
 He from his ship is gone away ;
 P'raps you'll find him in London streets, ma'am,
 Walking with his lady gay."

So she rose up early in the morning,
 Long before the break of day,
 And she found false Billy Taylor
 Walking with his lady gay.

FURENS QUID FEMINA POSSIT.

ACER erat nulli non Mopsus idoneus arti,
 Festivum pleno cum salis ore caput ;
 Ille adiens facilem, qua non formosior ibat,
 Phyllida, quo penitus ferveat igne, refert.

Viginti iuvenes et bis duo, mascula pubes,
 Laena quibus glaucae concolor ardet aquae,
 Corripiunt puerum, raptusque requirere amores
 Cogitur amissos et freta longa sequi.

Inde habitu sumpto Phyllis tituloque virili
 Abreptum pelagi per mala dura petit,
 Virgineoque videt fastu retinacula tractans
 Saepe picem teneras commaculare manus.

Proxima lux ridet ; committitur aequore toto
 Pugna : furit mixtis acrior illa viris :
 Flamina crebrescunt : sagulo fluitante resecta
 Feminum prodit nuda papilla sinum.

Quae res allata est postquam rumore magistro,
 "Quisnam," ait, "huc, virgo, te tulit unde Notus ?"
 Illa, "tot in casus, O dux metuende, marinos
 Quem rapis, hunc quaerens per vada salsa vagor."

"Per vada salsa vagans quem tu, fortissima, quaeris,
 Navis amatorem non capit ulla tuum ;
 I, propera Romam : comitatum pellice cernes
 Ornata puerum, qui fuit ante, tuum."

Proxima lux caelo non iam dimoverat umbras ;
 Surgit ab invisio fida puella toro ;
 It, properat Romam : comitatum pellice cernit
 Ornata puerum, qui fuit ante, suum.

Straight she call'd for swords and pistols,
 Which were brought at her command ;
 And she kill'd poor Billy Taylor,
 With his lady in his hand.

When the captain he came for to hear on it,
 He very much applauded her for what she had done,
 And he made her first lieutenant
 Of the gallant "Thunder Bomb."

Κακὴ Βούβρωστις ἐλαύνει.

ROBBIN the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
 He ate more meat than threescore men ;
 He ate a cow ; he ate a calf ;
 He ate three butchers and a half ;
 He ate the church ; he ate the steeple ;
 He ate the parson and the people.

Propertius on Boucicault.

"Nunquam ad *Formosas*, invade, caecus ero."

“Quis pharetram,” clamat, “nemone huc ocius arcum?”

Nec mora: feminea sumpserat arma manu;
Et puer amplexu nondum divulsus amicae—
Proh! pudor, imbelli vulnere pressit humum.

Quae res allata est postquam rumore magistro,
“Euge!” ait, “infidos sic periisse iuvat,
Et Ballista”—fuit navi hoc ab imagine nomen—
“Aequora te clavum, Phylli, regente secet.”

T.

Σίτησις ἐν Πρυτανείῳ.

Ἀνὴρ τις ἦν ὃν δὴ βρύνοντα κοιλιῶν
Βουβῶν' ἐπωνόμαζον οἱ λαοβήτορες·
τόνδ' εἴ τις ἀφελὼν τοῦπιοῦσιον κρέας
ἐξ δαιτυμόνων ἔτλη γε δεκάδας ἐστιᾶν,
ἕκαστος ἐρρόφησεν ἂν ὥστ' ἄσην ἔχειν·
αὐτότοκον ἔφαγε βοῦν· ἀπεῖπε δ' οὐκέτι
τὸ μὴ τέταρτον ἡμιάρταμον τραγέιν,
θάρρους δὲ πλησθεὶς ἐς τὸ πᾶν βδελυκτρόπου
Θόλῳ ξὺν αὐτῇ τοὺς Πρυτάνεις κατήσθιεν
Προέδρους τ' ἐπιστάτην τε, παμπόλλην ἔδραν.

R. W. W.

Madame Rachel.

“Nihil tetigit quod non ornaverit.”

ELEGY IN SPRING.

OFT morning dreams presage approaching fate ;
 And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true :
 Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
 And bid the realms of Light and Life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo ;
 I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
 The sluggish streams, that slowly creep below,
 Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields ! ye cheerful plains !
 Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
 Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
 And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me sleep, forgotten, in the clay,
 When Death shall shut these weary, aching eyes ;
 Rest in the hope of an eternal day,
 Till the long night be gone, and the last morn arise.

MICHAEL BRUCE.

On the Naturalization in England of a celebrated Italian Musician.

"*Costam subduximus Apennino.*"—PERSIUS.

REQUIESCAM.

SOL vera nascens—talìa, talìa
 Dixere vates—somnia sæpius
 Adfert : tenebrosæ latebras
 Tartareas penetrare mortis,
 Gratamque lucem tum videor mihi
 Fugisse : ducunt agmina Manium ;
 Funesta lamentis et ora
 Personat horrisono boatu.
 En ! flava lento flumine fluctuum
 Volvuntur, eheu ! scilicet omnibus
 Enavigando, nec redire
 Fata Deum miseris dederunt.
 Valete ruris gaudia ! Florei
 Valete campi ! Siñ mihi cespitem
 Herbasque funestas tenere,
 Qua tacitum posuere regnum
 Luctus tenebrae. Mors ubi ceperit,
 Tali iuvabit sede quiescere,
 Dum noctis æternus fugatis
 Ille dies oriatur umbris.

J. S. C.

(Done in the Examination Hall.)

Mr. Bright on the Upper House.

“Flectere si nequeo Superos, Acheronta movebo.”—VIRGIL.

MANFRED.

Glorious Orb! the idol
 Of early nature, and the vigorous race
 Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons
 Of the embrace of angels with a sex
 More beautiful than they, which did draw down
 The erring spirits, who can ne'er return.—
 Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere
 The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!
 Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,
 Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops, the hearts
 Of the Chaldean shepherds till they pour'd
 Themselves in orisons! Thou material god!
 And representative of the Unknown—
 Who chose thee for His shadow! Thou chief star
 Centre of many stars! which mak'st our earth
 Endurable, and temperest the hues
 And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!
 Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,
 And those who dwell in them! for near or far,
 Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee,
 Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost rise,
 And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!
 I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first glance
 Of love and wonder was for thee, then take
 My latest look; thou wilt not beam on one
 To whom the gifts of life and warmth have been
 Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:
 I follow.

BYRON.

IDEM GRAECE.

ὦ χρυσοφεγγές γηγενῶν πρῶτον σέβας
 νόσοις ἀθίκτων, οἷ σθένει βρύων γόνος
 Γίγαντες ἦσαν Δαιμόνων φυτύματα
 καὶ μητέρων τῶν Δαιμόνων καλλιόνων,
 αἷ γ' ἐκπεσόντας εἰσάπαξ παρήγαγον.
 ὦ φαιδρὲ κύκλε, καὶ θεὸς σὺ γ' ἦς πάρος
 σαφῶς πεφάνθαι μύδρον οὐκ αὐτόκτιτον,
 καὶ παγκρατοῦς δηναῖος ὦν λάτρις Διὸς
 ἀγρίους βοτῆρας ἐν νάπαισι ῥυθμίσας
 χαρᾷ γ' ἐκίνεις ἐς χοροὺς ἀνειμένως,
 Δαίμων ἐναργῆς ἀσκόπου τ' εἰκὼν θεοῦ
 αὐτοῦ τ' ἐπήλυξ ἐκκριθείς, ἐν ἄστρασιν
 πρέσβιστος αὐτός, οὐρανὸν φλέγων μέσον.
 Σὺ γαίαν ἡμῖν ἀρμόσας φοίβῃ πυρὶ
 ἅπασι χροιάς καὶ πνοὰς διώρισας
 ὥρων τε ταμίας καύματός τε δεσπότης
 ἀνδρῶν θ' ὑπόντων, ἐγκεχρωσμένων φλογί,
 οὐ τῇ μὲν ἤ δὲ μή, φρόνημα καὶ δέμας ·
 χρυσοὺς δ' ἀνίσχων καὶ μεσῶν, χρυσοὺς δὲ δύς,
 καὶ χαῖρε δὴ · σέ γ' ὕστατον προσόψομαι.
 θαμβῶν φιλῶν τέ σ' ἔβλεπον βλαστῶν ἅπο.
 καὶ νῦν δέχου μοι δέργμα τῷ θανουμένῳ,
 οὐ γὰρ κατόψει θνητὸν αὖ, δώρημ' ὅτῳ
 θάλπους τροφῆς τ' ἄδωρον ὥς ἐκβήσεται.
 Καὶ μήν, ἔδν γάρ, οὐδ' ἐμοὶ μελλητέον.

T. M.

DE PROFUNDIS.

(OED. KOL. 1211-1241.)

THE mortal who yearns for the years
 Which lengthen the shadows of life,
 And dreads a brief season of tears,
 His breast with illusion is rife :
 For the days are but storing up sorrow
 And nought that is kin to delight,
 And the joys of to-day, on the morrow,
 No longer shall gladden thy sight ;
 And then, as the fore-fated sequel
 Of all that thy wishing can bring,
 There comes the dread ally and equal
 Of the mighty invisible king—
 When the spectre of Doom is before us,
 And the spirit of man is aghast,
 Without lay, without lute, without chorus,
 Death is upon us at last !

To be not is more than to be,
 Or, if man hath been fated to birth,
 It is best as a phantom to flee,
 When once he hath look'd upon earth.
 For even when youth's in its gladness,
 With the follies which flit in its train,
 Who escapes it exempt from its madness ?
 What form is there absent of pain ?
 Battle, and strife, and sedition,
 And murder, and envy, are there ;
 And then comes a thing of derision,
 The ultimate form of despair,
 The last woe that man may discover—
 Old age with its robe of unrest,
 Without force, without friend, without lover,
 And evil on evil for guest.

He is aged—and e'en as the surges
 Beat over the reef with a roar,
 When the blast of the Northern Wind urges
 The whiten'd waves full on the shore,
 So over the head of the stranger,
 With flashing and foaming and flow,
 Sweep for ever, 'mid darkness and danger,
 The billows and breakers of woe ;
 These from the Sun at his zenith,
 And those from his Orient light,
 And those from the West as he waneth,
 And those from the glimmers of Night.

W.

GUSTAVE DORÉ.

MAGNIFICENT diabolism ! A soul
 That gloats on horrors, and delights to trace
 All furious pow'rs that rend the quiet face
 Of holy Nature ; owning no control
 Of Art's most sovereign charities ! What flaw
 In heart—what fev'rish self-idolatry—
 Makes barren all this weird fertility,
 Weak all this sensual strength o'erleaping law ?
 Mirage upon mirage ! French miracles—
 Conjuror's tricks that take away the breath—
 Our eyes have learnt to lust for ! Wilt thou overwhelm
 Our world in lurid ghostness with thy spells,
 Lighting the glamour of thy shadowy realm
 With spectral sunshine of a land of death ?

J. T.

THE BRIDAL OF EUROPA :

A LUCIANIC IDYLL.

(By the Wild Irishman of the Period.)

ZEPHYRUS AND NOTUS.

- Z. WELL, nothing before so tremendously stunning
 As this here procession encounter'd my eye.
 Have you seen it, my Notus ?
 N. Give over your funning :
 'Pon my faith I had got other fish, friend, to fry.
- Z. And so you have miss'd it. Well, blow me, if ever
 You had such a loss in the course of your life.
 "Such a getting up stairs," on a large scale, I never—
 Why, Notus, the whole world was there with his wife.
- N. Alas ! I have miss'd it, for Zeus' strict orders
 By Egypt and Araby doom'd me to be ;
 I have fann'd with my wings, too, the bright sunny borders,
 Where Indus and Ganges roll down to the sea.
- Z. But say, have you seen the Sidonian Agenor ?
 N. Europa's old father ? I have. I'll go bail
 You're going to tell of the courtship ; you mean her
 Admirer is Zeus. Bah ! that news is too stale.
- Z. You know then the courtship. Now, hear what came after :
 Europa went down with her friends on the strand,
 And Zeus, as his ear caught their soft-ringing laughter,
 Took it into his head just to frisk on the sand.
- A bull he became then—a white bull, I tell you,
 With finely-bent horns, Sir, and soft-rolling eye ;
 And he low'd in a voice so melodious and mellow,
 That Europa felt pleased, though she did not know why.

Then he jump'd and he gamboll'd, that milk-white old
dodger,

Till he coax'd the young damsel to get on his back ;
And—as soon as he felt he'd secured his fair lodger,
In the sea my bold Kronides plunged in a crack.

Poor little Europa, since first she was born, Sir,
Was never before in such fluster, I ween ;
With one fairy hand she held on by his horn, Sir,
With t'other adjusted her grand crinoline.

N. My eye ! What a sight for a penny-a-liner—
The amorous Zeus and Europa ! O my !

Z. Nay, nay, friend, what follow'd was far away finer—
The clouds clear'd away from the face of the sky.

The sea slept serene without ripple or motion ;
No white-crested wave far or near might be seen ;
And Cupids, with torches, skimm'd over the ocean,
Singing : “ Haste to the wedding of Ballyporeen.”

The Nereids, emerging, sprang up on their hunkers,
And mounting their dolphins took part in the play ;
And the Tritons, and other presentable youngers,
Cried out in their night-shirts : “ Huzza, boys, huzza !”

Poseidon jump'd up on his shandridan, Sir,
With old Amphitrite set up cheek by jowl ;
And the bridal procession led on like a man, Sir,
Crying out : “ Faugh-a-ballagh ! make way ! whough !
your sowl !”

But the tip-top affair, every other outshining—
Two Tritons drew Venus along by their side,
In a pearly-bright sea-shell, all beauteous reclining,
A-scatt'ring of posies and flow'rs on the bride.

And so they went on till they landed at Krete, Sir,
 At Zeus' old nurse's. By Kastor! as soon
 As the soil of his birth-place he touch'd with his feet, Sir,
 But the bull and his horns flew up to the moon.

Then *in propria persona* stood Zeus, the old joker,
 "You're welcome to Krete, Miss," says he with a smile;
 Then he bow'd to the sea gods, as stiff as a poker,
 And said: "*Au revoir*, boys, good bye for awhile."

Then he led the fair damsel where wild flowers were blowing,
 And the vine mantled rich o'er the Diktæan cave;
 Said I to the Tritons: "Boys, let us be going"—
 And we scamper'd away o'er the wild-tossing wave.

N. By the dimples of Venus, but that *was* a stunner!
 I never heard anything grander before;
 I saw nothing better, unfortunate runner,
 Than elephants, griffins, and Niggers galore.

J. G.

IN GALLUM.

("My Uncle, my Uncle.")

HEU! quater infelix, cui naso pustula, tuber
 Pollice, clune ulcus, clavus utroque pede!

S. A.

FAREWELL TO GLORY.

(FROM BERANGER.)

COME, sing we of wine or of women, of their country let
patriots rave ;

How easy it was to forget you, ye songs of the free and the
brave !

Spread the feast and throw open the cellar, since France, in her
fettters supine,

Mislikes that the war-note of freedom be sounded by lips such
as mine.

Ah, well ! I wrote songs for our armies, and help'd to enlist
them recruits,

While our soldiers, turn'd flunkies in Paris, were squabbling for
places and suits.

Now from patriot let me turn lover, or else perhaps, growing
discreet,

Look out some snug berth in the service of his Majesty Louis
Dix-huit !

If we chose but to rise on our masters, they should fall, and we
know it right well,

As, when Gulliver sneezed in his slumbers, the armies of
Lilliput fell :

But the storms of a new revolution might ruin our pleasures,
ye know ;

So silence those slaves and their grumbling—what reck we the
world and its woe ?

Ah, ye roseate visions of Glory, how fev'rish, how senseless ye
were !

Better far the deep sweet sleep of thralldom, unstirr'd by a dream
or a care.

Cease, my muse, cease to soar with the eagle, and nestle in
flow'rs with the dove ;

While, Glory for ever forgetting, you warble of Bacchus and
Love !

H. J. De B.

LA GUENON, LE SINGE, ET LA NOIX.

UNE jeune guenon cueillit
 Une noix dans sa coque verte ;
 Elle y porte la dent, fait la grimace . . . Ah ! certe,
 Dit-elle ma mère mentit
 Quand elle m'assura que les noix étoient bonnes.
 Puis, croyez aux discours de ces veilles personnes
 Qui trompent la jeunesse ! Au diable soit le fruit !
 Elle jette la noix. Un singe la ramasse,
 Vite entre deux cailloux la casse,
 L' épluche, la mange, et lui dit :
 Votre mère eut raison, ma mie,
 Les noix ont fort bon goût ; mais il faut les ouvrir.
 Souvenez-vous que, dans la vie,
 Sans un peu de travail on n'a point de plaisir.

FLORIAN.

"FISHING FOR MUSHROOMS IN THE SEA."

THE man in the wilderness ask'd me,
 How many strawberries grew in the sea ?
 I answer'd him, as I thought good,
 As many as red herrings grew in the wood.

GAMMER GURTON.

'Αρμάτειον μέλος.—"The Irish Jaunting Car" of Mr. Vousden.
 EUR. (Orest.)

Πίθηκοι.

Πίθων νεᾶνις κάρυον εὔρεν ἀκμάζον
 χλωρῷ λεπύρῳ, τοῖς δὲ γομφίοις πρόφρων
 παρέδωκεν· εἴτα, κάρχαρον σεσηρυῖα,
 ἐφθέγξατ', οἴμοι, ψεῦδος ἔπλασεν μήτηρ
 ὥς δῆθεν εἴη κάρυον ἥδιστον τρώγειν.
 τίς οὖν τὸ λοιπὸν γραδίων λόγῳ τούτων
 πίθοιτ' ἄν; εἵπερ τοὺς νέους φενακίζει.
 οὐκ ἂν τὸ κάρυον ἐς κόρακας φθάνοι βάλλον.
 Λέγουσ' ἀφῆκε· τὸ δὲ πίθων νεανίσκος
 ἐκομίσσατ', ἐν μέσῳ δὲ δύο λίθων θραύσας
 ἐξεῖλε τοῦψον, καὶ φαγὼν, εἶπεν κείνῃ·
 ἀλλ' οὐ κακῶς εἴρηκεν, ὦ φίλη, μήτηρ,
 λαρὸν τὸ κάρυον· πλὴν ἐχρῆν σφε κοκκίζειν.
 μέμνησο τοίνυν ὥς τις ἐν βίῳ τούτῳ
 οὔτοι πόνων ἄτερθεν ἡδονὴν ἔξει.

J. F. D.

Μῶρῳ μωρίαν.

Εἰς τὴν Σκυθῶν ἐρημίαν φθαρεῖς τις ἦρεθ' ἡμᾶς·
 Οὗτος, λέγ', ἡ θάλαττά σοι πόσους φύει μύκητας;
 ἐγὼ δ' ὑποστρέψας κατεῖπον ὥς μάλιστα κομψῶς,
 ὅσουςπερ, ὦ τᾶν, αἱ λόχμαι φύουσί σοι ταρίχους.

J. F. D.

Πλάκες ἀγρόνομοι.—Rustic Flats.

SOPH. (Oed. Tyr.)

KASSANDRA.

(TROADES, 308-340.)

[The wild strain that follows is admirably adapted to the character of a frantic maiden, who ironically pretends that she is making a splendid marriage, while about to become the concubine of a soldier-king. She invokes Hymen while she brandishes the nuptial torch, calls on her mother, even in the midst of her mourning, to witness her joy, and the Trojan maidens to sing and dance with her. Her excitement is ecstatic, her gestures wild, her language inspired, her utterance loud and rapid. She has hitherto lived in a consecrated virginity. Her rejoicing is the joy of vengeance on those who would violate it.—PALEY, ad loc.]

LIFT ye and lend ye—bring ye light !

I yearn ! I burn ! Behold, behold !

Through the fane with a thousand torches bright

How the eddies of fire are roll'd !

Hail, Hymen ! Hail, King Hymenaeon !

Full blest is the bridegroom, and I too am blest,

That am soon on the couch of a monarch to rest,

O Hymen, O King Hymenaeon !

While thou, O my Mother, with wail and with tear,

Dost lament o'er my Father and Fatherland's bier,

For my bridal, behold, I am raising

The torch that so fiercely is blazing !

It glanceth, it gleameth, ah ! see,

Hymen, O Hymenaeus, for thee !

Lend, lend me thy torches, O Hekat,

For the couch of the maiden, to deck it !

Airily poise ye the twinkling feet!
 On with the dance! Ho! Eueo! ho!
 On with the dance, as 'twere to greet
 The happiest lot that my sire could know!
 The dance it is sacred to Hymen!
 The dance, be its leader, O Phoebus, thou!
 In whose fane, 'mid the laurels, I worship now!
 Hymen! Hymenaeus! O Hymen!
 Come trip it, my Mother, come trip it with me,
 And share in the dancing, and share in the glee!
 As it were for the battle of Paean,
 Shout, shout ye the great Hymenaeus!
 Pour forth with your voices a tide
 Of melodious song for the bride!
 Sing aloud for the maid that is fated
 With the king of the foe to be mated!

W.

THE REAPER.

Joy harvested from out the bitter field
 Of suffering; truth reap'd amid the flowers
 Of specious falseness. In this world of ours
 He liveth best whose garner'd hoard can yield
 Large store with frankest bounty. We who love
 The husbandry of art, shall we not wax
 Strong unto singing, bending patient backs
 Above the furrows fresh, God's heaven above?
 Reap others, sow thyself. Thou shalt behold
 Thy seed fed secretly by day and night;
 The bow of Hope bright in thy spring of tears.
 Look up! the sun shines with thy autumn's gold;
 See how new dim to-morrows of delight
 Lean toward thee from the bosom of the years.

J. T.

THE POET'S DEATH.

CALL it not vain :—they do not err,
 Who say, that, when the Poet dies,
 Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
 And celebrates his obsequies :
 Who say, tall cliff and cavern lone
 For the departed Bard make moan ;
 That mountains weep in crystal rill ;
 That flow'rs in tears of balm distil ;
 Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
 And oaks in deeper groan reply ;
 And rivers teach their rushing wave
 To murmur dirges round his grave.
 Not that, in sooth, o'er mortal urn
 These things inanimate can mourn ;
 But that the stream, the wood, the gale
 Is vocal with the plaintive wail
 Of those, who, else forgotten long,
 Lived in the Poet's faithful song.

SCOTT.

MY OWN EPITAPH.

LIFE is a jest, and all things show it ;
 I thought so once, and now I know it.

GAY.

MORS POETAE.

Non fabulas, non somnia inania
 Fingunt, poëtam mors ubi ceperit,
 Plorare Naturam, suique
 Exsequias celebrare mutam
 Cultoris. Illum namque sub invidas
 Raptum tenebras aëriæ gemunt
 Rupes et antrorum recessus ;
 Flumine flet vitreo soluta
 Montana moles ; de lacrimantibus
 Stillant odores ambrosii rosis ;
 Perflantque per lucos amatos
 Sollicitas Zephyri querelas,
 Nec tristiores non referunt sonos
 Querceta ; nec non, qui tumulum lavat,
 Quae murmura effundant, ruentes
 Ipse suas docet amnis undas.
 At non—quis est qui sic putet inscius ?—
 Possunt ad urnam plangere talia
 Tam bruta feralem ; sed auræ
 Et nemora et fluvii loquelas
 Dant luctuosas, quum sibi naenias
 Illi cient, qui, ne sopor improbus
 Urgeret ignotos, fidelis
 Carminibus viguere vatis.

S. A.

Θεοῦ παύγων ἀνθρώπου.

IAM certo scio, suspicatus olim,
 Id quod cuncta docent, iocum esse vitam.

J. F. D.

REMONSTRANCE.

WHAT means this strangeness now of late,
 Since time must truth approve?
 This distance may consist with state,
 It cannot stand with love.

'Tis either cunning, or distrust,
 That may such ways allow;
 The first is base, the last unjust;
 Let neither blemish you.

For, if you mean to draw me on,
 There needs not half this art;
 And, if you mean to have me gone,
 You overact your part.

If kindness now no more can last,
 Dismiss me with a frown:
 I'll give you all the love that 's past,
 The rest shall be my own.

THE GAIN OF LOSS.

"COME, give me back my blossoms,"
 Sigh'd the palm-tree to the Nile;
 But the river flow'd unheeding
 With its soft and silver smile.

It seem'd to say, "'Tis better far
 To leave your flow'rs to me;
 I will bear their yellow beauty on
 To the wond'ring, wond'ring sea."

The amber tresses vanish'd,
 And the dear spring fragrance fled;
 But the welcome fruit in clusters
 Came richly up instead.

VARIUM ET MUTABILE.

QUID sibi vult tua frons dudum minus aequa tuenti?

Spectatur longo tempore firma fides—
Conveniat magno licet haec incuria fastu,
At nunquam vero stare ab amore potest.

Aut fidei male fisa meae aut versuta necesse est,
Ut me tam miris adgrediare modis;
Aut igitur, virgo, prava aut iniustior audis;
Tu vero neutra dedecorere nota.

Pluribus illecebris nam si me innectere mens est,
Nil opus est tali calliditate tua;
Si vero nostros forte aversaris amores,
Osorem nimiae sedulitatis agis.

Si nequeo pariter tibi gratus ut ante videri,
Contractae monitu frontis abire iube;
Tu refer acceptum mihi adhuc ego quidquid amavi,
Si quid restiterit de ratione meum est.

B.

“PER DAMNA . . . DUCIT OPES.”

“Rivule, da flores (ita margine palma gemebat)
Da redeant flores, gloria prisca, mei!”
It liquidas, velut ante, vias argenteus amnis;
Purius argento ridet in amne iubar.

Illi lympa fugax, “Nostro sapientius,” inquit,
“Florea credideris dona ferenda sinu;
Sic fluent, donec mirantibus aequora nymphis
Flavescant croceo munere tincta tuo.”

Intereunt flores, fragrantior interit aetas;
Marcent effusae, lutea turba, comae;
At vernum posuit grata vice ramus odorem,
Mutaturus opes, pomifer anne, tuas.

H. C.

“THE WRETCHED INTERCHANGE OF WRONG
FOR WRONG.”

SOONER or later I too may passively take the print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die; who knows? we are ashes
and dust.

TENNYSON.

A COMPARISON.

THE lapse of time and rivers is the same,
Both speed their journey with the restless stream;
The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayer persuade to stay.
Alike irrevocable both, when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last;
Though each resemble each in every part,
A diff'rence strikes, at length, the musing heart:
Streams never flow in vain; where streams abound,
How laughs the land with various plenty crown'd!
But time, that should enrich the nobler mind,
Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

COWPER.

CHIGNON.

MYCILLA dyes her locks, 'tis said,
But 'tis a foul aspersion!
She buys them black, they, therefore, need
No subsequent immersion.

COWPER.

“AUREA SUNT VERE NUNC SAECULA.”

QUIDNI mox lentum me speque fideque carentem

Ista sua signent aurea saecula nota ?

Cor cautes stemque ora silex, et fraude petitus

Fraude petam, et moriar ? Quis neget ? umbra sumus.

J. F. D.

PAENE GEMELLI.

Praetereuntis aquae labuntur tempora ritu,

Rivis nulla quies, non ulla fugacibus horis :

Muneribus tacitum cursum precibusve morari

Fas nulli ; nunquam revocanda est, quæ semel unda

Praeteriit : vasto mox devorat aequore pontus :

Haud aliter nescit quae lapsa est hora referri—

Talia dum meditor, tandem discrimine quodam

Distare a lympa video, nec tempus ab omni

Parte fluentis aquae volvi ratione modoque.

Amnis enim semper prodest—sit plurimus amnis,

Ridet ager, splendet variarum copia frugum ;

Sed tempus, fugiens cui non est utilis hora,

Ingenium reddit desertum et turpiter hirtum.

W. R.

FORMAM REGINA PECUNIA DONAT.

INVIDA Leuconoën vicinia tinguerecrinem

Dictitat ; at mordax talia lingua crepat ;

Queis nitet exornata nigros emit illa capillos :

Cur iterum biberent atra venena comae ?

R. W. W.

FROM THE GREEK.

To him that 's wise I do advise
 This rule of moderation,
 That he shall pour three cups, no more,
 Of wine at one potation.

First, I prescribe that he imbibe
 One cup for his digestion ;
 The second glass to toast a lass,
 Or friend, is my suggestion.

The third he 'll sip to make him sleep,
 Whereon I give this warning :
 If he be wise, forthwith to rise,
 Go home and sleep till morning.

Beyond these three no cup for me—
 The fourth makes too loquacious ;
 The fifth is rife with noise and strife ;
 The sixth with rage pugnacious.

Though small the cup, if oft fill'd up,
 The largest soon 'twill equal ;
 The pottle-pot trips up the sot,
 And floors him in the sequel.

J. F. W.

"Constant Reader" of the Times.

"Ruptae assiduo lectore columnae."—IUVENAL.

MORS ULTIMA LINEA.

THE rest are gone—I stay to moan :
 But still I hear the distant feet
 Along the gravell'd paths retreat ;
 I cannot feel, as yet, alone.

Now all is hush'd—ah, not before
 Had I begun to think on this—
 The deep, the dark, the dread abyss,
 Where thou hast sunk for evermore.

Ah, bitter thought to think—to feel
 That thou art gone. And can it be,
 That nothing more remains to me,
 Save what these silent stones conceal ?

Oh, could I the assurance hold,
 That men were more than things of clay,
 That fritter here a little day,
 And sink into the earthy mould.

Oh, that the dreams of men were true ;
 That death were not the end of all ;
 That I might on thy spirit call,
 Uplooking to the heavenly blue.

Is this an idle hope—a dream
 Engender'd by our foolish pride,
 Which fain the stubborn truth would hide,
 That we are only what we seem ?

And do we come and go like leaves,
 That rustle on the summer trees
 And make sweet music with the breeze,
 Till winter's blast the wood bereaves ?

I grope about a dungeon dark,
And beat against the bars of doubt,
And seek to find a passage out,
To catch of truth a single spark.

In vain—it better is to wait
With silent patience to the end ;
It better is our heads to bend
Beneath the heavy hand of fate.

V. B.





Remember.

(FROM DE MUSSET.)

REMEMBER, when the Morn in half-affright
Opes the enchanted palace of the Sun ;
Remember, when walks forth the pensive Night,
In robe of silver, like some dreaming one ;
At call of pleasure if thy bosom heave,—
When the shades waken some sweet thought of eve—
Where woods wave to and fro,
List to the murmur low—
Remember !

Remember, if the Fates in spite of tears
For evermore shall leave us far apart,
When grief, and exile, and the wasting years
Have worn and withered this despairing heart ;
Think of our passion, of our parting hour !
Absence and Time on Love have little power ;
And, while my heart shall beat,
Still, still it shall repeat—
Remember !

Remember, when the chilly earth shall wrap
 My broken heart in everlasting sleep;
 Remember, when upon its lonely lap
 A single flower shall ope and vigil keep.
 I shall not see thee more; but still shall be
 My spirit faithful, and return to thee;
 And in the midnight lone
 A mournful voice shall moan—
 Remember!

Φ.

Lady Clara in the South.

LADY Clara Vere de Vere,—
 You whom the Laureate makes attacks on,—
 If your papa were not a peer,
 If you were not an Anglo-Saxon,
 In short if 'twere not too absurd
 To think of *you* where aught of trade is,
 I'd almost say, upon my word,
 I'm looking at you now in Cadiz.

For, from the window of mine inn,
 At which I sit and smoke my Lopez,
 While Xeres from the inmost bin
 Beside me gleams like molten topaz,
 Down in the square court-yard below
 Alone undrowsed in noontide languor,
 'Midst Gomez, Manuel, Filippo,
 I see your very *Doppel-gänger*.

The tinge, my lady, of your hair
 Is left unmentioned, but my guess is
 The fashionable colour—fair ;
 Hers is a wealth of blue-black tresses
 Down streaming with unstudied grace
 (Of course you wear *yours* in a *chignon*)
 In masses round her dark young face ;
 (*You're* old enough to call sixteen young).

Her eyes are brown and yours are blue,
 With just a shade perhaps of greenness ;
 Her skin is somewhat dark of hue—
 Yours is the tint of Gibson's Venus.
 Yet there she stands—yourself again,
 In every thing except externals ;
 Your common game the hearts of men,
 From simple yeomen up to colonels.

She's done with Manuel long ago,
 She's turned young Gomez round her finger,
 Then cast him off for Filippo ;
 And all while o'er my weed I linger.
 And now she makes great eyes at me
 (Such fickleness is my abhorrence),
 Just as *you* did ere seasons three
 The limes had bloomed above poor Laurence.

They scowl in vain, she takes no note,
 But looks straight on with calm correct eye ;
You gazed on "that across his throat,"
 As though 'twere some new style of necktie.
 Lady Clara Vere de Vere,
 I dont believe *femme souvent varie* ;
 Your sex are all the same, I fear,
 From Timbuctoo to Tipperary.

The Memory of the Dead.

WHO fears to speak of 'Ninety-eight ?
 Who blushes at the name ?

When cowards mock the patriot's fate,

Who hangs his head for shame ?

He's all a knave,

Or half a slave,

Who slights his country thus ;

But true men,

Like you, men,

Will fill the glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,

The faithful and the few ;

Some lie far off beyond the wave,

Some sleep in Ireland too ;

All, all are gone,

But still lives on

The fame of those who died ;

And true men,

Like you, men,

Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands

Their weary hearts have laid,

And by the stranger's heedless hands

Their lonely graves were made ;

But, though their clay

Be far away,

Beyond the Atlantic foam,

In true men,

Like you, men,

Their spirit's still at home.

Exoriare Aliquis !

DIRVM quis annum, quis refugit loqui
 Motos tumultus ? Cui pudor occupat
 Malasque demissumque uultum ?
 Pro patria impauidos perire

Imbelle uulgi riserit. O, pecus
 Vafrum, uel hostis paene tenax iugi,
 Telluris an nomen paternae
 Vsque adeo nihil est ? Sed, acri

Si cui salit sub pectore uiuida
 Virtus, honesti munera Liberi
 Exsiccet. Illis non inultis
 Vindicibus populi coronat

Bacchus culullos. Heu, quota pars fidem
 Firmam probarunt ! Iamque, ubi litora
 Planguntur Atlantea fluctu
 Hesperio, capiunt sopores ;

Paucosque lecto seruat Hibernia
 Grato sepultos : occidit, occidit
 Spes illa, sed raptis superstes
 Fama uiget, uigeatque uobis

Quotquot fideles estis adhuc, uiri,
 Iactanda. Vitae pars onus improbum
 Exosa longinquo dederunt
 Corda solo, cineresque, amicis

Non rite fletos, composuit manus
 Ignota ; uastum distinet aestibus
 Hos aequor immensis, sed auri
 Semper adest memor illa prisci,

The dust of some is Irish earth ;
 Among their own they rest ;
 And the same land that gave them birth
 Has caught them to her breast ;
 And we will pray
 That from their clay
 Full many a race may start
 Of true men,
 Like you, men,
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days
 To right their native land,
 And kindled here a living blaze
 That nothing shall withstand ;
 Alas, that Might
 Can vanquish Right !
 They fell and pass'd away ;
 But true men,
 Like you, men,
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here 's their memory ; may it be
 To us a guiding light,
 To cheer our strife for Liberty,
 And teach us to unite ;
 Through good and ill
 Be Ireland's still,
 Though sad as theirs your fate ;
 And true men
 Be you, men,
 Like those of 'Ninety-eight.

I.

Swinburnianism.

Ῥομονσλα.

ARISTOPH.

Vobis, sodales, nescia inemori,
 Inuicta uirtus. Alite non mala
 Pars ossa mandarunt auitae,
 Pignora ceu pretiosa, glebae;

Altrixque alumnos terra fouet sinu
 Noto; sed, hydri dentibus ut satis
 Cadmea, sic dignis, precamur,
 Digna suis patribus propago,

Pubes resurgat mascula masculum
 Nobis parentum quae referat decus—
 Ah, quanta lux quantis tenebris,
 Foeda Die super ora tractis,

Affulsit ultrix, haud leue patriae
 Munimen! Heu, heu quam ualidum Nefas
 Fas omne debellat, piosque
 Impia uis! cecidere, rerum

Tutela; sed uos iam, socii, quibus
 Innatus idem spirat adhuc amor,
 Restatis haud paruum futuri
 Vos populi columen ruentis.

Horum capaces da calices, puer,
 Hac luce ductus iurgia mutua
 Dediscat excussurus hostis
 Quisque iugum, referatque auorum—

Fors seu minetur seu faueat levis—
 Casus tenacem per dubios fidem,
 Vel morte pro terra paratus
 Non alia perimi paterna.

T.

A Greek Bull.

Βούς ἐπὶ γλώσση.

AESCH.

Phædra.

(EUR. HIPP. 525.)

O LOVE, who distillest from eyes
 The glances that melt for delight,
 And fillest the soul with sweet sighs,
 When thou marchest arrayed in thy might,
 Reveal thyself not from above
 With ruin to follow thy path—
 Oh, come not, oh, come not, O Love!
 With the clash and wild clangour of wrath!
 For neither the flashing of fire,
 Nor the shooting of balefullest star,
 Can compare with the darts of desire,
 Which the hand of Love hurls from afar—
 Love, the fell scion of Jove!

In vain by the Alpheüs strand,
 And in vain by the Pythian shrine,
 The soil of the Hellas land
 Steams with the slaughter of kine;
 But Love, the fell tyrant—though his
 Be the keys of the doors of delight,
 And the bower of the bride, and the bliss—
 We worship him not in his might;
 For his path is perdition and pain,
 And of evil he bringeth the sum,
 And he cometh with blight and with bane,
 Whenever he listeth to come—
 Love, the fell scion of Jove!

Ere the years of the heroes were sped,
 In Oechalia, free as a fawn,
 Unwooded and unwon and unwed,
 Young Iole dwelt in her dawn;
 From her home, o'er the foam of the flood,
 Love lured her, and loosed from his spell
 A Bacchanal dabbled with blood,
 A Fury unharboured from Hell!
 For with blood, and with smoke of strange fire,
 And with robe the red poison had dyed,
 And espousals that kindled the pyre,
 To the bridegroom he rendered the bride—
 Oh, fairest, most fatal of brides!

Tell, Thebes of the sacred wall,
 And ye waters which Dirce wept,
 Of the lurings of Love for his thrall,
 And the sleep with which Semele slept!
 For with thundering, and flashing of fire,
 Though fresh from the anguish of birth,
 And the bride of a Godhead's desire,
 Love swept her in blood from the earth!
 For Love is the deadliest thing,
 Though his breath be the breath of a god;
 And, unwearied as bee on the wing,
 For ever he flieth abroad—
 The fiercest, the fellest of gods!

W.

Indian Civil Service Candidate over his Saadi.

“Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.”

HOR.

Hamlet.

TO be, or not to be, that is the question :
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ;—and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ;—ay, there 's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : there 's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.—

SHAKESPEARE.

ΑΜΒΛΗΤΗΣ.

Ζῆν ἢ θανεῖν χρή· θάτερον διυστέον,
 εἴτ' οὖν σοφοῖσιν ἐστὶ κάλλιον καλῶς
 τλῆναι βέλη τε σφενδόνας τ' ὠμῆς Τύχης,
 εἴτ' αὐτόχειρα πημονὰς παῦσαι, θράσος
 ἅπαξ ἐφοπλισθέντα κύμασιν κακῶν.
 εἰ γὰρ τὸ κατθανεῖν μὲν ἦν ἀπλῶς δραθεῖν
 ὥς δῆθε λύσαι τὰν βίῳ θυμοφθόρα
 λύπας θ' ἀπάσας πατρικὰς βροτῶν γένει,
 εὐχῶν τέλος δὴ τοῦτ' ἂν ἦν ἀντάξιον·
 εἰ δ' αὖ τὸ κατθανεῖν γε δαρθάνειν, τί μήν;
 κακὴ γ' ὀνειράθ' ἔξομεν· προστρίβεται
 ταύτῃ τὸ πρᾶγος, ὥστ' ἐρητύειν με δεῖ
 ἂν τοῖς θανούσι δείματ' ἢ θράσσουνθ' ὕπνον
 ἀπαλλαγείσι σωμάτων θνητῶν φορᾶς·
 τοῦτ' ἦν τὸ μακραίωνα τὴν οἰζὺν τιθέν.
 πληγὰς γὰρ ὕβρεις τ' οὐδ' ἂν εἰς ἀντλοι βιοῦς,
 κόρον τε σεμνῶν, ζημίαν τε κρεισσόνων,
 πόθον τ' ἀποπτυσθέντα μὲν θάλπουντα δὲ,
 δίκης τ' ἀναβολὰς, ἀρχιδιά τ' ὠγκωμένα,
 σοφούς τε μῶρων τλημόνως ἡσσημένους,
 ἰδροῦν δ' ἔλοιτο καὶ στένειν ἄχθη φέρων,
 διαλλαγῆναι πρὸς δῦας χαλκῷ παρὸν,
 εἰ μὴ τὸ δεῖμα μὴ τι τοῖς θανούσιν ἦ,
 ἔν' ἄσκοποι τείνουσιν ἀδιάνυλοι πλάκες,
 πλάζοι φρόνησιν ὥστε τάσδε συμφορὰς
 στέργειν ἐν οἴκῳ μᾶλλον ἢ θηρᾶν ἐκεῖ.
 ὥς ἄνδρα δουλοῖ ξυννοεῖν λίαν τάδε,
 ἄνθος δὲ θυμοῦ τῷ φρονεῖν μαραίνεται
 χῶτῳ τέθηλε ξύμφυτον ψυχῆς μένος·
 πλήθουσα δ' ὀρμὴ πρινίτης εὐτολμίας
 τῇδε βλαβείσας οὐκέτ' ἰθύνει ροὰς,
 ψευδωνύμως δ' ἄπρακτος εἰς οὐδὲν ῥέπει.

Cleopatra.

(HOR. OD. I. XXXVII.)

OH, now should the floor with free measure be trod—
 Deck the temple from altar to portals—
 With such feasts as the Salii spread for their god
 Now, now, should we greet the Immortals !
 Ere this to bring out the old Caecuban wine
 From the cellars ancestral were blameful,
 While the Queen planned such woe for the Capitol's shrine,
 For the Empire extinction so shameful.
 With a herd of the vilest her triumph to share,
 All frenzied with Fortune and maddened,
 There was nought but her spirit unbridled would dare,
 Nought untoward such spirit but gladdened.
 But her fury abated, when scarcely a ship
 Escaped the hot breath of the burning ;
 And the rose faded out from her wine-tinted lip,
 To terror's own ashen hue turning.
 And from Italy seaward she flies in despair ;
 Swift Caesar in hot pursuit follows—
 So the hawk on the dove—so the hound on the hare—
 Over Thessaly's snow-drifted hollows.
 Who feared not the sword, did *she* stoop to their chain ?
 By womanish dread was *she* humbled ?
 Did *she* seek an exile far over the main,
 Who smiled as her palaces crumbled ?
 No ! nor feared she the snake as a gallant to clasp ;
 All unmoved was the Ptolemies' daughter,
 While she wooed to the white of her bosom the asp,
 And death was the boon that he brought her.
 Ere it come, how the blood rushes back to her face,
 Once again how the proud spirit rallies !
 Scarce the woman, I ween, as a captive to grace
 Their hated Liburnian galleys !

On Reading the Fragments of Early Greek Lyric Poetry.

WE have all Tupper—not one thunder-tone
 Hath ceased to bellow through the British sky,
 And ladies tell us that the great trombone
 Will sound again, and laughing fools defy;
 But where are ye, whose broken harmony
 Makes discord shriek where music seem'd to flow,
 Clear stars of song, to whom our best can be
 Nought but loose clouds, that shift and toil below;
 Handbreadths of wondrous streams, joyous and free,
 That leap and foam and flash, and have no peers,
 Bounded by darkness; wafts of strange melody
 Heard in the loud wild night of wasteful years?
 Ah, bleeding mouths! ah, smitten tuneful lips!
 He is the same who mightily lifts the sun
 Majestical, and blacks it with eclipse,
 And wastes the pleasant slopes of Helicon—
 The law that bound the Israelites of old
 Slays you, the firstlings of Apollo's fold.

Σ.

Bellula Multorum Capitem.

A BEAU once inquired of a witty young belle,
 When her true hair rained rich as the false chignon fell,
 "Ah! why add to those locks that outdazzle the sun?"
 "Two heads," she replied, "sir, are better than one."

A. L. W.

Annie's Tryste.

YOUR hand is cauld as snaw, Annie,
 Your cheek is wan and white ;
 What gars ye tremble sae, Annie ?
 What mak's your e'e sae bright ?

The snaw is on the ground, Willie,
 The frost is cauld and keen ;
 But there's a burning fire, Willie,
 That sears my heart within.

The Spring will come again, Annie,
 And chase the Winter's showers,
 And you and I shall stray, Annie,
 Amang the Summer flowers.

O bonnie are the braes, Willie,
 When a' the drifts are gane ;
 But my heart misgi'es me sair, Willie,
 Ye'll wander there alane.

O will ye tryste wi' me, Annie ?
 O will ye tryste me then ?
 I'll meet ye by the burn, Annie,
 That wimples down the glen.

I daurna tryste wi' you, Willie,
 I maunna tryste ye here ;
 But we'll hold our tryste in Heaven, Willie,
 In the spring-time of the year.

AYTOUN.

Forced Wit.

Humore coacto.

Ivv.

Si qua fata aspera Rumpas!

PALLEN, Lydia, cur genae?
 Friget cur niuibus frigidior manus?
 Cur artus teneri tremunt?
 Ardent insolita cur oculi face?

Durantur positae niues
 Hiberni gelidis flatibus aetheris;
 At pectus, Corydon, meum
 Caecis heu! penitus carpitur ignibus.

Brumam nubibus horridam
 Grata uer roseum mox uice proteret,
 Et per floriferum nemus
 Iungemus socias, Lydia, nos moras.

Altae diffugient niues;
 Ridebunt nitidis prata coloribus;
 Ast eheu! mea praescius,
 Erres ne sine me, corda subit timor.

Quin te constituis mihi
 Venturam comitem uere nouo meam?
 Visam te prope marginem
 Riui per siluam qui trepidat loquax.

Ah! non constituam tibi,
 Nec fas est, soliti margine riuuli;
 At, quum uerna aderit dies,
 Siluis Elysiis consociabimur.

B.

Aerated Bread.
 Vescimur auris.

VIRG.

Claribel.

WHERE Claribel low-lieth
 The breezes pause and die,
 Letting the rose-leaves fall :
 But the solemn oak-tree sigheth,
 Thick-leaved, ambrosial,
 With an ancient melody
 Of an inward agony,
 Where Claribel low-lieth.
 At eve the beetle boometh
 Athwart the thicket lone :
 At noon the wild bee hummeth
 About the moss'd headstone :
 At midnight the moon cometh,
 And looketh down alone.

TENNYSON.

To the Evening Star.

GEM of the crimson-colour'd even,
 Companion of retiring day,
 Why at the closing gates of heaven,
 Belovèd star, dost thou delay?

 So fair thy pensile beauty burns,
 When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
 So due thy plighted love returns
 To chambers brighter than the rose ;

 To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love,
 So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
 Sure some enamour'd orb above
 Descends and burns to meet with thee.

CAMPBELL.

ΣΙΜΜΙΟΥ ΤΟΥ ΘΗΒΑΙΟΥ

εἰς Κορίννην ἐπίγραμμα.

Ἦκ' ἄνεμος καθύπερθε πνέων τύμβοιο Κορίννης
 συνθνήσκει πετάλοις τὰ ῥόδ' ἔραζε χέει ·
 ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ μέλημα μελίζεται ὑψίκομος δρῦς
 δηναῖον, τὸ κόρης εἵνεκεν ἐντὸς ἔχει.
 τῇδ' ὑπὲρ οἰόφρονας πυκνόπτερος ἡχέτα θάμνους
 τέττιξ αἶσσει συγῇ ἐν ἐσπερίῃ ·
 ἥ τε μέλισσ' ἀνέχουσα λίθον πύκα ποιήεντα
 οὐ λήγει βομβοῦσ' ἡδὺν μεσημερίῃ ·
 μήνῃ δ' ἔρχεται ὧδε τάφον μεσονύκτιος, οἷη,
 ἀμφὶς ἔχοντα κόρην ὑψόθεν ὀψομένη.

M.

Ad Hesperum.

VNICA purpureo quae candes uespere lampas,
 Vergentem socia luce secuta diem,
 Cur tu, gemma poli gratissima, sola moraris,
 Claudit ubi Hesperias nox reuocata fores?
 Ignescit face tam pulcra tibi pensilis ardor,
 Cum fundit moriens roscida dona iubar;
 Tam constans thalamos, lucentia regna, reuisis,
 Ipsa quibus cedit purpura uicta rosae;
 Quin adeo floret te sub custode Voluptas,
 Floret Amor, floret non peritura Quies;
 Quis dubitet, socios quin tecum accenderit ignes
 Quaedam e sublimi stella caduca choro?

H. C.

Sunt Lacrimae Rerum.

QUEEN. **N**IMBLE mischance, that art so light of foot,
 Doth not thy embassy belong to me,
 And am I last that knows it? O, thou think'st
 To serve me last, that I may longest keep
 Thy sorrow in my breast. Come, ladies, go,
 To meet at London London's king in woe.
 What, was I born to this, that my sad look
 Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
 Gardener, for telling me these news of woe
 Pray God the plants thou graft'st may never grow.—

GAR. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
 I would my skill were subject to thy curse.—
 Here did she fall a tear; here in this place
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace:
 Rue, even for ruth, here shortly shall be seen,
 In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

SHAKESPEARE.

Religious Intolerance.

GOOSEY, goosey gander,
 Whither dost thou wander?
 Up stairs and down stairs,
 And in my lady's chamber.
 There I met an old man
 That would not say his prayers;
 I took him by the left leg,
 And threw him down stairs.

GAMMER GURTON.

ΑΘΗΣ ΠΑΓΚΛΑΥΤΟΝ ΘΕΡΟΣ.

"Αν. ὦ τῆς μελαίνης ὠκύπουν ἄτης τέρας,
οὐ δῆτα κήρυξ αἰὲν ἦσθ' ἐμοὶ κακῶν ;
πῶς οὖν τάδ' ἔμαθον ὧδ' ἐν ὑστάτοις ἐγώ ;
ἀλλ' ὕστερον γὰρ ἦλθες ἄγγελος βραδὺς,
ὥς καρδία μήκιστον ἦδ' ἄχος τρέφεη.
ἴτ' οὖν Ἀθήναζ' ὥστ' Ἀθηναίων ἰδεῖν
ἄνακτα λυγρόν · μῶν δέδορκα φῶς τόδε
δώσουσα χάρμ' ἐχθροῖσι δακρύων ὑπο ;
κηπουρὲ, τῶνδ' ἐμοὶ λόγων κακάγγελε,
ὅλοιτο τοῦδε πρέμνοθεν κήπου φυτά.—

Κηπ. Εἴ πως, ἄνασσα τλῆμον, ὧδέ γ' εὐτυχοῖς,
πάντως ὅλοιτ' αὐτοῖσι κήπος ἄνθειςιν.—
τῇδ' ἢ τάλαιν' ἔβαλλε δάκρυον πικρὸν,
ἢ πηγανὸν τῇδ', ἐργάνην τῶν χερνίβων,*
πικρὸν σπερῶ—πηγαὶ γάρ ἐξ ὅσων πικραὶ
τῇδ' ἐρράγησαν—μνήμα βασιλείου δύης.

A. W. Q.

* "Herb of grace;" ruta enim aquam benedictam colentibus irrorabat antistes.

Anserculus, dominae suae in deliciis, senem rivalem
praetextu religionis exturbat.

Ποῖ δὴ πλανᾷ σὺ, χηνίδιον, χηνῶν ἄνερ ;
ὅποι πλανῶμαι ; κλιμάκων ἄνω κάτω,
εἰς δ' ἔστιν ὅτε κοιτῶνα τῆς κεκτημένης.
κάνταῦθα δήποτ' ἐνέτυχον γεροντίῳ
ὃς οὐκέτ' ἔτλη χειροτόνους αὐδᾶν λιτάς ·
μάρψας δ' ἐγὼ τὸ κάθαρμ' ἀριστεροῦ ποδὸς
ἔρριψα κατὰ τῶν κλιμάκων κατωκάρα.

J. F. D.

Vox et praeterea Nihil.

ARMINA per Musas, per nos didicere loquellas
 Et certos homines edere ab ore sonos.
 Ne tamen exquiras, sedes quae propria nobis,
 Si mare, si terram dixeris, haec colimus,
 Vna, duae, plures,—una sed rarius omnes,—
 Nec species nec uox omnibus una data est.
 Finge duas periisse,—diu neque frigus habebis ;
 Ceteraque aufugimus turba—calore cares !
 Tartara ter primam cepere : supersumus omnes ;
 Vna tamen nostrum, Mors, tua semper erit.
 Nocte duae gaudent, quae restant lumina poscunt ;
 Tres Superos adeunt, ima petunt reliquae.
 Dulce tenet Musas culmen, sed amoenius omnes
 Nos tenet,—aestiuorum omnibus unus amor.
 Quinque sumus,—sex forte putes ; sed terra, sed astra,
 Arta nimis, cunctas se cohibere negant !
 At—uocalis enim ferimur chorus—accipit omnes
 Muta olim Tethys Oceanique sinus.

R. W. W.

Epitaph on the Books of a certain Closed Library.

(Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσι.)

WITHIN we lie, a countless throng ; forbear,
 Nor deem, fond reader, thou may'st enter there.
 This once was Learning's home, 'tis now the tomb
 Of Learning's children, hid in jealous gloom.
 No dole of dust we crave from pious hand,
 To dust consigned by tyrannous command :
 Fly hence, and shun this hope-deserted gate,
 Nor share with us our mute inglorious fate.

J. P. M.

Wordsworth.

FRANQUIL as one on whom heaven's peace hath smiled,
Tender as woman, yet withal profound

In wisdom oft-times gathered from the ground,
He dwelt from youth to age in heart a child
Mid Nature's varied scenes of tame and wild,
Lakes, glens, and woodlands fair, hill-girded round.

Thus nurtured in a holy league were bound
Within him Truth and Passion undefiled ;
Oft would he commune with the bubbling rill,
Or pore on clouds vermilioned by the glow
Of sunset, or on some heaven-kissing hill

Gloat on the charms each heightening each below ;
Till, as hope prompts the song of prisoned birds,
He loosed his rapture in immortal words.

'Tis not at once the scattered rays combine
And concentrate to give to us entire
The image of some orb which we desire
To gaze upon ; not always we assign
To its true place, where many glories shine,
A star that beams mayhap with tempered fire,
And burns not brightest of the stellar choir,
Because it sheds a radiance more divine.

'Tis not at once we can our portion choose
With worthiest thoughts ; but after wintry days
A luminous cloud from Castaly's warm dews
Emerging wraps the world on which we gaze,
The sparkling play of childhood's fount renews,
And hallows all things with its silvery haze.

Cometh up as a Flower.

I KNEW thee once, in early spring,
Fair, innocent, and true,
Nor inwardly an other thing
Than outwardly to view.

I saw thee fair and fairer grow ;
But, as a bud tho' green
Will flush into a blossom, so
Thine innocence hath been.

And now let others pay thee suit,
Fain would I watch no more ;
Me-feareth lest the goodly fruit
Be hollow at the core.

A.

In Autumn Landscape.

HE leant upon the rustic bridge
With all her spirit in her eyes ;
Far off the mountains, ridge on ridge,
Flow'd westward through the autumn skies :

The blue sea laved its golden weeds,
In wreaths the blue smoke took the air ;
Red were the forests, green the meads—
I said, " O earth, is heaven more fair ?"

A. P. G.

And there came Two Angels at Even.

WHILE Time was as yet in his morning,
 Ere the eyes of the world had waxed blind,
 The Seraphim thought it no scorning
 To stoop to the homes of mankind.
 In glory they swept through the city,
 O'er the patriarch's threshold they trod,
 Clad about with the love and the pity
 And the grace of the great ones of God.

And the sons of the earth grew high-hearted,
 As they spake with the sons of the Lord;
 But still, as the bright guests departed,
 Sin sorrow and shame were restored.
 And, as hath been since Nature's beginning,
 Since man was created to rot,
 The world went on sighing and sinning,
 And Angel and God were forgot.

H. J. DE B.

Double Acrostic.

RE bene perspecta duo tu contraria cernes;
 De quibus hoc debes, illud amare soles.

- I. Cornua bos uitta cinctus procumbit ad aram.
- II. Omne genus uolucrum trahit hinc exordia uitae.
- III. Hoc modo concedas, e uotis omnia fient.
- IV. Tempus significat uox haec: nil amplius addam.
- V. Ventus non opus est; quo dempto accede, iuuentus.
- VI. Militiam hic passus mecum est et mille labores.

G. L.

To Delia.

FAIR the face of orient day,
 Fair the tints of opening rose;
 But fairer still my Delia dawns,
 More lovely far her beauty shews.

Sweet the lark's wild warbled lay,
 Sweet the tinkling rill to hear;
 But, Delia, more delightful still
 Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamour'd busy bee
 The rosy banquet loves to sip;
 Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
 To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip:

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove:
 Oh! let me steal one liquid kiss,
 For, oh! my soul is parch'd with love.

BURNS.

On a Physician.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

FRIEND, can you tell me who is yonder fellow—
 He with the countenance so sick and yellow?
 “Oh! that 's the Doctor.” Aye, I know their trick,
 They ne'er look well but when their friends are sick.

J. F. W.

Ad Deliam.

PULCHER est solis redeuntis ortus ;
 Pulcher est floris color explicati ;
 Pulchrior solem superas rosamque,
 Delia, pulchram.

Dulcis indoctae canor est alaudae ;
 Dulcis est lapsus crepitantis undae ;
 Dulcior longe tua uox amantem
 Serpit in aurem.

En ! apis gaudet studiosa florum
 Ore delibans roseos liquores ;
 En ! Arabs gaudet recreans scatebris
 Arida labra.

Non apis ritu temere auolantis
 In tuis labris mihi sit uagari ;
 Hinc sinas haustum rapiam leuemque
 Pectoris ignes.

V. B.

To my Wife.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

OH, wert thou placed beneath the sod,
 What happiness for me and thee !
 For thou would'st go to look on God,
 And God would come to look on me.

J. F. W.

The Alma.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story,
 Scant although thy waters be,
 Alma ! roll those waters proudly,
 Proudly roll them to the sea !
 Yesterday unnamed, unhonour'd,
 But to wandering Tartar known,
 Now thou art a voice for ever
 To the world's four corners blown.
 In two nations' annals graven
 Thou art now a deathless name,
 And a star for ever shining
 In their firmament of fame.

TRENCH.

Song.

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot ;
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

SHAKESPEARE.

Fies Nobilium tu quoque Fontium.

ALMA, prius quamuis nulla decoratus auena
 Volueris exiguae munere pauper aquae,
 Aude sorte noua fluctus glomerare superbos,
 Quos tribuas laeto, dona superba, mari.
 Nuper in ignoto celabas gurgite numen,
 Quod colerent profugi, barbara turba, Getae;
 Iam nunc, assidue uersandus in ore futuro,
 Laudibus implesti solis utramque domum.
 Te celebrant binae patria pro sospite gentes;
 Aeternum titulo duplici nomen habes.
 Candidus in fastis inter bene gesta refulges,
 Qualia sidereo prospera signa polo.

T. H. O.

ΑΧΑΡΙΣΤΟΣ ΟΛΟΙΤΟ.

TRISTIS hiberno licet, Eure, flatu
 Saeuias, ira mihi tristiore
 Hic furit, si cui perit benigni
 Gratia facti.

Faucibus quamuis animam remittis
 Tu feram, mordes leuiore dente
 Quam uir ingratus; tua namque nulli
 Forma uidetur.

Frigore horrendo glacieris, aether,
 Sed mihi, quisquis memori tenere
 Mente non curat bene facta, morsu
 Acrior instat.

Tu domas fontesque lacusque uinclis,
 Tu domas riuos celeres; sed ictu
 Immemor nostri grauiore corda
 Laedit amicus.

W. R.

The Bait.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands and crystal brooks,
With silken lines and silver hooks.

There will the river whispering run,
Warm'd by thine eyes more than the sun ;
And there the enamell'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swim in that live bath,
Each fish which every channel hath
Will amorously to thee swim,
Gladder to catch thee than thou him.

Let others freeze with angling-reeds,
And cut their legs with shells and weeds ;
Or treacherously poor fish beset
With strangling snare or windowy net ;

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks outwrest ;
Let curious traitors' sleeve-silk flies
Bewitch poor fishes' wandering eyes.

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
For thou thyself art thine own bait ;
The fish that is not catch'd thereby
Alas ! is wiser far than I.

DONNE.

ΑΙΝΙΓΜΑ.

*"Εστι μέγας ποταμὸς τοῦ τὰ στοιχεῖα δύνανται
τόσσον ὅσ' εἰς ἐνιαυτὸς ἐλίσσων ἥματα φαίνει.*

J. F. D.

Dum Capimus Capimur.

HVC, Galatea, ueni ; mea lux, age, gaudia mecum
 Plurima nec solitis hic aditura modis,
 Quot meus aureolis uitreus tibi riuus arenis
 Cumque hamo tereti Serica lina ferant.
 Perstrepet apricos tibi garrula lympha lapillos
 Sole minus uisu quam calitura tuo ;
 Et tibi terga frequens pictus gemmantia piscis
 Obuius astanti se feret ipse capi.
 Balnea siue petes quando haec piscosa, ciebis
 Vndique flumineos ad tua labra greges :
 In te praecipiti ruet omnis amore proteruus,
 Cedet et in laetas, laetior ipse, manus.
 Frigidulus demptis calami moderator alutis
 Conchis et rigida carice crura secet :
 Aut nassas uaser aut interlucentia nodis
 Retia letiferis insidiosa paret :
 Durus in arcano latitantia corpora limo
 Audaci rapiat rusticus ungue licet :
 Siue uagos pisces fallacis imagine muscae
 Aera recurua catus dissimulante trahat.
 Tu tamen illecebras, tali procul arte remota,
 Vnica materia ducis ab ipsa tua :
 Piscis enim, qui te bene fugerit, improba, uisam,
 Hei mihi ! plus nobis, suspicor, ille sapit.

J. R. W.

ΑΙΝΙΓΜΑ.

Βαττιάδης μ' ἐποίησεν · ἀνευρήσεις δέ θ' ὁμοίως
 κῆν ἐπὶ δεξιὰ κῆν ἐπ' ἀριστερὰ τοῦνομ' ἀναγνῶς.

J. F. D.

Nessun Maggior Dolore !

NO greater grief! Is it then always grief
 Remembering happier times in times of sorrow?
 Does one day of delight ne'er bring relief
 To the sick soul on a despairful morrow?
 Past joys are a possession. Oft we borrow
 Strength for our present pain from out the brief
 Bright moments garner'd long in memory's sheaf:
 August's rich grains make glad December's furrow.
 Have mine eyes once with any wealth been blest
 Of coast, sea, sky, or heaven-suggesting face;
 Mine ears drunk highest music when she sung
 Who was my life of life, whose gentle breast
 From the world's rush was my one resting place;—
 Blind, deaf, and old, I see, hear, still am young.

J. T.





Never.

(AFTER DE MUSSET.)

“NEVER,” you said to me the other night,
While the sad music filled the air with sighs ;
“Never,” you said, while in your own despite
Love lit the azure sadness of your eyes.
“Never,” you said again with accent low,
And mournful smile, as smiles the marble, pale ;
But the proud thought of what you might bestow
Veiled you with blushes, as a jealous veil.
Oh, what a word, and what a world of woe !
I did not see the fair face all aglow,
Or the pale smile when to my lips love rose ;
Fair was the face, but than the soul less fair,
On *this* I gazed, my love was centred *there*—
And yet I saw your heart close as a flower doth close.
Φ.

Persicos Odi, Quer, Apparatus.

THEIR Persian finery I can’t abide,
I hate their showy wreaths with linden tied ;
Give o’er thy search through woods and gardened closes
For late-blown roses.
Plain myrtle best befits thy master’s brow,
And thine, my boy ; seek naught more exquisite now,
But tend me, while embowered by the vine
I quaff my wine.

C. G.

Oenone.

"THOU hollow ship, that bearest
 Paris o'er the faithless deep,
 Would'st thou leave him on some island
 Where alone the waters weep!
 Where no human foot is moulded
 In the wet and yellow sand—
 Leave him there, thou hollow vessel,
 Leave him on that lonely land!
 Then his heart will surely soften,
 When his foolish hopes decay,
 And his older love rekindle,
 As the new one dies away.
 Visionary hills will haunt him,
 Rising from the glassy sea,
 And his thoughts will wander homeward
 Unto Ida and to me!"
 Thus lamented fair Oenone,
 Weeping ever, weeping low,
 On the holy mount of Ida,
 Where the pine and cypress grow.
 In the self-same hour Cassandra
 Shrieked her prophecy of woe,
 And into the Spartan dwelling
 Did the faithless Paris go.

AYTOUN.

Juvenalis Dormitans.

"NEMO repente uenit," dixi, "turpissimus;" ohe!
 Nonne patent uigiles te praetereunte fenestras?

R. W. W.

Sustinet Oenonen Deservisse Paris.

“**N**AVIS, Priamidem per freta quae uolas
 Nobis abripiens perfida perfidum,
 Qua sola aequora plangunt,
 Illum desere in insula !

Illum linque, precor, nauis, inhospita
 Terra ; linque, precor, nullus ubi uirum
 Pes signarit arenas
 Flauas, fluctibus uuidas !

Tum corda incipient ferrea flectier,
 Spes postquam fatuae deciderint ; amor
 Antiquus reuirescet,
 Quum defloruerit nouus.

Illi conscia mens finget imagines
 Surgentum uitreo marmore montium ;
 Idae mox uaga colles
 Oenonenque petet suam.”

Oenone teneris talia questibus
 Flebat, perpetuis questibus, in sacra
 Pinus quaque cupressus
 Ida consociant nemus :

Ast illo tonuit praescia cladium
 Cassandrae fera uox tempore, perfidus
 Illo tecta subibat
 Spartanae Paris hospitae.

B.

Iuuenalis Vindicatus.

“**N**EMO repente uenit turpissimus,” inquit Aquinas ;
 Sic nisi post quintum non exit Cognitor annum.

T.

Ballad of Graf Bröm.

QLD Graf Bröm is dying at last,
 He's alone in his room, and sinking fast;
 And his shutter is pushed by the bluff night blast
 Howling oh wul lul—lul lul lul lo—ho! ho!
 Howling oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo!

His lips are gluey, extremities cold,
 His nose is pinched, and the life-blood rolled
 With a slow, dull beat, like a bell that is tolled,
 With a dead wul lul—lul lul—lo!

'Tis dismal to finish a life of sin
 With the night without, and the night within;
 To buckle alone the last struggle, and grin
 With a sick wul lul—lul lul—lo!

Old Graff Bröm was a scandalous rake,
 Women have done queer things for his sake;
 'Tis well that the dead can never awake,
 Shrieking oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo, ho! ho!
 Shrieking oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo!

Oh, woman, poor woman, by dozens undone,
 And the young love, the true love, the heart-broken one,
 Long dead, long sped, and pitied by none,
 Sobbing oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo woe! woe!
 Sobbing oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo!

Oh, hush!—oh, hark!—his ears can catch
 A fumble of hands on his hall-door latch;
 His hair stood up in a grisly thatch,
 Who comes with this wul lul lul—lo!

A smothered din, a stirring of feet,
That stumble upstairs with irregular beat,
And murmurs resembling a gibber or bleat,
Or a queer creepy wul lul lul—lo !

Up they come with a step that lags,
Hollow-eyed maidens and rickety hags ;
The moss on their bones can be seen through the rags,
Creaking oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

The skeleton wantons come tottering in,
All dead, all sped—his pupils in sin,
To witness their master's last struggle, and grin
With a shivering wul lul lul—lo !

They chattered and wagged their chins like the dumb ;
Skeleton babies were suckled by some,
Or horribly dandled at old Dad Bröm,
With lullaby—lul lul lul lo—ho ! ho !
With lullaby—lul lul lul—lo !

Oh, woman, poor woman, by dozens beguiled,
And the young love, the true love, the poor, poor child,
Her yellow hair sullied, her hazel eye wild,
Who died long ago, deserted—defiled,
Crooning oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo, woe woe !
Crooning oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

Rattle the shutters, and rattles his throat,
His white beard heaves in gasps like a goat,
While his tatterdemalions peer and gloat
With a clamour of wul lul lul—lo !

Old Graf Bröm is dead at last,
Alone in his bed, all stark and aghast ;
And his shutter is bursten in by the blast,
Roaring oh wul lul—lul lul lul lo—ho ! ho !
Roaring oh wul lul—lul lul lul—lo !

The Bridge of Sighs.

ONE more unfortunate,
 Weary of breath,
 Rashly importunate,
 Gone to her death ;
 Take her up tenderly,
 Lift her with care,
 Fashioned so slenderly,
 Young and so fair.
 Look at her garments
 Clinging like cerements,
 While the wave constantly
 Drips from her clothing ;
 Take her up instantly,
 Loving not loathing ;
 Touch her not scornfully,
 Think of her mournfully,
 Gently and humanly ;
 Not of the stains of her ;
 All that remains of her
 Now is pure womanly.

Hood.

Plebis Suffragia Venor.

YOU don't like my writings, won't read them, nor buy them ;
 Then do me the favour at least to decry them ;
 Where the praise of good judges is hard to be had,
 The next best thing to it 's the blame of the bad.

J. H.

Virginibus Puerisque Canto.

AH, misera, sortis
 Pondere fessa !
 Ah, temere mortis
 Viam ingressa !
 Tollite facile
 Onus tam bellum,
 Onus tam gracile,
 Tamque tenellum.
 Corpus grauatum
 Vestis astringit,
 Funus elatum
 Palla ceu cingit.
 En! panni stillantes
 Vndam irremeabilem ;
 Statis ?—amantes
 Ferte amabilem.
 Ne fastidientes
 Formam attingite,
 Sed flebilem flentes
 Animo fingite ;
 Quod fecerit male
 Donate tam bellae ;
 Nil restat ni quale
 Decorum puellae.

T.

Ο ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΣ ΠΛΟΥΣ.

SCRIPTA mea odisti ; non uis legere aut emere ; ultro
 Obtrectes, si uis commodus esse, precor.
 Doctorum laus est uix uixque parabilis, et sors
 Aequa nimis, si quis carpat ineptus, erit.

J. F. D.

Kolonos.

(SOPH. OED. KOL. 668-719.)

OF the land of knights thou has chanced to stray
 To the fairest spot where all is fair,
 To the Hill that flashes back the ray,
 Where a plaintive music thrills the air,
 As the Nightingale haunts the dell divine,
 In the depths of a dark abyss of green,
 Mid ivies dark as darkling wine,
 And leaves that lisp o'er the sylvan scene,
 The untrodden domain of the viewless Power,
 With fruits in myriads all aglow,
 Unsunned in the glare of the noontide hour,
 And unruffled by all the winds that blow ;
 Where Iacchus treads the enchanted ground
 With the Nymphs that nursed him dancing round.

And full and flush with aërial dew,
 And clothed as a vine with clusters fair,
 The Narcissus blooms, which the Mighty Two
 As a coronal twine for their raven hair,
 And the Crocus sheds a golden light,
 And the sleepless runnels never wane,
 As from fall to fall they urge their flight
 With their tribute of waters to the plain,
 Where still the Kephisos woos his way
 Through the midst of the meadows while all is mirth,
 And with his unpolluted spray
 Quickens the womb of the swelling Earth ;
 Nor his marge doth the Muse with disdain behold,
 Nor the Child of the Foam with the rein of gold.

And a Plant there is, which in Asian land,
 Or in Pelops' mighty Dorian strand,
 Never, I trow,
 Was known to grow,
 Which grows unforced, unplanted, here,
 The terror of marauding spear,
 And through the wide land burgeons free,
 The boon of our boyhood, the grey Olive tree;
 Young or hoar be the foeman chief,
 He never shall scathe the dark grey leaf
 With the touch of the spoiler's hand;
 For 'tis watched from the depths of the sacred grove
 By the sleepless eye of the Morian Jove,
 And the Lady of the Land.

And another glory there is, I ween,
 The proudest vaunt of the Island Queen,
 The goodly dower
 Of the Ocean Power,
 For, Ocean's Lord, she owes to thee—
 Horse—Horseman—subjugated Sea!
 For thou didst fashion rein and bit
 As a cure for the steed in his restive fit;
 And a thing of awe to the wondering deep,
 With its oars aswing in their measured sweep,
 As the mariners ply the blades,
 The Galliot bounds as a courser fleet,
 And follows the flight of a hundred feet,
 As it chases the Nereid maids.

W.

Tudona.

IN her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 The watery landscape of the pendent wood,
 And absent trees that tremble in the flood :
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green ;
 Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering streams,
 Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

POPE.

Samson Agonistes.

WE see, O friends,
 How many evils have enclosed me round ;
 Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,
 Blindness ; for had I sight, confused with shame,
 How could I once look up, or heave the head ;
 Who, like a foolish pilot, have shipwrecked
 My vessel, trusted to me from above,
 Gloriously rigged ; and for a word, a tear—
 Fool !—have divulged the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful woman ? Tell me, friends,
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a fool
 In every street ? Do they not say, how well
 Are come upon him his deserts ? Yet why ?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me ; of wisdom nothing more than mean.
 This with the other should at least have paired—
 These two, proportioned ill, drove me transverse.

MILTON.

Restabant Ultima, Flevit.

INNVA tam casto gaudet dea fonte lauari :
 Auctior it lacrimis conscia lympa deae.
 Inscius hanc pastor miratur saepe recuruos
 Vt speculo montes praecipitetque polum ;
 Pendenti scenam silua miratur aquosam,
 Et tremulis absens adsit ut arbor aquis :
 Et pecudes pasci per caerula pura uidentur ;
 Silua natat ; uiridi frondet honore latex ;
 Per speciosa uolens spatiat ruris, et aegre
 In Tamesin spumas acrior unda rotat.

J. F. D.

ΤΙ ΔΗΤ' ΕΜΟΙ ΒΛΕΠΤΟΝ ;

Ἀθρεῖτέ μ', ἀθρεῖτ', ἄνδρες, οἳ' ἀμφίδρομα
 ἔχει με πῆματ', ἀλλὰ τοῦθ' ὃ πρὶν μακρῶ
 ἄλγιστον ἦν ἥκιστα νῦν δάκνει κέαρ,
 τὸ δὴ σκοτεινόν· εἰ γὰρ ἡ βλέπων ἐγὼ,
 ποῖ δῆτ' ἐπῆρ' ἂν ὄμματ', αἰσχύνης γέμων ;
 πῶς κρᾶτ' ἐκίνησ' ; ὅς γε, ναυκλήρου δίκην
 φρενοβλαβοῦς, δοθείσαν ἦν ἔχω θεοῦ
 τῇν ναῦν ἐπόντισ' εὐπρεπῶς ἐσταλμένην
 ἔπους τε μῶρος δακρύου τε πρὸς χάριν
 γέρας πανούργω τῇδε μηνύσας ἔχω
 τὸ θεῖον· οὐχὶ πᾶς ἀνὰ στόμ', ὦ φίλοι,
 ἔχων ἔμ' ὑμνεῖ μωρίας κατὰ πτόλιν ;
 θροεῖ δέ πού τις τοιάδ', ἐνδίκως γε μὴν
 ἂ χρεὶ πέπουθε· τί δὲ ; πελώριον γὰρ ἦν
 ἰδεῖν σθένος μ' ἔχοντα νοῦν δέ τοι βραχύν·
 ὦ γ' ἐξισοῦσθαι χρεὶν, παρήγορον δέ πως,
 οὐ συμμέτρως ἔχοντε, νῦν μ' ἐσφηλάτην.

J. A. S.

Dido.

(VIRG. AEN. IV., 362-392.)

WITH restless eyes and loathing looks oblique
 The Queen the while had glanced his person o'er,
 Nor loosed the wrath that lowered upon her brow,
 Till here he paused—then flashed her fury forth :
 “Nor goddess gave thee life, false-hearted wretch,
 Nor Dardan e'er thy miscreant breed began ;
 But thou of flinty Caucasus wast born—
 Congenial birth !—and tigress gave thee suck.
 Yes, why still fawn ? Is it till baser wrong
 (May baser be ?) unpack this dastard tongue ?
 What !—see me weep, nor heave one kindly sigh ?
 Moved he those eyes ? shed he one answering tear ?
 Yea, was e'en pity to my pangs denied ?
 Though why too nicely note or this or that ?
 Vain task, where barbarous all, to cull and choose !—
 Ah, me—not man alone ; not Juno now,
 Nor Jove himself, hath ruth of wretches' wrong.
 Yes, yes—no trusting more, or earth or heaven !
 This ingrate I—what time our scornful waves
 Outspat the drowning beggar on these shores—
 Not housed alone and fed, but bade him share—
 Ah, fool !—my throne and state, and snatched withal
 His shattered barks and starving crews from death.
 Ha ! that way madness lies—my brain 's afire !
 'Tis Phoebus now, 'tis now some Lycian seer ;
 Anon, and special sent of Jove himself,
 E'en Heaven's own herald cleaves his airy way,
 To bear the dread command—yes, fitting task
 Belike for God's employ ! Such care, 'tis apt,
 Must ruffle Heaven's repose ! But I, good sooth,
 Nor court thy stay, nor deign thy lies refute.

Go then, and chase coy Latium's realm afar,
 Woo wind and wave to waft thee to her shore—
 Nathless, if holy Heaven avail the right,
 Strong hope is mine, that soon mid wrecking rocks
 Thy perjured soul shall fitting vengeance find,
 That drowning tongue oft syllable my name—
 Yes, as a fiend with black funereal flames,
 Shall injured Dido yet, though far away.
 Aye dog thy guilty thought—yea, and when death,
 With icy touch, shall sunder life and limb,
 Flee where thou wilt, her spirit shall haunt thee still—
 A heavy reckoning, villain, shall be thine,
 Nor paid unheard; the welcome news shall come,
 And glad my spirit in the shades below.”

W. J. T.

David and Michal.

“**B**UT then you don't mean really what you say”—
 To hear this from the sweetest little lips,
 O'er which each pretty word daintily trips
 Like small birds hopping down a garden way;
 When I had given my soul full scope to play
 For once before her in the Orphic style,
 Caught from three several volumes of Carlyle,
 And undivulged before that very day!
 O young men of, our earnest school, confess
 How it indeed is very tragical
 To find the feminine souls we would adore
 So full of sense, so versed in worldly lore,
 So deaf to the Eternal Silences,
 So unbelieving, so conventional.

E. D.

Anakreontisches Bacchuslied.

ALL last night I dreamed of Bacchus,
(What could put him in my head?)

And he rode upon a jack-ass,

And his nose was very red.

Round and round him reeled the satyrs,

Drunk as lords, and ivy-crowned,

Tossing high their golden craters,

And hobnobbing round and round.

And before went old Silenus,

Looking very vinous too,

While Bacchantes, fair as Venus,

Beat and pinched him black and blue ;

And they shouted maudlin verses,

Laughed, and played a thousand tricks ;

Banged the donkey with their thyrses,

Shrieking dodged his vengeful kicks.

So before me the procession

Reeled with many a drunken freak ;

Laughed, sang, swore like any Hessian,

In the very choicest Greek.

If a satyr clasped a goddess,

On him such a shower of blows

Rained from arms unbound by boddice,

As would brain him you'd suppose.

And I thought : " What jolly headaches

Men get when not half so 'tight' ;

My poor brow next day in bed aches,

If I'm merry over night.

But these gods !—" the dog ' can't bite 'em ;

We but swill our quarts, cheu !

They can drink *ad infinitum* ;

Would *I* were immortal too ! "

The Dead Waltzer.

(FROM HEINE.)

IN her chamber the lady sleepeth,
Where streams the peaceful moon;
From without strange music sweepeth,
As of a waltz's tune.

"That waltz—I admire it vastly!
I'll see who's there," she said:
She looked out, and saw where a ghastly
Skeleton fiddled and played.

"To waltz with me once you promised;
You've broken your pledge, *ma chère*:
At the charnel to-night's a reception;
Come, dearest, and dance with me there."

She could neither stay nor answer,
Such spell was over her thrown;
So she followed the skeleton dancer,
Who, fiddling and singing, went on.

Fiddling and dancing, and spinning
His ribs in time to the tune,
With his white skull bobbing and grinning
Horribly under the moon.

C. P. M.

Sent with a Pair of Globes.

FAIR lady, the triumph of winning the wager
Is yours; and of paying it mine be the joy:
The boatman, who seemed to me quite an old stager,
Seen close, as you said, was no more than a boy.

In more ways than one you have proved me shortsighted;
What else could the end of our contest have been?
Had a smile from your eyes on Methuselah lighted,
I vow he'd have looked like a boy of eighteen.

J. M.

Thalaba.

THEN, when the winter torrent rolls
 Down the deep-channelled raincourse foamingly,
 Dark with its mountain spoils,
 With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
 There wanders Thalaba ;
 The rushing flow, the flowing roar
 Filling his yielded faculties,
 A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.
 Or lingers it a vernal brook,
 Gleaming o'er the yellow sands ?
 Beneath the lofty bank reclined
 With idle eyes he views its little waves,
 Quietly listening to the quiet flow ;
 While in the breathings of the stirring gale
 The tall canes bend above,
 Floating like streamers on the wind
 Their lank uplifted leaves.

SOUTHEY.

A Battle-piece.

VAIN effort—every adversary quailed
 As Corinth's warrior-host came on amain
 With mortal cleavage. As the harvest falls
 'Neath rustic sickle, when the year doth die,
 Such havoc with the edge of the dark sword
 Made they amid the ranks, and human necks
 Did yield like stalks of herbage to the scythe.
 I tell thee, many a jet of blood that day
 Painted the virgin grass with crimson spots,
 And all the hill did seem a-fire with war.

DRYDEN.

Talabas.

VBI in alueo imbre adeso fluuius ruit hiemans
 Spumas agens, iugorum spoliens nigra capita,
 Talabas premens arenas niueis ibi pedibus
 Madidas uagatur. Olli fluuiique tonitrua
 Animos tenent stupentes fremitusque celeripes ;
 Et iam dubia uoluptas malesanaque trepidat.
 Vbi riuulus micanti sabulosus itinere
 Remoransque uere flauet, mare paruulum ibi uidet
 Ripa sub ille celsa recubans, uagus oculos ;
 Placidusque in aure captat caua murmura placida ;
 Super interim inquietus recrepat ferus Aquilo,
 Et arundines acutae fluitantia ueluti
 Vexilla deprimuntur curuata columina.

C.

ΦΛΟΓΙ ΕΙΚΕΛΟΣ ΑΛΚΗΝ.

"Αλλως δ' ἐμόχθει · τὸν γὰρ ἀνθρωπλισμένον
 στόλον τaráσσει πάντ' Ἀρης Κορίνθιος,
 θέλων, φονεύων, ὥς δ' ὀπωρινὸν στάχυν
 ἀνδρῶν ἀγρᾶντων χερσὶν ἐξημημένον,
 στρατὸν κολοῦει φασγάνου μελανδέτου
 ἀκμῇ, θερίζων κάποκαυλίζων ξίφει
 λαιμοὺς βροτέλους. Φονολιβεῖς δ' ἀπορροαὶ
 καθαιματοῦσι (πῶς δοκεῖς ;) σταλάγμασιν
 φοινικοβάπτοις εὐδροσον χλόης γάνος,
 λόφον δ' ἅπαντα πολεμία κατεῖχε φλόξ.

H. C.

A Simile from Catullus.

AS in the garden's quiet nook the floweret scents the air,
 Seen never by the browsing herd, nor bruised by any share,
 Fanned by the gales, nursed by the sun, bathed by the genial
 shower,

Oh, many a youth and maiden fair would wear that bonny
 flower.

But, when by wanton finger plucked its waning tints are fled,
 The youth and maiden careless pass, or press with heedless
 tread;

And so the virgin, when she blooms in innocence arrayed,
 Steals with her artless witcheries the heart of youth and maid;
 But, when alas! the beauteous bloom of innocence takes wing,
 No fond youth loves, no maiden smiles upon that faded thing.

J. G.

Sonnet to a Laburnum in a Town Garden.

FOST thou, despairful that thy lot is laid
 Far from the wildwood, the romantic hill,
 In rich dishevelment of sorrow spill
 Thy long locks, lustrous,—kiss thine own sweet shade,
 Narcissus-like, or with the Argive maid
 To golden glamour yield thee half afraid?

An exile's longings for some orient lea
 Lavish, belike, these glittering hoards of grief;
 I know not, yet before their summer brief

Forsakes our island oaks, Laburnum tree,
 Again thou seem'st to blossom tears of gold;
 Nearer we draw, yet all that we behold

Is but the splendour of thy faded leaf,
 No hue of health—the flush that all too soon is cold.

A. P. G.

Luralie.

(FROM HEINE.)

I KNOW not what thoughts are thronging
 My heart with their wondrous chime;
 They fill me with passionate longing
 For a dream of the bygone time.
 The sky with clouds is darkling,
 But gently flows the Rhine;
 In dyes of sunset sparkling
 The mountain summits shine.

And there on the height is reclining
 A lady, wondrous fair;
 Her golden jewels are shining,
 She binds her golden hair.
 With a golden comb she binds it,
 And sings a magic song;
 In trancing melody winds it
 River and cliffs along.

The fisherman hears it ringing
 With woe and wild surprise;
 He hears but the lady singing,
 He heeds not the storm arise.
 And darkly will roll the river
 O'er fisher and boat ere long;
 Such ruin is linked for ever
 With Luralie and her song.

C. P. M.

Pompeius a Teetotaller.

Caruit publico.

CIC.

On Chloris being Ill.

CAN I cease to care,
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling fair
Is on the couch of anguish?

Every hope is fled,
Every fear is terror;
Slumber e'en I dread,
Every dream is horror.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity hear me!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloris spare me!

BURNS.

Moral Improvement.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement. We wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

ANON.

Reginae Captivae Preces.

DOMINE Deus, speravi in te;
O care mi Iesu, nunc libera me;
In dura catena, in misera poena
Desidero te:
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Vt liberes me.

MARIA STVARTA.

ΚΟΡΙΝΝΑ.

Τίς ἔστ' ἐμοὶ μεριμνῶν
 φυγῇ, τίς ἐστὶ λύπης,
 ἕως φίλῃ Κόριννα
 νόσῳ δαμείσα κείται ;
 ἀπᾶς' ὄλωλεν ἐλπίς,
 κακπλήττομαι φόβοισι .
 ὕπνον δέδοικα καὐτὸν,
 ἅπαν πτοεῖ μ' ὄνειρον.
 ἐμοῦ δ' ἄκουσον, ὦ Ζεῦ,
 ἄκουσον, οἴκτισόν τε .
 τά γ' ἄλλα πάντ' ἀφαιροῦ,
 σῶσον δ' ἐμοὶ Κόρινναν.

W. W. F.

Sursum Corda.

SRRITVS offusas oculis dispergere nubes
 Viribus Herculeis luctaberis : ille tamen te
 Mons procul expediet ; iam contemplator, easdem
 Despicias ; ratione fere hac uitium exuet omne
 Vir bonus et sapiens ; qui detrectabit, ut impar,
 In campo uitiis obstare ; at templa secutus
 Edita uirtutis ridebit fortior hostem.

R. W. W.

ΜΕΛΗ ΛΙΤΑΝΑ.

Ὕπατ' ὦ δαῖμον, σὺ μὲν ἐλπίς ἐμή .
 σὺ δὲ φίλτατέ μοι, σῶσον, Ἰησοῦ .
 ποιῶν ἀγρίων καὶ ἀργαλέων
 δεσμῶν σε ποθῶ .
 στενάχουσ', ἀδρανῆς, καὶ γυνὴ προπετῆς
 σέβω, ἀντιβολῶ,
 σωτήρ' ἤδη σε φανῆναι.

J. F. D.

From the Greek of Antiphanes.

(Πενθεῖν δὲ μετρίως τοὺς προσήκοντας φίλους, κ. τ. λ.)

MOURN o'er thy dead, my friend, with bated grief;
 They are not dead in truth—they have but trod,
 Before thyself, the irremeable road,
 Which all must travel. Give thy heart relief,
 In the assurance of a fond belief
 Thy dear ones all have reached that calm abode
 Where weary travellers lay down their load,
 And take their rest. Rejoice—the days are brief,
 Till thou and I down that same path shall wend,
 To dwell for ever with each time-lost friend.

J. F. W.

Narcissus.

(A CABINET PICTURE FROM OVID.)

THERE was a crystal fountain whose sparkling silvery rill,
 Nor shepherd swain nor pastured goats descending from the
 hill,
 Nor any other herd had reached, nor wing of wandering bird,
 Nor forest beast, nor falling bough, its wimpling waters stirred.
 The trickling moisture fed the grass around its margin green,
 O'erarching woods kept out the sun with their thick leafy screen;
 And there the boy had laid him down aweary of the chase,
 Caught by the beauty of the spot, the fountain's glittering grace.
 And while he seeks to slake his thirst another thirst there grew,
 And while he drinks, his own fair form bursts on his wondering
 view;
 He starts, he quivers, in the mesh of his own beauty caught,
 As Parian marble statue-like he stiffens on the spot,
 And there reclined he gazed upon his eyes twin starry sheen,
 And hair that Bacchus self or e'en Apollo might beseem,
 Those downy cheeks, that ivory neck, that brow of virgin snow,
 The red rose struggling with the white on the sunny face below.

J. G.

The Maker.

NOT in proud isolation of the mind,
 Sitting apart to watch the ways of men ;
 Not with high scorn and keen satiric pen,
 Scorching the paltriness of human kind ;
 But in life's midst, with reverent ear inclined
 To lowliest griefs ; great heart, and earnest ken,
 Seeking things high—falling, to rise again
 Stronger through strife—live Poet ! Thou shalt find
 In each and all thyself ; shalt make thy home
 On the warm breast of the world ; attain to know
 The gladness of the mystery ; a power
 In the rich womb of change thou shalt become ;
 Through whom an Earth's free wings may lordlier grow,
 And beauty ripen to its perfect flower.

J. T.

Necropolis.

THROUGH the live-long summer days,
 Summer suns unwearied blaze
 Hot above the icy dead.
 Through the short fair nights for ever
 Steadfast stars, and stars that quiver,
 Gleam above the darkened head.

In the old year's troubled wane
 Shrieks the wind and sweeps the rain
 Round death's silent citadel.
 Through long nights of ebon skies
 Thick above the darkness lies ;
 Is it heaven ? Is it hell ?

H. J. DE B.

ΟΙΗΠΕΡ ΦΥΛΛΩΝ ΓΕΝΕΗ ΤΟΙΗΔΕ ΚΑΙ ΑΝΔΡΩΝ.

A LITTLE leaflet from a tree
 Fell, nipped by frost in early spring;
 And, as it fell, I sighed, "Ah, me!
 "Thy life was short, poor little thing,
 "So rest in peace."

A storm disturbed the summer air,
 It tore a strong leaf from a bough,
 And, as it fell, I asked "What care,
 "What foresight of thine end had'st thou?
 "Yet rest in peace."

A sere leaf rustled to my feet—
 It was a lovely autumn eve—
 And, as it fell, I thought, "How sweet
 "A life of finished toil to leave,
 "To rest in peace."

A. B. O.

Acrostichis Duplex quae Dicitur.

1. **D**EPRECOR hoc unum, ne tu mihi sis alienum :
 Esto meum : quamuis pauper, ero locuples.
 2. Me populus mollis periturum mittit in ara :
 In tenues auras non sine odore feror.
 3. Fluctibus alternis uoluuntur caerulea ponti :
 Igneus arentes Sirius urit agros.
-
- I. Agricola hoc faciat, faciat bos aptus aratro :
 Conuenit (ast aegre) uox eadem Libyae.
 - II. Si caput abscideris, contempto uulnere uiuam :
 Ingeminor, mentem quum dolor angit edax.
 - III. Tu mihi defesso iucunda sub arboris umbra,
 Aestiuo medium Sole tenente diem.

W. R.

Conscia Luna.

(BEFORE DAWN.)

QH! whither wanderest thou, belated Moon?
 All night thy beams have filled the ample heavens,
 And yet thy beauty is unspent. Why now
 Dost thou in early morning ghostlike range
 Mid violet clouds adown the distant West?
 Hast thou, forlorn and anxious, lost thy way?
 Or art thou seeking some forgotten joy
 To take with thee to sleep? Too tired mayhap
 Of thy long climbing up the cope of heaven,
 Thou canst not lay thee down! or hast thou seen
 Or heard from the wise Hours such things as change
 To troubles in thy haunted sleepless heart?
 O silent Witness! Wisdom makes thee wan;
 Earth recks not of her sins, and thou art sad.
 Full well I know it is thy pity, Queen,
 The tender consciousness of guilt, not thine,
 But Earth's, thy sinning sister's, that hath wrought
 Upon thee, like a spell, and holden thee
 Long o'er the margin of thy waiting couch;
 Clad in those sable robes thou lingerest,
 Though thin blue rifts are opening in the East.
 At last yon sea-built battlement of clouds
 Receives thee, and the darkened landscape mourns.

R. W. B.

Acrostichis Leonina.

QVVM peteret uates hoc mixtum, prae-buit illud
 Callidus imponens—sic narrat—caupo Rauennae.

- i. Hostes arcentur tuta hoc quum castra locentur.
- ii. Insula maiori tu non bene iuncta sorori.
- iii. Sulphure non mundis ripas praeterfluit undis.
- iv. Rite hoc planguntur qui uiuis eripiuntur.
- v. Mundo cunctorum—sic scriptum est—causa malorum.

G. L.

The Nursery of Nations.

MEANTIME o'er rocky Thrace and the deep vales
 Of gelid Haemus I pursued my flight ;
 And, piercing farthest Scythia, westward swept
 Sarmatia traversed by a thousand streams.
 A sullen land of lakes and fens immense,
 Of rocks, resounding torrents, gloomy heaths,
 And cruel deserts black with sounding pine ;
 Where Nature frowns ; though sometimes into smiles
 She softens, and immediate, at the touch
 Of southern gales, throws from the sudden glebe
 Luxuriant pasture and a waste of flowers.
 But, cold-compress'd, when the whole loaded heaven
 Descends in snow, lost in one white abrupt
 Lies undistinguish'd earth ; and seized by frost
 Lakes, headlong streams, and floods, and oceans sleep.

THOMSON.

A Retort.

CICERO. **H**OW good must be the author of all goodness !

CAESAR. And oh, how green the sower of all grass !

J. H.

To Ethnologists.

GIVE up your search ; the world's tribes are but two—
 Cheaters and cheated ; of which tribe are you ?

J. H.

Gentis Cunabula Nostrae.

INTEREA Thraces scopulos gelidique per Haemi
 Ima uiam tendo fugiens, Scythiaeque recessus
 Inuadens uel ad occiduos iter usque nouatum
 Sauromatas flecto, fluuiis bis mille rigatos,
 Si stagnantue lacus, largisue paludibus unda
 Saxa lauat; reboant amnes; stant horrida campis
 Tesqua salebrosis resona nigrantia pinu.
 Hic Natura dolet; necnon tamen est ubi risus
 Soluitur in faciles, quotiens contacta Fauoni
 Flaminibus subiti uarios per uasta locorum
 Luxuriante solo submittit daedala flores.
 At, quum frigoribus niueis onerantibus aether
 Deciderit totus, strictim promiscua cano
 Terra iacet tractu; uaga tunc deuincta pruinis
 Flumina, torrentes, marmor sopor occupat unus.

A.

Caesar cum Cicerone Cauillatur.

CICERO. QVAM bonus auctor erat primus bonitatis!

CAESAR.

Et O quam
 Graminis ipse sator primus erat uiridis!

J. F. D.

Ad Ethnologos.

DVPLEX id genus est; fraudant, fraudantur: omitte
 Cetera, et ipse in utrum dic referare genus.

J. F. D.

Pro Patria.

(AN EXPERIMENT IN ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.)

FREEBORN, valiant, and noble sons of the Emerald Island,
Trodden, oppressed, and crushed by the iron heel of the
Saxon,

Rise ye! sharpen your pikes, and cut your sprig of shillelagh.
Rise ye! strike a last blow for the sake of the freedom of Erin!—
“What do we want? Who cares? The sorra a one of us
knows what.

Give us the land to ourselves! Dhrive out the Saxon invadher!
Slaughther the Orangemen! Give us whiskey without any duty!
Then do ye ask will we rest? Why then we'll —— consider
about it.

All throe pathriots scorn the poor, contimptible man, who
Dares to assert that the Irish aren't oppressed and ill-thrated.
False, base, could-blooded thraitor! it's all as plain as a pikestaff
All the landlords is Saxons—it's only the Saxons has money—
Saxons trades in the country, and Saxons rules in the Island—
Saxons *can live* in it—*ergo*, we *are* oppressed and ill-thrated.
Vainly the Potters and Bealeses, and vainly the Greys and
Maguires,

Coolly bid us ‘be patient,’ and tell us to ‘wait and to trust
them.’

Trust them? We trusted Stephens—he took our funds and
skedaddled!

Trust them? We trusted Gladstone. He gave us not freedom,
but—pepper.

Psha! for the Irish Church. We don't want Repale o' the
Union.

Down wid the Redcoats! Down wid the Sassenachs! Up
wid the Green Flag!

Erin go bragh! Faughaballagh! Hooray! and down with the
Peelers!’

H. S. G.



Ego Vapulo Tantum.

“IN love one is anvil or hammer”—
Both have I been, I trow,
He who has not been both cannot claim to know
Of love the very grammar.

Yet in love we are knit together
So close—I am thou, thou art I—
That the blows I receive as lightly lie
As touches of a feather.

Ah! the secret is this, that the part
They could reach was but my pride;
But I wounded thee once, my love, my bride—
The stroke fell on my heart.

Sally in our Alley.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
 And through the streets does cry 'em ;
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely—
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
 I dearly love but one day—
 And that the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday ;
 For then I'm drest all in my best
 To walk abroad with Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Ancillae Amor.

NVLLA inter nitidas, puto, puellas
 Conferri lepidae potest Megillae :
 Meae deliciae est, mei lepores,
 Iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
 Ecquae nobilis et superba uirgo
 Tam mellitula quam Megilla uiuit ?
 Illam depereo intimis medullis
 Iuxta nos habitantem in angiportu.
 Pauper cauliculis meae puellae
 Pater reticula et facit uehendis,
 Et uenalia clamat per urbem,
 At matercula uendit puellae
 Limbos, si quis emat, laboriosos.
 Sed credas caue plebe de scelesta
 Tales delicias fuisse natas :
 Illam plus oculis amo gemellis
 Iuxta nos habitantem in angiportu.
 Ad nos quum mea uentitat puella,
 Confestim, quod erat mihi negoti,
 Qui tam perdit amem, lubens omitto :
 Exsistit similis truci Britanno
 Iracundus herus, meisque malis
 Infringit colaphos severiores :
 Sed per me colaphis iecur saginet :
 Plagas nil moror ob meam puellam :
 Meae deliciae est, mei lepores,
 Iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
 Non huius facio dies profestos—
 Festi plus oculis meis amantur !
 Tum demum licet ire feriatum,
 Et cultum pretiosiore veste,
 Cum nostra spatiarier puella :
 Illam depereo impotente amore
 Iuxta nos habitantem in angiportu.

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamèd
 Because I leave him in the lurch
 As soon as text is namèd ;
 I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey :
 I would it were ten thousand pound,
 I'll give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally,
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
 But, when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally,—
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
 But not in our alley !

H. CAREY.

Epigram on the Niobe of Praxiteles.

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεύξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο
 Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἔμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

ANTHOL.

Adsisto, domino trahente, sacris,
 Et male audio identidem, quod inde
 Orarit bona uerba quum sacerdos,
 Herum inter medias preces hiantem
 Linquens, aufugiam ad meam puellam :
 Quae desiderium meum est, meum mel,
 Iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
 Saturnalia nostra quum redibunt
 Prae manu quid erit mihi lucelli :
 Quantum quantum erit, arcula repostum,
 Dabo melliculo meo nitenti :
 Di faxint decies sit ! usque ad assem
 Donabo in gremium meae puellae :
 Nam desiderium meum est, meum mel,
 Iuxta nos habitans in angiportu.
 At uicinia tota herusque mordax
 Ludos me facit, et meos amores :
 Et credam, nisi me iuuat puella,
 Vitam uiuere liberaliorem
 In ergastula uernulam remissum :
 Sed post tempora tarda seruitutis
 A praetore meusque, pileatusque
 Vt primum egrediar, meam puellam
 Ducam, Hymen Hymenae !—at in malam rem
 Nostrum abire sinemus angiportum !

P.

Niobe.

Marmoream ex uiua potuit me Diuus, eandem
 Viuam ex marmorea reddere Praxiteles.

J. P. M.

The Ballad of the Countess.

THERE was an old Countess of gay report,
 Who was past her days for thinking—

Thinking ;

In monstrous hoop she went to court,
 And round her the gallants in malice or sport
 Went sliding, ogling, and winking—
 Winking.

The mincing ladies pry'd and peer'd,

But their envy was unavailing—

-Availing ;

And spindle-legg'd old fops pry'd and peer'd,
 Put up their glasses, and wickedly leer'd,
 As down the room she went sailing—
 Sailing.

Her cheek was full of smiling hate

Through paint and patches wrinkling—

Wrinkling ;

None was there with train so great,

Her hair was a powder'd pillar of state,

And her corset with jewels was twinkling—

Twinkling.

Once this ancient lady's smile,

Now in paint and patches throbbing—

Throbbing,

Could simple men from their wives beguile,

Win their devotion with mischievous wile,

And leave the poor bride sobbing—

Sobbing.

Under her corset's jewell'd mould

The mortal dropsy is hiding—

Hiding ;

Fears of death come clammy and cold,
 And visions of phantoms bloated and old
 Go winking, ogling, and sliding—
 Sliding.

Round this ancient lady's bed,
 When in hideous death she was sinking—
 Sinking,
 The doctor who tended her till she was dead,
 A little dark man whose eyes glow'd red,
 Went sliding, ogling, and winking—
 Winking.

Ladies, beware of the Countess's fate,
 Yourselves on conquest priding—
 Priding,
 For, when your charms are out of date,
 Butterfly joys no longer will wait,
 And the world you loved around you in hate
 Will go winking, ogling, and sliding—
 Sliding.

W. G. W.

The King's Statue at Florence.

HERE'S a statue at Florence of Victor the King,
 And his arm is outstretch'd over Arno ; his sword
 Points Southward and Romeward, motioning
 All Italy thither to march at his word :

And there came to mine eyes a rushing of sweet,
 Glad tears, as I saw it ; a voice in my soul
 Singing, "Thither, O King, I would follow thy feet,
 And strike for the dream that makes Italy whole!"

G. F. A.

Maud.

GO not, happy day,
 From the shining fields.
 Go not, happy day,
 Till the maiden yields.
 Rosy is the West,
 Rosy is the South,
 Roses are her cheeks,
 And a rose her mouth.

TENNYSON.

Memnon.

NOW shalt thou surely fall beneath my might,
 Wretch! who has slain the bravest youths of Troy,
 Boasting that thou of heroes art the chief,
 And from a Nereid born; but thou to-day
 Shalt cease thy vaunts for ever, for I spring
 From blest Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
 And me the Hesperides, as lilies fair,
 Rear'd in their bowers beside the ocean-streams.
 I hold thy strength in war but slight, thy birth
 Being than mine less noble, since I know
 How much a heavenly goddess doth excel
 A Nereid of the deep. My mother gives
 The rosy light (a precious benefit)
 To gods and men, who in the gift rejoice,
 But still inglorious doth thy mother sit
 Low in the sunless caverns of the sea
 Amid the wallowing fishes; therefore I
 Deem her most worthless, when compared to them
 Who tread the Olympian floor.

A. DYCE.

ΕΙΣ ΚΟΡΙΝΝΑΝ.

Οὐ μή συ, λευκὸν ἡμαρ,
 πρὶν ἂν Κόρινν' ὑπέικῃ,
 οὐ μή συ, λευκὸν ἡμαρ,
 λείψεις ἔπαυλα γαίας;
 Φοίβου μὲν ἐστὶν αὐγὴ
 πρὸς ἐσπέραν ῥοδόχρους,
 ἄκτις δ' ἐῖ μεσήρης
 φαίνει φάος ῥοδόχρουν,
 φίλη δ' ἐμὴ Κόριννα
 τοῦτοισὶν ἐσθ' ὁμοία,
 ῥοδὼν γὰρ ἡ παρειὰ,
 ῥόδον δὲ τὸ στόμ' ἐστι.

R. S. B.

ΜΑΛΑ Δ' ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΠΟΤΥΝΕΙ ΜΑΧΕΣΑΣΘΑΙ.

Ἄ δειλ', ἣ μάλα νῦν σε κιχήσεται αἰπὺς ὄλεθρος
 τῷδ' ὑπὸ δουρὶ δαμέντα, τόσους φίλον ἦτορ ἀπηύρας,
 οἱ Τρώων χερσὶν τε βίηφί τε φέρτατοι ἦσαν.
 ἦ ῥα σὲ Νηρῆος θυγάτηρ προφερέστατον ἄλλων
 γείνατο; καὶ δέ κέ φημί σε παύσεμεν εὐχολάων
 ἡματι τῷ, τοῖόν με τέκεν θεὸς ὑψιμέδουσα
 Ἥως, Ἐσπερίδων δὲ τράφην ὑπο λειριοεσσῶν
 ἄλσεσιν ἐν καλοῖσι παρ' Ὠκεανοῦ ῥέεθροις.
 ἦ μάλα δὴ πολλὸν σε μάχης δεύεσθαι οἶω,
 καὶ μέγ' ἐμεῖο χέρηά σ' ἐγείνατο πότνια μήτηρ,
 εἰ γὰρ οἶδ' ἔθελον δῖον γένος ὑψόθ' ἐόντων
 ὅσσῳ Νηρηίδων ἀλῖαν φέρτερόν ἐστι.
 ἦ γὰρ ἐμὲ τέκετο μήτηρ ῥοδοειδὲς ὀπάξει
 θνητοῖς τ' ἀθανάτοις τε φόως, οὐ μικρὸν ὄνειρα,
 οἱ δὲ φανέντι γάνυνται ἀπήμονι, σὴ δέ τε μήτηρ
 νώνυμον οἶτον ἔχει δνοφερῆς ἐν βένθεσι λίμνης,
 ἐν γλαφυροῖς σπήεσσι μετ' ἰχθύσι βορβοροκοίταις
 οἱ καθ' ἅλως μέγα λαῖτμα κυβιστῶσ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα.
 τὴν ἄρ' ἐγὼ ἀσύφηλον ὀτομαι οὐδ' ἀλεγίζω
 πρὸς θεοὺς οὐρανίωνας Ὀλύμπια δώματ' ἔχοντας.

T.

Love.

(SOPH. ANT. 781.)

LOVE! who art conquest embodied;
 O Victor in every fight;
 O Love! who with power of the Godhead
 On the princes of Earth dost alight;
 Who at midnight dost take for thy pillow
 The cheek of the slumbering maid,
 And walkest abroad o'er the billow,
 And down in the pastoral glade;
 God may fly not thy gladness and sadness,
 Nor man, though he lives but a day,
 And he that hath thee hath a madness
 Which sweeps through the soul in deray.

In thy presence high equities dwindle;
 Thou pervertest the mind of the just;
 Betwixt brothers fierce wrath thou dost kindle;
 And duty thou tramplest in dust.
 For who that is born may discover
 His escape, by resistance or flight,
 When to rapture Love beckons the lover
 With the look which is lure to delight?
 Thou art mighty, O Love, thou art mighty,
 And all things acknowledge thy sway:
 For, O merciless queen, Aphrodite,
 Thou mockest the world in thy play!

W.

Still Love.

(EUR. HIPPOCRATES. 1268.)

THE mood which none other can sway,
 Or in God in the heavens above,
 Or in man, the frail creature of clay,
 Thou mouldedst at pleasure, O Love!
 For with plumage of manifold dyes,
 And with swift wing which nothing can flee,
 Love's Minion still hovers and flies
 O'er the earth and the thunderous sea;
 And eager with madness to sting,
 And ready to stoop from his height,
 He is borne on unwearying wing,
 And glitters all gold in the light;
 And he softens the things of the fell,
 And the monsters begot of the spray,
 And the brood of the meadows that dwell
 In the glare of the eyes of the day,—
 And man; for his strength is divine,
 And of all things below and above
 The kingdom and glory are thine—
 Thine only, omnipotent Love!

W.

A Farewell.

YES, dearest, keep the locket,
 And keep the lock of hair,
 To smile at some day queerly,
 When neither has locks to spare:

And keep the little letters,
 All the love that ever I wrote,
 They will make, if twisted neatly,
 Such excellent papillotes.

E. D.

Song.

THE rose, that in the springtide ventures forth
 To woo the zephyr with her crimson smiles
 And odorous wiles,
 Too often chances on the cruel North :
 For every kiss of his cold lips
 With poisonous blight her beauty nips,
 Till one by one, with downcast head,
 She weeps away her petals red,
 And with the last bereft of life and light
 Sighs forth her passionate soul on the dark lap of night.

A. P. G.

Utilium Sagax Rerum.

THREE children sliding on the ice,
 All on a summer's day,
 As it fell out, they all fell in,
 The rest they ran away.

Now, had these children been at school,
 Or sliding on dry ground,
 Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
 They had not all been drown'd.

You parents that have children dear,
 And eke you that have none,
 If you will have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

GAMMER GURTON.

“ I fioretti dal notturno gelo chinati e chiusi.”

QVAE rosa iam tepente
Emicans anno Zephyrum sollicitat, rubores
Explicitura uernos,
Blanda odoratis opibus fallere, blanda risu,

Saepe niualis aurae
Tacta languescit moriens asperiore labro.
Haud secus ac ueneno
Tincta mordaci calyces forma reliquit aegros ;

Ipsaque dum supina
Plorat effusi decoris primitias rubentes,
Cum gemitu supremo
Floreae accessura pyrae uita fugit sub umbras.

H. C.

MANTΙΣ ΩΝ ΟΥ ΨΕΥΔΟΜΑΙ.

᾽Ωλίσθανον λίμνη ᾽ν πεπηγυῖα ποτ᾽ ἐπιπλέοντες
τρεῖς παῖδες · ἦν δ᾽ ἀκμὴ θέρους · ὥς δ᾽ ἐκπεσεῖν ἔμελλεν
ἀπαξάπαντες ἐνέπεσον · δρόμῳ δ᾽ ἔφευγον ἄλλοι.
καίτοι τότ᾽ ἐν παιδοτρίβου δῆπουθεν εἰ καθίσαν,
ἢ ποσὶν ἐπὶ ξηροῦ γέ πως ὤλισθον ἐπιπλέοντες,
ἐνὶ στατήρι μύρι᾽ ἠθέλησα παραβαλέσθαι
τάλαντ᾽ ἄν, εἰ μὴ παῖς τις ὑστέρησε τοῦ πνιγῆναι.
πρὸς ταῖθ᾽, ἴν᾽ εἰδῆτ᾽, ὦ γονεῖς παῖδας φίλους ἔχοντες,
οὐδ᾽ οὖν παρήσω τοὺς γονεῖς οἱ παῖδας οὐκ ἔφυσαν,
ἦν τῷ μέλῃ μάλ᾽ ἀσφαλεῖς ὅπως μενῶσιν ἔξω
οἱ παῖδες, ἀσφαλεῖς γέ μοι φυλαττέτω τις ἔνδον.

J. F. D.

Measure for Measure, *ib.* 3.

ὦ Ζεῦ βασιλεῦ, πεπάτηκα τήνδε τὴν στέγην
 πλεῖν ἢ τὸ κλίσιον Δωδεκαμηχάνου τὸ πρὶν,
 στρουθοὶ γὰρ ἐαλώκασιν οὔγ' εἰωθότες
 ἐκεῖσε φοιτᾶν· ἦν, ἴδου, Φειδιππίδης
 τίμημ' ὀφλὼν ταλαντιαῖον ἀμνοκῶν
 ὃς ἐχρήσατο μὲν τὸ σίλφιόν γ', ἀπέδοτο δὲ—
 σαθρὸν γὰρ ἦν, νῆ τὸν κύνα, κίβδηλόν τε πρὸς—
 μνᾶς που παρόντος ἀργυρίου καθαροῦ μίας,
 ἐτέθνασαν γὰρ πάντες οὔγε δύσκολοι·
 Κινησίας δ' ἐρήμος ὦν ἐλέγχεται,
 φυγὼν ἐρήμην, ἦν τρίων ἐγράψατο
 χλαινῶν μάλα φανῶν, οὐσίας ἀφανοῦς μάλα,
 ὁ Δευτερουργὸς ἐριοπώλης τῶν πάνυ·
 Κοθορυλίδης τε Μεταμελησίας τε πρὸς,
 βδελυρὸς θ' ὁ Χαλκοῦς, ὦν πονηροῦ κόμματος,
 χῶ Σμικρῖνης ὁ μαχόμενος δορυδρεπᾶνφ,
 χῶ Λάμαχος ὁ τὸν Ψῆτταν ἐγκοληβάσας,
 καὶ Πουλύδαμας ὁ παγκρατιαστῆς, κᾶμπορος
 Πέρσης, ὁ σαυλοπρωκτιῶν ταῖς Περσικαῖς,
 χῶςπερ τὸν Ἀσκὸν ἔσχασεν Κοτίλων ἱτης
 πολὺς τέ τις ὁ τὰ τῆς Γενετυλλίδος τριβῶν—
 τὸ παθεῖν μαθεῖν γὰρ—ἐμβαλε κυλλῇ μετέμαθον.

T. M.

After the Laureate.

(“FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL,” ETC.)

TERRIER in my granny's hall,
 I whistle you out of my granny's;
 Hold you here, tail and all, in my hand,
 Little terrier: but, if I could understand
 What you are, tail and all, and all in all,
 I should know what “black and tan” is.

C.

Gay Provençe.

PROVENÇAL air, Provençal air,
 Blown soft by dale and sea,
 Who throws the throbbing bosom bare,
 And bathes himself in thee,

Who feels thee faint on cheek and brows,
 Who quaffs thee through the lips,
 With love and light and music glows
 From foot to finger-tips :

He lives a king, in court and hall,
 Mid wail of wildering lyres ;
 A priest by carven cloister wall,
 Or dim cathedral choirs ;

A knight, with airy lance in rest,
 Who rides in lonely vale ;
 A page by queenly hand caress'd
 By gate or vineyard-pale ;

He loiters in a golden light,
 Is led with dulcet lure,
 By ghostly town, by tower'd height,
 A tuneful troubadour ;

He pines for soft imagined eyes,
 Where fictive fervour beams,
 And woos, with phantom tears and sighs,
 The lily dames of dreams.

Provençal air, Provençal air,
 Blown soft by dale and sea,
 O subtle, playful spirit rare,
 O wanton witchery,

Well, well I love that land of thine—
 Grey peaks and scarped caves,
 And fields of olive, orange, vine,
 Blue bays and breaking waves.

Life's Fittful Feber.

SHE had left all on earth for him—
 Her home of wealth, her name of pride ;
 And now his lamp of love was dim,
 And, sad to tell, she had not died.

She watch'd the crimson sun's decline
 From some lone rock that fronts the sea—
 " I would, O burning heart of mine,
 There was an ocean-rest for thee.

" The thoughtful moon awaits her turn,
 The stars compose their choral crown,
 But those soft lights can never burn
 Till once the fiery sun is down."

LORD HOUGHTON.

To the Spring,

UPON THE UNCERTAINTY OF CASTARA'S ABODE.

FAIRE mistresse of the Earth, with garlands crown'd,
 Rise by a lover's charme from the parcht ground ;
 And shew thy flow'ry wealth, that she, where ere
 Her starres shall guide her, meete thy beauties there.
 Should she to the cold northerne climates goe,
 Force thy affrighted lillies there to grow ;
 Thy roses in those gelid fields t' appeare ;
 She absent I have all their winter here.
 Or, if to th' torrid zone her way she bend,
 Her the coole breathing of Favonius lend ;
 Thither command the birds to bring their quires,
 That zone is temperate, I have all his fires.
 Attend her, courteous Spring, though we should here
 Lose by it all the treasures of the yeere.

HABINGTON.

Morte Beatior.

NOBILITATE domus florens et laude pudoris
 Omnia perdiderat posthabuitque uiro ;
 Iamque illi marcebat amor, nec fata puellae
 Heu ! miserae dederant occubuisse prius.
 E scopulo solo solum qui prospicit aequor
 Purpureum uidit praecipitare iubar ;
 “ Ah ! ubi flammato dabitur requiescere cordi,”
 Dixit, “ ut Hesperis sol requiescit aquis ?
 Sidera gemmantes nectunt sociata choreas,
 Consciaque expectat Luna subire uices ;
 Mitibus at nunquam datur his splendescere flammis
 Dempserit igniferis dum iuga Phoebus equis.”

B.

Ad Floram,

DE PHYLLIDE INCERTA VBI SISTERE DETVR.

DIVA potens terrae, pulchris redimita corollis,
 Poscit amans, sicco surge benigna solo ;
 Surge, ut inexhaustas mea lux, quocumque uocarint
 Fata, uenustates cernat ubique tuas.
 Siue ad hyperboreum Scythiae peruenerit axem,
 Lilia per gelidas coge subire plagas ;
 Siqua rigent illic, rosa fac se iactet in aruis ;
 Phyllide desertum me tenet omnis hiems.
 Siue sub ardentem Libyae uaga flexerit orbem,
 Flamme da Zephyri sit recreanda tui ;
 Contulerint illuc uolucres sua carmina ; tractus
 Temperies illos, me calor omnis habet.
 I comes, o ueris decus, i ; sic undique nobis
 Deficiant quotquot fuderit annus opes.

A.

The Death of Adonis.

(LOOSELY RENDERED FROM THE GREEK OF BION.)

IN the green turf flooring the hills of chase—
 Meet couch for jaded hunter—lo ! is lying
 The young Adonis ; but that pallid face
 Droops not in slumber—nay, alas ! he's dying ;
 Scarr'd by the wild boar's tusk his snowy limb
 Trembles with pain : and there in speechless anguish,
 Her fond eyes with a cloud of tears all dim,
 His Goddess love beholds her fair flower languish ;
 His breath too weak to dull the mirror's disc ;
 His faint pulse scarce responding to her fingers ;
 The blood for which her deity she'd risk—
 More carmine than the sky where sunset lingers—
 Welling away, and bearing with it life ;
 Beneath the lids, like violet cups dew-laden,
 Close heavily the orbs no longer rife
 With the bright ray that kindled many a maiden ;
 Blanch'd is the lip—its bloom, as Autumn's rose
 Uncrimson'd, and its cluster'd kisses flying,
 Like Hybla's bees when Winter's herald blows,
 That stay no longer since the flower is dying.
 Distracted Cypris ! ah, how wildly now
 Dost thou the rapture of that lip remember,
 And on thine own would'st catch the wonted glow
 To light it up from the expiring ember.
 That pressure thrills him not ; he feels no more
 Her breath ambrosial, like the fire of Heaven
 By Titan pilfer'd, vivify his core,
 As if electric potency were given.

Alas for Cytherea! Earth has none
 Like him, Adonis, Beauty's best creation ;
 She clasps his mangled limb, now chill as stone,
 And thus laments her heart's dark desolation :
 " My lost Adonis! rash and reckless boy!
 Too deeply loved, too prematurely blighted,
 Has thus then closed my sudden dream of joy,
 Thus died the lamp of love thy smile had lighted ?
 Is this the last time that my soul shall drink
 Revival from thy presence, in such sorrow
 As he who by a desert fountain's brink
 Knows 'twill have fail'd before the dawning morrow ?
 In vain my folding arms may stay thee now,
 My kisses win thee from the way thou goest,
 The path to stern Aidoneus' realms below ;—
 Ah! me no more, mine earthly love, thou knowest.
 How impotent is my divinity,
 Albeit Gods and men own me their sovereign,
 I cannot rescue, not e'en follow thee ;
 Love's sway extends not where the Infernals govern !
 Could Eos grant the boon of deathlessness ?
 Art thou unworthier it than her Tithonus ?
 Is Aphrodite than Aurora less,
 And may not save from fate her loved Adonis ?
 Persephone ! my spirit's wedded one
 Receive where with the Lord of Shades thou dwellest,
 Since even me, the Queen of Beauty's throne,
 Victress of Ida, thou in power excellest.
 Lorn one! to me Heaven's golden light dim seems ;
 Air's music hoarse; wither'd Earth's scenes Elysian;
 While from my widow'd heart Love's rapturous dreams
 And Joy's sweet trance fade like a fleeting vision."

F. M.

Gloster.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
 And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house,
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
 Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,
 And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

SHAKESPEARE.

Libiamo.

AND let me the canakin clink, clink ;
 And let the canakin clink ;
 A soldier's a man ;
 A life's but a span ;
 Why, then, let a soldier drink.

SHAKESPEARE.

Nunc est Bibendum.

Νῦν δὴ σκεδάσας χεიმῶνα δύης
 ἥλιος ἡμῖν σῆμα πατρῶον
 δείκνυσι θέρους σέλας εὐφεγγές ·
 τὸ δ' ὑπερθ' οἴκων νέφος ἡμετέρων
 οὐκ ἔστιν ἰδεῖν στυγνόν, κεύθει δ'
 ὠκεανοῦ κόλπος ἀβύσσου.
 στείχομεν ἤδη κρείσσονες ἐχθρῶν
 κοσμηθέντες κρᾶτας στεφάνοις,
 μνήμα δὲ νίκης
 ὅπλ' ἡμίθραυστ' ἐκρεμάσθη.
 οὐκέτι γαῖα στίφος πολέμου
 παρέχει δεινῆς μεθ' ὅπλων καναχῆς,
 ἀλλ' εἰλαπίνας κώμους θ' ἱλαροὺς,
 ἀντὶ δ' ἐς ἀλκὴν ὀρμῆς τερπναὶ
 πόδ' ἐμὸν κατέχουσι χορείαι.
 στυγνὴν δ' ὀφρὺν γοργωπὸς Ἄρης
 λύσας ἀνδρῶν οὐκ ἐκπλήσσει
 φρένας ἀντιπάλων ἱππείαισιν,
 κούραις δ' ἔραται νῦν ξυμπαίξειν
 καὶ πολυχόρδων
 μολπῶν ὑπο κούφα χορεύει.

W. R.

ΝΥΝ ΧΡΗ ΜΕΘΥΣΘΗΝ.

Δις οἶνον ἐγκάναξον ·
 τρις δ' οἶνον ἐγκάναξον ·
 βίος γάρ ἐστι μικρὸν,
 θνητὸς δὲ χῶ μαχητῆς ·
 εἴ οὔν, ἄγ', ἐγκάναξον.

T. M.

Aglaia.

(A LOVE SONG BY OUR OWN CLASSIC BARD.)

AH, sweet Aglaia !
 The winds fleet by us,
 Blithe sons of Maia,
 O'er the looming lias ;
 Where the bleak Mastodon
 In his starry vigils
 Grey flowers hath trod on,
 And the sounding strigils
 Of bards Boeotian
 In Thessalian numbers
 Have startled Ocean
 From ideal slumbers,—
 Where we, my Aglaia, in smoothèd air
 Bask upon honeydew, and read Lothair :
O white Aglaia !

Ah, dim Aglaia !
 When the purple even,
 Like a jewell'd Ayah,
 Comes to hush the heaven
 To lulling fancies
 Of the creamy Condor,
 O'er empyreal pansies
 We shall wander, wander ;
 While the lithe Osiris
 With his troop of blisses
 Shall for aye inspire us
 To a morn of kisses ;
 And still-wild Astarte through dizzying dew
 Shall languidly our pearlèd sobs renew :
O red Aglaia !

J. T.

The Oxford Solar Myth.

A CONTRIBUTION TO COMPARATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Rev. G. W. Cox, M.A.)

A VERY singular tradition, possibly due to the influence of classical Paganism in the course of study, still preserves, in the Oxford of the nineteenth century, the evident traces of that primeval Nature-worship whereby the earliest parents of the Aryan race marked their observance of the phenomena of the heavens. As so often occurs, the myth has assumed a highly anthropomorphic and concrete form, has gradually been incrustated with the deposits of later ages, and has been given a historical, or rather a biographical dress, which thereby veils, under modern names and ideas of the West, the legends current four thousand years ago on the table-lands of Transoxiana.

The legend takes its not infrequent shape of celebrating a great teacher, passing from his Eastern birth-place on to the West, making his home therein, achieving great triumphs, and yet succumbing, in his chiefest struggle, to a power mysteriously identical with that which gave him being. The symbolical name by which the hero was deified, even in our own days, is Max Müller. The purely imaginative and typical character of this title appears at the first glance of a philologist. Max is, of course, *Maximus*, μέγιστος, identical with the Sanskrit *maha*. Müller, applied in the late High German dialects to the mere grinder of corn, denotes in its root-form a pounder or crusher. It comes from the radical *mar*, "grinding," or "crushing." At once, then, we see that the hero's name means simply "Chief of Grinders." There are two explanations of this given. The more popular, but less correct one, identifies *grinder* and *teacher*—a metaphor borrowed from the monotonous routine whereby an instructor of the young has to pulverize, as it were, the solid grains of knowledge, that they

may be able to assimilate it. The more scientific aspect of the question recognizes here the Sun-God, armed with his hammer or battle-axe of light, pounding and crushing frost and clouds alike into impalpability. We are not left to conjecture in such a matter, for the weapon of Thor or Donar, wherewith he crushes the Frost-giants, in Norse mythology is named *Mjölhir*, from *at mala*, "to crush or mill."

Thus far, however, there might be a merely accidental coincidence of name, or the title might be a hereditary one in a priestly family devoted to the Sun-God's service. We require more exact data before we can with authority allege that Max Müller is indeed the Sun, or rather the Dawn, himself. But these data are accessible and abundant. In the first place, the legends are unanimous in representing him as a foreigner, travelling from the East, but making his home in the West, and received there by all as though native to the soil. This is very important. If he were depicted as indigenous, or as coming from North, South, or West, the difficulty to be overcome, though by no means insurmountable, would be considerable. The Eastern origin, however, obviates any doubt of this nature. Next, fable has not been slow to localize his birth-place. He is invariably called a German. This looks, at first, as though merely denoting the rough way in which an untutored people is content to transfer the origin of any strange thing to the nation nearest to itself in the direction of transit, just as even still the inhabitants of Norway suppose storms to be sent them by the wizards of Lapland and Finland. Germany, being the nearest country to the east of England, may thus have naturally been selected as the Sun-God's birth-place; but a deeper idea seems to underlie the title. The duality of the Sun and Moon is too remarkable a phenomenon ever to have escaped popular attention; and we find them represented in almost every known mythology as brother and sister, Helios and Selene, Apollo and Artemis, Janus and Diana, and the like. Here, then, is a clue. It is not nationality, but brotherhood to the Moon which is denoted, and Müller the German is neither more nor less than the *Germanus Apollo* of Latin poets.

Again, having invented his birth-place, it was necessary, as the myth became more concrete, to provide him with a father also. The legend relates that his father was one Wilhelm Müller, a poet. Herein a very singular aspect of the solar myth, common to all its purest forms, appears. Darkness is the parent out of which the Dawn comes, a parent dethroned by its offspring, as typified in the story of Kronos and Zeus. Wilhelm is simply Will-hjælm, the "helmet of force," or of strength. What is this helmet? We have it over and over again in our nursery legends; as the "cap of darkness" (*tarn-kappe*) worn by Hasan of El-Basra in the "Arabian Nights," by Jack the Giant-killer, and by Dwarf Trolls in Norse and Teuton stories, and above all, by Sigfrid in the *Nibelungen Lied*. It is thus simply the covering of clouds and obscurity which overspreads the heavens when the Sun has disappeared; and William Müller is only the Night, hidden but powerful, the *νεφεληγέρετα Ζεύς*, who is father of Apollo Helios. Night is typified as a poet, because all sounds are heard so clearly and distinctly during its course, just as the song of the primeval bard was the only voice loud enough to make itself audible in the stillness of pre-historic ages.

The Sun-God appears next, but still in the same relation, in his other character of teacher and enlightener, an idea symbolized by Max Müller editing the Vedas at the instigation of Bunsen = *Bundes-sohn*, (*vinculi filius*), another Teutonic hero, who typifies the offspring of that darkness which chains the world in the prison of night. Max is not called—and this is noteworthy—the *author* of the Vedas, or books of knowledge, but only their editor or translator. The meaning of this is plain. Sunrise does not create the sensible world for us at each recurrence, but it makes it visible and knowable by us. Bunsen sending Müller to achieve the task is only another form of the myth which makes Wilhelm the father of Max.*

* That Max Müller is not called the *author*, but only the *translator* or *editor* of the Vedas, has puzzled many who have read his great work. This curious inversion of language, so inexplicable, except to the comparative mythologist, obtains a significance only on the principle suggested in the text.

The next point of interest in the fable is the place where the Sun-God fixes his sacred abode. It is noteworthy that in no case do we find the special shrine of Apollo in the chief city of any land. Athens was the beloved home of Pallas Athene; Sparta, of the Dioscuri; Ephesus, of Artemis; Rome, of Jupiter Optimus Maximus and Mavors Gradivus: but Apollo always chooses a smaller and more sacerdotal city as his dwelling—Delphi, Delos, Patara. So the priestly city of Oxford is, in the English legend, assigned to Max Müller. Let us see why. Ox-ford, as all philologists know, is not *Βόσπορος*. *Ox* is *Uisk*, *uisge* = water; and the compound word means no more than the “ford of the river.” We shall best see its relation to the Sun-god by turning to the Edda. We find there that all the Aesir ride over the rainbow-bridge Bifröst to Valhalla, except Thor, who has to wade on foot through four rivers—Körmt, Ormt, and the two Kerlaug streams. This denotes, of course, the Sun making his way by slow degrees through the watery clouds, and at length attaining the mid-heaven.

The task of the Sun, when he has fairly begun to climb the sky, is to spread the great blue mantle over it. This mantle is woven or *stitched*, if we take the Sanskrit myth, by the Harits or Hours, the *Χάριτες* of the Greeks. We find it styled in poetical language, the “cope of heaven.” And by a quaint grotesqueness of metaphor, we discover this function of the Dawn symbolized under the formula of Max Müller being at first Professor in the Taylorian Institution. *Taylorian* here, of course, is not a patronymic or eponymous adjective, but a tropological epithet. In Greek mythology, Artemis, as well as Athene, is mistress of the loom; but in this curious myth, her brother appears as superintending the tasks of the divine maidens who ply their shuttle and shape the garment of the heavens at his command. Here, too, we find cropping up the struggle with the powers of darkness. Max Müller is *Taylorian*; he cuts away with his glittering shears the ragged edges of cloud; he allows the “chips,” or cuttings from his “workshop,” to descend in fertilizing showers upon the earth.

But he has a foe striving to cast a black mantle over the sky which he would fain clothe in blue. This foe does not merely trim or patch together the work of others, as a *tailor*, but is the original maker of his own product; and thus he is symbolically called Weber, or *weaver*. And while Max is of more account in the West, Weber reigns securely over the East, which the other has quitted.

But even the Western sky is no secure dominion. All through the earliest poetry and the remotest legends of ancient races, we find the note of sorrow for the decline of day following at once on the triumphal tone which marks the ascent of the Sun to the zenith. The combat with the powers of darkness, which began with victory, is resumed, and always ends in defeat. Hence the wailing for Yanbushadh, for Thammuz or Adonis, for the Dorian Apollo, and for Baldur. The solar legend shines clearly yet through the mists in which the ignorance of our uncritical age had enveloped it. The Sun-God, fresh from his Vedas, enters upon a struggle with a competitor, apparently of the feeblest, for the throne of the sky. This throne, in the Oxford myth, is called the Boden Chair. *Boden* is not an English word. We must look to the Sun-God's home for its meaning; and we find that in the Teuton language *boden* is *floor*. Only one floor can be meant; that of which the greatest of English poets speaks—

“Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.”

There are two most remarkable circumstances in this legend of the strife for the Boden Chair, which put its mythical origin quite beyond all doubt. In the first place, the overthrow of Max in the struggle is said by all the bards to be due, not to the result of a single combat with his adversary, wherein he must needs have been victorious, but to the gathering together at the sacred city of a number of obscurantist beings, clothed in black, and assembling from all parts of the country to secure the victory of the inferior warrior. It is almost superfluous to point out that this legend denotes no more than the black

clouds assembling from all quarters of the heavens, to hide the brightness of the Sun. If any doubt yet remained, it would be dispelled by the name of the feeble victor, the Paris who slays Achilles, the Aegisthus of this Agamemnon, the Höd of our Baldur. The name given to him in the myth is Monier Williams. The intelligent reader will at once see that this is only a new aspect of the earliest part of the myth. *Monier* is, plainly enough, *meünier*, *molinarius*, *miller* = Müller. *Williams* we had before. Monier Williams then = Wilhelm Müller; and the father, as in the story of Sohrab and Rustum, slays his beloved son. What is this but that the Darkness, out of which the Dawn sprang in its infancy, also re-absorbs it, and hides its glory at the end of its career? This is the reason for the singular inversion of the order of the names. At first the darkness is the primary fact, and the power it exercises only the secondary one; and thus the helmet or *tarn-kappe* is put first, and the epithet of *grinder* or *crusher* in the lower place. But in the latter part of the myth, the slaying of the Sun-God is the earlier event, and not until that is accomplished, and the Western sky is red with his blood, does the victor put on the helmet of will, and spread darkness over the heavens.

There are consolations even in defeat. A bridal, in the mysterious life which follows death, is accomplished in the Western land; and that legend which takes so many shapes—the marriage of Uranos and Gaea, the descent of Zeus in golden shower on Danaë, and the like—is brought before us again in the wedding of Max Müller and the mortal maiden Grenfell, who denotes the *green hill* or *mountain pasture* on which the Sun delights to shine. We have this idea of the domestic joys of Helios, even after his declension and setting, preserved for us in Greek poetry—

Ἀέλιος δ' Ὑπεριονίδας δέπας ἑσκατέβαινε
 χρύσειον, ὅφρα δι' ὠκεανῶιο περάσας
 ἀφίκουθ' ἱερᾶς ποτὶ βένθεα νυκτὸς ἐρεμνᾶς·
 ποτὶ μάτερα, κουριδίαν τ' ἄλοχον,
 παῖδάς τε φίλους.—ARCHILOCHUS.

Thus we see the great teacher passing from the waters to the verdant slopes, from Oxford to Grenfell—

φοιτᾶς δ' ὑπερπόντιος ἐν τ'
ἀγρονόμοις ἀύλαις.—SOPH. ANTIG. 754.

He re-appears, however, if not as perennial holder of the throne on the floor of the sky, yet as the expounder of speech, or, in the Euhemerist phrase of sceptics, “Professor of Comparative Philology.” What are we to understand by this title? No more than that sudden awakening of the sounds of Nature which greets the sunrise as night vanishes with its darkness and silence. Hence the epithet *πανόμφαιος*, “Source of all speech,” given to Zeus as *Dyauspati*, and to Helios also, as in Quintus Smyrnaeus—

τόν ῥά τέ φασιν
ἔμμεναι Ἡελίοιο πανομφαίοιο θυγατρῶν
δάκρυ.—POSTHOMERIC. V. 625.

There can be no question that the meaning “inspirer of all oracles” is a development of a far later age, when the meteorological idea had been lost; and there is a comparatively obscure legend which seems at first to point in the same direction. Nothing is clearer than that the sacred city of Oxford was the chosen shrine of the hero Max Müller. But he appears as a passing meteor in the annals of the other holy town of the English land. Cambridge alleges that for a day he was Rede Lecturer in her halls. Cambridge is the “cam” or *crooked* bridge (compare “game” leg, *cambuca*) of the sky, *i.e.* the Rainbow. What is *Rede*? Two rival theories exist. The first sees in the word the notion of counsel or advice. So in the ballad of King Estmere—

“Rede me, rede me, deare brother,
My rede shall ryde at thee.”

The Rede Lecturer then will be simply Apollo Pythius, the god of counsel, applied to in some one sudden emergency. The other view seems more tenable. It sees in *Rede* the Norse *reidh*, a *chariot*, the Latin *rheda*, and recognizes in the title

Rede-Lehrer, not a *lecturer* at all, but Ving-Thor himself, the driver of the fiery *car*, whence he is called *Hlorridi*, from *at hlóa*, to glow or burn, and *reidh*.*

Another legend, belonging to Oxford, calls Max Müller for a time by the singular title of "Fellow (or Companion) of All Souls," and ceases to give him this appellation after he meets with the nymph Grenfell. Here is a difficulty needing solution. Hermes, not Apollo, is the *ψυχοπομπός* of Greek mythology, and the epithet is one applied, in the *Alcestis*, to Charon also. It is only in the Edda that we find the answer. Odin, who is a Sun-god as well as Thor, though he usually sends the Valkyrier to conduct the souls of slain heroes to Vingolf, yet sometimes, in his character of Valföðr, is himself the guide of such chieftains as, nobly born and clad in warriors' armour, have died with more than common valour and renown. And thus the ancient statutes of the Fellowship show that *all* souls

* The identification of Cambridge with the rainbow, or curving bridge of the sky, at once simple and convincing, clears up the difficulty about Max Müller's one visit there, and his immediate return to dwell at Oxford. For the legend is in minute agreement with the Edduic myth, which tells how Thor essayed once, and once only, to drive over Bifröst in his war-chariot, but had to desist, lest he should set the bridge on fire. He returned ever after to his wading through the four rivers of which we have spoken above; that is, to Ox-ford. And the myth of the Sun's chariot, common to Greek legend, finally settles the meaning of *Rede*, putting the interpretation "counsel" out of court. Another obscure legend, quite disassociated from the Müller myth, confirms remarkably the identification of Oxford with the water, and Cambridge with the sky. There is a tradition still handed down that a strife, constantly renewed, existed between these two cities, not, as one should anticipate, in the rivalry of learning, but in some way connected with ships or boats. When so engaged, the names of Oxford and Cambridge are dropped, and those of Dark Blue and Light Blue appear in their stead. The former of these titles, applied to Oxford, points at once to the *οἶνοπα πόντον*, the *mare purpureum* of Greek and Latin poets, and the "dark blue sea" of a famous English bard, while the rival epithet, describing the lighter shade of the heavens, (compare Theocritus, *γλαυκὰν ναίουσαν ὑπ' ἁῶ*, [Idyll lxvi, 5,] and Ennius, *caeli caerulea templa*) is applied to Cambridge, and the true meaning of the myth comes out by the reference to boats, as we thus learn that it typifies the astonishment of the first Aryans who reached the Caspian and the Persian Gulf, at the elemental strife of a storm at sea, when sky and waves seem to those in a ship to be crashing together.

"The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out."—TEMPEST, Act I., Scene 2.

are not meant to be honoured, but only the souls of those who are *bene nati* and *bene vestiti*, the true Einherjar of the foundation. These departed heroes are no other than the sunbeams, slain by the advancing powers of darkness, but collected again by their father, the Sun, who burns them on the glowing pile of the Western evening sky, and then revives them once more to shine in Gladsheim. The loss of this office of *ψυχοπομπός* on wedding a mortal is a myth which has several congeners. It is akin to that of Orpheus and Eurydice, though less tragic in its termination; and its meaning here plainly is the return of the Sun to Earth from the unseen "combination-room" whither his rays vanished at his setting. He returns to living nature, and is, as stated above, not any more "Fellow of All Souls," silent and ghostly, but Professor of all Languages, vocal and embodied. This office, however, ties him to earth; and we find the story of Apollo's servitude to Admetus repeated; because the task imposed on the hero is to look after the training of the young Bulls. He thus appears as Phœbus Nomios; and a confusion between the oxyton word *νομή* or *νομός*, *pasture*, and the paroxyton word *νόμος*, *law*, has led to a curious error in the Cambridge form of the myth. In this imperfect record Max Müller is styled "Doctor of Laws," as though he were *Thesmophoros*. But that epithet belongs properly to Dionysos—

θεσμοφόρον καλέω ναρθηκοφόρον Διόνυσον.

ORPHICA. xlii. 1.

And the more exact Oxonian records preserve his true title as "Master of Arts." This is not merely the Apollo of Parnassus, leader of the Muses, inspirer of poetry, painting, and sculpture, beautiful as such a personification is. It goes far deeper; and we see in Max Müller, M.A., the elemental Fire-god, whose chief manifestation is the Sun, but whose heat and light are essential to all life and manufacture. And thus he is described in Aeschylus—

τὸ σὸν γὰρ ἄνθος, παντέχνου πυρὸς σέλας.

PROM. VINCT. 7.

A fragment of a solar hymn, apparently having reference to the hero or divinity Müller, is still chanted by children in the mystic rites of the gynaeceum—

“ There was a jolly Miller
Lived on the river Dee,
And thus the burden of his song
For ever used to be—
I jump mejerrime jee !
I care for nobody, no, not I,
And nobody cares for me !”

Jolly is, of course, *Jovialis*, noting that the Müller referred to is no mortal, but the son of Jovis or Dyaus ; and the *river* is, of course, the Ox-ford (*Uisge*) through which he daily wades. He is the master of song, because the birds commence their music as he rises. *Mejerrime jee* presents great difficulty. It is clearly a trace of the primeval lay, and is as hard to explain as *κόγξ ὄμπαξ*. The earlier word looks Oscan, and seems to be the superlative of the root *maj*, “great,” which we have in *maj-estas*, *major* (Spanish, *mejor*,) and then, probably, *majorrimus*. The second word, most likely, stands for *age* ; and the whole phrase denotes the quick leap of the levin-brand from the cloud. The interpretation *Μεγαρικὴ γῆ*, though ingenious, is untenable. And in the two closing lines, wherein some have thought the disposition of a human Max Müller to be exactly portrayed, those who, with truer science, acknowledge him to be a solar myth, will recognize that grand impassive inexorability of natural phenomena which at once strikes and awes every untutored man as well as every civilized philosopher.

It is not easy to overrate the interest and value of such a legend as this to the comparative mythologist. Few solar myths are so detailed and various, and, perhaps, there is none which brings together in so concentrated a focus the special characteristics of Sanskrit, Hellenic, and Norse fable.



The Grave.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.)

THE Grave is deep and silent,
Awful its brink and lone ;
'Tis deck'd with sable hangings,
A land unknown.

The nightingale's soft music
Sounds not above its breast ;
The flowers of friendship only
There fall and rest.

In vain are tears of anguish
And wringings of the hand ;
The orphan's wailings reach not
That lonely land.

Yet here alone abideth
The long'd-for rest to come ;
And through this gloomy portal
Man sees his home.

The poor heart, tost and wearied
With many a storm before,
Finds rest, when sinking silent
It beats no more.

H. S. G.

Pinus Insignis,

Planted by Her Excellency the Countess of St. Germans in the Phoenix Park,
Dublin, January, 1855.

[1856]

POOR Tree! a gentle mistress placed thee here,
To be the glory of the glade around ;
Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what differing terms your fates allow,
Tho' like the period of your swift decay ;
Thine are the sapless root and wither'd bough ;
Her's the green memory and immortal day.

CARLISLE.

Dryadum Ultima.

IMMATVRA licet tamen hinc non flebilis iuit,
Quae nunc Elysios laeta pererrat agros ;
At Dryas aequalis, dominam flens sola peremptam,
Effluit in lacrimas ipsa soluta suas.

T.

ΕΙΣ ΠΙΤΥΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

Ἀλθαίη Μελεάγρου ὁμήλικα δαλὸν ἔκην,
ἀμφὶ κασιγνήτων κηρὶ χολωσαμένη·
χεὶρ δ' οὐκ ὀθνεῖα τόδε σὸν, γύναι, εἶλε φύτευμα,
ᾧλετο δ' ἐξ αὐτοῦ πένθει καρφόμενον.

T.

ΕΙΣ ΠΙΤΥΝ ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ.

Τήκετο δυρομένη ἀμαλὴν πίτυς ἥδε φύτουργον,
ὥς Νιόβη τὸν ἐὼν δακρυχέουσα γόνον.

T.

Ad Pinum.

SEVIT infaustam pia te propinqui
 In decus pagi manus : en ! sepultae
 Vix eras annum dominae fugacem,
 Pine, superstes ;

Nec tamen, quamuis pariter caduca,
 Sorte gausura pari ; uietae
 Ramus arescit tibi, uernat illi
 Fama perennis.

A.

Ad Pinum.

ARBOR, quam Licini puella seuit
 Sperans te nemoris decus futuram,
 Annus labitur—et procumbis—unus,
 Et sub caespite condita est puella.
 Diuersis tamen, arbor et puella,
 Fatis utimini, licet uolatu
 Pari aduenerit utriusque Parca :
 Sicca stirpe quidem iacesque ramis
 Marcescentibus, arbor ; at puella
 Luce in Elysia uiret, uirebit.

P.

Ad Pinum.

VR sic periris ocius rogas causam ?
 Nempe illa quae te seuit, arbor infelix,
 Parum sciebat quo modo serenda esses.

T.

Clean Out of Mind.

THERE were thriving tradesmen by Nilus' bank,
 'Mid the people that worshipp'd Isis,
 Who pickled the dead of every rank
 At a varying scale of prices.
 So a man through his family vault might stroll
 With a little help from his pedigree roll,
 While the torch in the gloom burn'd dimly ;
 And there he might see the mother he 'd loved,
 The wife he had cherish'd, the friend he had proved,
 His father fond, and his sister dear,
 And his first-born babe on its tiny bier,
 All staring out at him grimly.

Reader, had you such a catacomb,
 How often, pray, would you leave your home
 To visit a dead relation ?
 How often now, if the question 's fair,
 Do you turn your steps to the churchyard there,
 Where your loved ones, lost in these last few years,
 Were laid to rest with blessings and tears,
 While the prayer and exhortation
 Were hurriedly read by the parson, who
 Had twenty such funerals more to go through
 As part of his day's vocation ?

There are plenty of ways to preserve the dead :
 We may solder them up in sheets of lead,
 Wrap bushels of spice about them ;
 But, whether they last or whether they rot,
 'Tis much the same, they are soon forgot,
 And the world gets along without them.
 So 'mid manly weeping and feminine shrieks
 Be this your comfort :—ere many weeks
 Have past o'er those who bemoan you,
 Your love and your friend, your kith and your kin,
 Will laugh and toil, will quarrel and sin,
 As though they had never known you !

H. J. DE B

Harbest.

THE summer dies, and dying leaves
 Its glory to the wind and frost ;
 But all its glory is not lost,
 Nor vainly stored the golden sheaves.
 The summer dies ; but it has left
 Such sweet remembrance of its reign,
 In ruddy fruit and garner'd grain,
 That scarcely yet we feel bereft.
 And so they died, the great of old,
 But dying left a life behind,
 A mind that ever lives in mind ;
 And death has stamp'd as current gold
 The thought and phrase of mouth and brain
 Long moulder'd into silent dust ;
 Or mock'd upon the marble bust,
 That changes not in joy or pain.
 The summer dies ; and winter's breath
 Has chill'd the earth and bared the trees ;
 But faith clear-eyed and hopeful sees
 A future life in present death.
 The summer dies ; the fallen leaf
 Lies smouldering in the lifeless clay ;
 But life shall spring from out decay,
 And hope shall triumph over grief.
 And so they die, the good, the brave ;
 But we will cheer us in our gloom ;
 For, like the cypress o'er the tomb,
 The roots of life are in the grave.
 Beneath, corruption feeds her root,
 Above, she spreads her leafy pride,
 And decks her as the summer's bride,
 While treading death beneath her foot.

J. S. W.

Cedit Amor Victus.

THAT very time I saw, (but thou couldst not,) Flying between the cold moon and the earth, Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took At a fair vestal thronèd by the West : And loosed his love shaft smartly from his bow, As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ; But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery moon ; And the imperial votaress passèd on, In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

SHAKESPEARE.

A Little Lower than the Angels.

HAMLET.

IHAVE of late, (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you,—this brave o'erhanging firmament—this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculty ! in form and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god !

SHAKESPEARE.

ΕΡΩΣ ΟΥΚ ΑΝΙΚΗΤΟΣ.

Εἶδον τότ' ἐγὼ σοῖς ὀφθαλμοῖς
 ἄπερ οὐκ ἐξῆν · πτερύγων ῥιπαῖς
 ὁδὸν αἰθερίαν ψυχρᾶς μῆνης
 γαίας τε μέσσην υἱὸς ἔτεμνε
 Κύπριδος, φαρέτραν καὶ τόξα φέρων ·
 κούρη δὲ καλῇ, νήσου τινὸς ἦ
 θρόνον ἐσπερίου καὶ σκῆπτρα νέμει,
 τόξον ἐπισχών,
 ἱμέρου οἷστον φρένας εἰς αὐτὰς
 ὥς δὴ τρώσων μυρίον ἀνδρῶν
 πληθὸς ἀφήκεν · πύρπνουν δὲ βέλος
 τοῦτο κατέσβεσαν ἀκτῖνες ὑγρᾶς
 ἀγναὶ μῆνης · ἡ δ' αὖ βασιλὶς
 παρθενικ' αἰὲλ κούδεν λέκτρων
 Κύπριδός τε φρονούσα βέβηκεν.

W. R.

ΟΥΔΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΟΥΤΩ ΓΑΥΡΟΝ ΩΣ ΑΝΗΡ ΕΦΥ.

Πάλαι ποτ' ἤδη πᾶσαν, οὐκ εἰδὼς ὅ τι,
 τέρψιν μεθήκα, γυμνικῶν δ' ἐνόσφισα
 τριβὴν ξυνήθη · δύσπονον δ' ἄλλην μ' ἄγει
 φροντὶς τοιαύτην ὥστε γενναίως παγὲν
 τόδε χθονὸς τέχνημα δύσβατος πρέπει
 στερρός τε προβλής · κομπὸν αἶρος τόδ' αὖ,
 ὄρᾱς, κατασκήνωμα, καὶ τόδ' αἰθέρος
 τηλαυγὲς ἀγλαῖσμ'—ὑπερτεῖνον τύπους
 τορευμάτων στέγασμα χρυσοδαιδάλων,
 ὑπερφυὲς θαῦμ'—οὐ μὲν οὖν φαντάζεται
 οὐδενὶ τὰδ' ἄλλω πλὴν ἀτμῶν ὁμηγύρει
 μιαιῶ γ' ἐμοὶ σκοποῦντι λοιμώδει τ' ἄγαν.
 παπαῖ · τὸ φίτυμ' οἶον! ἀνθρωπον λέγω ·
 τό τ' εὐφυὲς γὰρ τῆς λογιστικῆς ὅσον!
 τό τ' εὐπορον τοσῶνδε μηχανημάτων!
 ὅσον τὸ γαῦρον τοῦ καλοῦ μορφώματος,
 σεμνῆς τε βάσεως! οἷα δαίμονος δίκην
 ἔρδει θ' ὅσ' ἔρδει καὶ νοεῖ θεοῖς ἴσον!

J. F. D.

A Daintie-Conseated Sonnet

To his Friend Master D. E.; upon occasion of his enriching him with some
honey'd posies of his most sweetlie flow'ring Phansie, sendeth his
lov^e Friend and indebted Serv^t.

LIKE as an Oister, when some secret wound,
Smarting, his tender jellies doth amate,
All pretiousnesse the close-shut grief around
From forth the wealthful ooze will segregate:
So thou, fair casket of concealéd grace,
Strivest thy pearls, like blusht-for teares, to hide,
And dark-engulft from bright Apollo's face
Dost in thy shell too prouddie close abide.
But I, a Diver in the unruffled deep
Where thy shut shell doth covetyse invite,
Ponder what glorious harvest I shall reap,
Bringing thy hidden treasures to the light.
Dost fear my rude hands' grasp, sweet Oister? Well,
Give me thy pearls,—Ile let thee keep thy shell.

J. T.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP.*

I. OF THE SCHOOL OF MR. BROWNING.

In a June Night.

SEE, the door opens of this alcove,
Here we are now in the cool night air
Out of the heat and smother; above
The stars are a wonder, alive and fair.
It is a perfect night,—your hand—
Down these steps, and we reach the garden,
An odorous, dim, enchanted land,
With the dusk stone-god for only warden.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some living masters of song.

Was I not right to bring you here ?

We might have seen slip the hours within
Till God's new day in the East was clear,

'Mid the music, the perfume, and the din,
And each have gone away, the pain

And longing greatened, not satisfied
By a hand's slight touch, or a glance's gain,—
And now we are standing side by side !

Come to the garden's end,—not so,

Not by the grass, it would drench your feet ;
See, here is a path where the trees o'ergrow,

And the fireflies flitter ; but, my sweet,
Lean on me now, for one cannot see

Here where the great leaves lie unfurled
To take the whole soul and the mystery
Of a summer night poured out for the world.

Into the open air once more !

Yonder 's the edge of the garden wall,
Where we may sit and talk,—deplore

This half-hour lost from so bright a ball,
Or praise my partner with the eyes

And the raven hair, or the other one
With her flaxen curls, and slow replies
As near asleep in the Tuscan sun.

Hush ! do you hear on the beach's cirque

Just below, though the lake is dim,
How the little ripples do their work,

Fall and faint on the pebbled rim,
So they say what they want, and then

Break at the marge's feet and die ;
It is so different with us men,
Who never can once speak perfectly.

Yet hear me,—trust that it means, indeed,
 Oh, so much more than the words will say,
 . . . Or shall it be 'twixt us two agreed
 That all we might spend a night and day
 In striving to put in a word or thought,
 Which were then from ourselves a thing apart,
 Shall be just believed and quite forgot,
 When my heart is felt against your heart.

Ah, but that will not tell you all,
 How I am yours not thus alone,
 find how your pulses rise and fall,
 And winning you wholly be your own,
 But yours to be humble, could you grow
 The queen that you are, remote, and proud,
 And I with only a life to throw
 Where the others' flowers for your feet were strowed.

Well, you have faults, too! I can blame
 If you choose: this hand is not so white
 Or round as a little one that came
 On my shoulder once or twice to-night
 Like a soft, white, dove. Envy her now!
 And when you talked to that padded thing,
 And I passed you leisurely by, your bow
 Was cold, not a flush or fluttering.

Such foolish talk! while that one star still
 Dwells o'er the mountain's margin-line
 Till the dawn takes all; one may drink one's fill
 Of such quiet; there's a whisper fine
 In the leaves a-tremble, and now 'tis dumb.
 We have lived long years, love, you and I,
 And the heart grows faint. Your lips, then: come,—
 It were not so very hard to die.

E. D.

Emmeline.

WHY sitt'st thou by the shore,
Emmeline?

Why sportest thou no more,
Emmeline?

'Mid those oozy-looking damsels just emerging from the brine,
Thy blue eyes on the blue water why so sadly dost incline,

Looking wistful
And half tristful,
Emmeline?

One summer morn like this,
Emmeline,
Thy heart beat close to *his*,
Emmeline!

And I rather think he took the liberty to twine
His arm just for one moment round that slender waist of thine;
Oh! wasn't it imprudent
For a penniless law-student,
Emmeline?

He loves you—the poor wretch!
Emmeline;
But there's many a better catch,
Emmeline.

Cut him dead when next you meet him, burn his letters every line,
And deserve the eligible match your dearest friends assign;

He is but a poor and true man,
You a lady (not a woman),
Emmeline.

C. P. M.

A Depositor on the failure of the Continental Bank.

Parum locuples continente ripa.

HOR.

The Sailor Boy.

HE rose at dawn, and fired with hope
 Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,
 And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,
 And whistled to the morning star.
 And, while he whistled long and loud,
 He heard a fierce mermaid cry,
 "O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,
 I see the place where thou wilt lie.
 The sands and yeasty surges mix
 In caves about the dreary bay,
 And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,
 And in thy heart the scrawl shall play."
 "Fool," he answer'd, "death is sure
 To those that stay and those that roam;
 But I will never more endure
 To sit with empty hands at home.
 My mother clings about my neck,
 My sisters crying 'Stay for shame!'
 My father raves of death and wreck—
 They are all to blame! they are all to blame!
 God help me! save I take my part
 Of danger on the roaring sea,
 A devil rises in my heart,
 Far worse than any death to me."

TENNYSON.

Calvinism.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

FREE entrance through this gate for all
 Whom God so made they could not fall;
 For ever here in joy they dwell,
 And think upon their friends in Hell.

INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

THOSE enter here by God's command,
 Whom God so made they could not stand;
 For ever here they lie in pain—
 God's will be done! Amen, amen.

J. H.

Manet Oceanus Circumuagus.

SVRGIT mane puer—spes scilicet acrior urget—
 Spumiferasque secans Ostia linoquit aquas;
 Et iam naus adest, funem iam dextera prendit,
 Luciferoque suum nauita cantat “Aue.”
 Carmina dum resonat late clarissima pontus,
 Nereis horrendis uaticinata modis,
 “Ah! miser,” exclamat, “tibi cor iuuenile superbit,
 At uideo funus qua ferat unda tuum.
 Litora se caueis en! desolata receptant,
 Mista ubi feruenti spumat harena sale;
 Mitulus, heu! miserum, costis obscaenus inhaeret,
 Illudit cordi squilla proterua tuo.”
 Cui puer, “Ah! demens, non euitabile fatum,
 Siue errare mihi seu remanere placet;
 Dedignor segnes triuisse domesticus horas,
 Otia praetrepidans rumpere pectus auet.
 Haeret in amplexu mater, flentesque sorores,
 ‘Ire paras,’ ululant, ‘nec pudor ipse uetat?’
 ‘Naufragus occumbes,’ genitor male sanus, ‘in undis,’
 Augurat—heu! peccat, peccat amore domus!
 Actum est de nobis (sed di prohibete benigni!),
 Ni tentem tumidas aequoris ipse minas;
 Nescio quid sceleris mea mens malesuada reuoluit,
 Ibimus! est leuius bisque quaterque mori.”

B.

Quisque Suos Patimur Manes.

DEVS TERGIVERSATOR.

SALVETE, queis sic crimen intendit reis
 Vt uinceretis tergiversator deus:
 Summo per aeuum gaudio frui licet,
 Et scire amicis esse damnatis male.

DEVS PRAEVARICATOR.

HVC tu facesse, cuius ita causam deus
 Praeuaricator egit ut caderes reus:
 Posthac dolore semper extorquebere.
 Esto: ipse compos iam sui uoti deus.

T.

Long Ago.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

MY child, we have been children,
 Two children small and gay ;—
 We crept into the hen-house,
 And hid ourselves under the hay ;
 And, as the folk went by us,
 We cried, “ Ki-ker-e-kuh ! ”
 They thought the cockcrow real,
 So like the cocks we crew.

With boxes in our courtyard
 At keeping house we played,—
 We lined our rooms with paper,—
 A right good house they made.
 The old cat from the neighbour’s
 Would oft herself invite ;
 We met her with bows and curtsies
 And compliments polite ;
 And anxious friendly interest
 Did in her health evince ;—
 We both have said the same things
 To many an old cat since.

Often we sat like the old folk,
 And chatted with sapient tongue,
 How everything was better
 In the days when we were young ;
 How love and truth and religion
 Had left the world-condoled ;
 How very dear was the coffee,
 How very scarce the gold.

All this has long roll’d by us,—
 Past are the games of youth,—
 The gold and the world and the old times,
 And religion and love and truth.

Grace.

“FOR beauty’s blaze old Greeks may praise
 The features of Aglaia ;
 Admire agape the maiden shape
 Consummate in Thalia ;

Last hail in thee, Euphrosyne,
 Allied those sovran powers
 Of form and face :—no heathen grace
 Had match’d this Grace of ours.

Blue are her eyes, as tho’ the skies
 Were ever blue above them ;
 And dark their full-fringed canopies,
 As tho’ the night fays wove them.

Two roses kiss to mould her mouth ;
 Her ear ’s a lily-blossom ;
 Her blush as sunrise in the South ;
 Like drifted snow her bosom.

Her voice is gay, but soft and low,
 The sweetest of all trebles—
 A silver brook that in its flow
 Chimes over pearly pebbles.

A happy heart, a temper bright,
 Her radiant smile expresses ;
 And like a wealth of golden light
 Rain down her sunny tresses.

Life’s desert clime, whose sands are Time,
 Would prove a long oasis,
 If ’twere your fate, my friend, to mate
 With such a girl as Grace is.”—

“Do you suppose, if I propose,
 Her heart can still be carried ?”—

“Had you done so three years ago,
 Perhaps ;—meantime she ’s married.”

Fratrū quoque Gratia Rara est.

MIRANDA—PROSPERO.

- M.* **O**H! my heart bleeds,
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance!—Please you, farther.
- P.* My brother and thy uncle, call'd Antonio—
I pray thee, mark me—that a brother should
Be so perfidious!—he whom next thyself
Of all the world I loved, and to him put
The manage of my state; as at that time
Through all the signories it was the first,
And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity, and for the liberal arts
Without a parallel; those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?
- M.* Sir, most heedfully.
- P.* Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom to advance and whom
To trash for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st not.
- M.* O, good sir, I do.

ΘΗΣΚΕΙ ΔΕ ΠΙΣΤΙΣ, ΒΛΑΣΤΑΝΕΙ Δ' ΑΠΙΣΤΙΑ.

Μ. Οἷμ' ὥς ἀμύσσει καρδίαν τό μ' ἐς τόσῃν
τρέψαι σ'· ἀνίαν ἤτ' ἐμῆς ἀφίσταται
μνήμης· ἄταρ τὰν τεύθεν, ἣν βούλῃ, φράσον.

Π. κάσις μὲν ἀμὸς, θεῖος ὢν σέθεν, κλύων
'Αντώνιος—τῶνδ' ἄντομαί σε φροντίσαι—
φεῦ τοῦ κάσιν τόσ' ἐμπλέκειν δολώματα!
ὃν μετὰ σε πλείστον ἐν βροτῶν γένει 'φίλουν,
καὺτῳ 'πέθηκα γῆς ἐμῆς σκηπτουχίαν
ὑπερφερούσης κοιράνων πάσας πόλεις
τοτηνίχ'· ὥς καὶ Προσπέρων πρέσβιστος ἦ
τῶν ἀρχελείων, ὥς ἐπλήθουν λόγοι,
κατ' ἀξίωμα, κακπρεπέστατος πολὺ
εὐμουσίαις· καὶ ταῖσδε πᾶς προσκείμενος
παρῆκ' ἀδελφῷ παντελῇ μοναρχίαν,
ἀποξενωθεὶς τῆς ἐμῆς τυραννίδος
ἐνθουσιῶν τε τοῖς λάθρα μαθήμασιν·
θεῖος δ' ἄπιστος σός—νέμεις ὦραν τί μου ;—

Μ. ὥς δὴ νεμούσης εὖ μάλ' ἂν λέγοις, πατέρ.

Π. ἐπεὶ τάχιστα πῶς τ' ἔδει χρείας πορεῖν
ἀποστραφῆναί τ' ἐξακριβοῦται μαθὼν,
ὃν χρῆ τιν' αἴρειν ὃν δὲ χρῆ θρίσαι τὸ μὴ οὐ
χλιδᾶν περισσῶς, τὰμά, φημι, θρέμματα
ἦτοι 'νεούργησ' ἢ μεθέστησεν τρόπους
ἢ 'καινοποίησ'· ὥσπερ οὖν πλήκτρον λαβὼν
ἀρχῆς τε τοῦ τ' ἀρχοντος ἐπιδίμους φρένας
πάσας ἐς οἶον, ὥτ'ι συμμετρῶν, τόνον
θέλοι μετερρύθμιζεν· ὥστ' ἤδη πέλει
ὁ κίσσος οὐμὸν πυθμέν' ἀρχικὸν στέγων
χλόην τε διερὰν ἐκ ῥοφῶν. λέγω δέ σοι
ἀτημέλητα.

Μ. τημελῶ μὲν οὖν, φίλε.

P.

I pray thee, mark me.

I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
 To closeness and the bettering of my mind
 With that which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary as great
 As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,
 A confidence sans bound.

SHAKESPEARE.

The Passing of Arthur.

“BUT now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest—if indeed I go
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)—
 To the island valley of Avilion ;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
 Deep-meadow’d, happy, fair with orchard lawns
 And bowery hollows crown’d with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.”

So said he ; and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That fluting a wild carol ere her death
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look’d one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

TENNYSON.

Π. καὶ δὴ σ' ἱκνοῦμαι τοῦδε φροντίζειν λόγου.
 ἐξωριάζων δ' οὖν ἐγὼ τὰνθρώπινα
 ἀνείμενος τε πάμπαν εἰς οἰκουρίας
 καὶς τοῦπιδόσθαι πρὸς σοφώτερον φρένας
 τοίοισδ' ἂ δῆτα πλὴν τὸ μονότροπον δία
 τὴν δημόκραντον ὑπερέβαλλεν ἀξίαν
 ἐμῷ 'ν ἀδελφῷ φαῦλον ἐξωλεῖ φύσιν
 ἤγειρ', ἐμὴ δὲ πίστις ὥς κεδνὸς τοκεὺς
 αὐτοῦ 'ξέφυσε σπέρμα τοῦμπαλιν χυθὲς
 γενναιότητος τῆς ἐμῆς ἀντίσταθμον,
 ἢ τοι μέτρον παρήλθε, πίστις ἄπλετος.

C.

ΑΝΗΡ ΟΥ ΣΤΕΝΑΚΤΟΣ.

“ Νῦν δ' ἄγε, χαῖρέ συ μοι πύματον, Πατρόκλεις ἵππευ·
 εἶμι σύν αἰς ὁράας δολιχὴν ὁδὸν—εἰ ἐτεόν γε
 βήσομαι, ὥς καὶ ἐμοὶ δίχ' ὁρώρεται ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα
 θυμὸς ἀμνηχανὴ κεκαλυμμένος—ἔς τε μακαίρας
 ἐσπερίης νήσοιο νάπας, ἔνθ' οὔτε χάλαζα
 οὔτε Διὸς ιψετὸς ἐπιπίλναται, οὔτε ποτ' ὄμβρος,
 οὔτε μένος Ζεφύροιο μέγα πνέει, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰεὶ
 τέρπεται ἡσυχίῃ βαθυλείμων, ἀγλαόκαρπος,
 γουνῶ ἀλωάων λιπαρὴ σκιέραισί τε βήσσαις
 τὰς πέρι πόντος ἁλὸς μάλα νήνεμος ἐστεφάνωται,
 ἔνθα κεν ὠτειλῆς παύσω θυμοφθόρον ἄλγος.”

ὥς φάτο· νηὺς δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα διαπρήσσουσα κέλευθον
 σπείροισιν λευκοῖς ἥδὲ ξεστῆς ἐλάτῃσιν
 κάλλιπεν ἥϊονας, βαθυκόλπῳ κύκλῳ ὁμοίῃ,
 ἢ τ' ἄρα πρὶν θανέειν λιγυρὴν ἰάχῃσεν ᾠοδὴν,
 καλὸν ἐπιπροχέουσα μέλος, πτέρυγας δονέουσα
 ψυχρὰς θεσπεσίας, κατέδυν θ' ἄλλα ποσσὶ κελαινοῖς.
 πολλὰ δὲ τὰ ρεχθένθ' ὀρμαίνων ὃν κατὰ θυμὸν
 ἵστατο Πάτροκλος δηρὸν χρόνον, εἰσόκεν ἡ νηὺς
 στίγμα μέλαν φαινέσκει' ἀπ' ἡελίου ἀνιόντος,
 παύσατό τε στοναχὴν λίμνην ὑπὲρ ἡερόεσσαν.

W. W. F.

Song.

(AFTER THE ANTIQUE.)

HOW shall I deck my ladye fayre?—
 Buttercup and cowslip;

How shall I tire her sunny hair?—

Buttercup and cowslip;

All through its mazes pearls I'll wind,

And tie it in a knot behind,

And with a silver bodkin bind

Buttercup and cowslip.

How shall I deck my ladye bright?—

Lillyflower and daisy;

How shall I prank her bosom white?—

Lillyflower and daisy;

A ruby cross its snow shall grace,

A rose I'll stick in her boddice-lace,

'Twill blush, I ween, in such a place—

Lillyflower and daisy.

How shall I bind my ladye's vest?—

Eglantine and ivy;

How shall I busk her slender waist?—

Eglantine and ivy;

I'll clip it with a girdle blue

Besprent with gems like stars all through,

Around my heaven Love's zodiac true—

Eglantine and ivy.

How shall I kirtle my ladye bright?—

Gillyflower and pansy;

How shall her graceful limbs be dight?—

Gillyflower and pansy;

In a samite robe of all the dyes

That paint the rainbow in the skies,

Loop'd up with gold and silver ties—

Gillyflower and pansy.

What will ye for her eyes and lips?—
 Violet and clover;
 Where nestling Love now laughs, now sips—
 Violet and clover;
 Her eyes—I 'll watch their saffire hue,
 And dream of heaven and skies of blue;
 Her lips—they 're not for me nor you—
 Violet and clover.

J. F. W.

A Day's Ending.

WHEN from thy last dear look I turn'd mine eyes,
 And fell the darkness, lo! the mountain grey,
 And in his heart a lustrous crimson lay,
 A light of glory, a beam of subtle dyes,
 Which fondly stay'd with him in loving-wise
 While from the west the sun had swerved away,
 And, though from wandering waves the moon did rise,
 Still loiter'd in his hollows—a lorn day!
 So mocks false peace my heart so soon to pine,
 So tarries dying gladness in my breast,
 Truth from thy truth and virtue born of thine
 About my soul, a lingering splendour, rest,
 Or e'er the bitter dreams around me twine,
 To gloom the life which thine uprising blest.

G. F. A.

From the German of Heine.

HE who once loves unrequited
 For a God may pass;
 Who again loves unrequited,
 Him I deem an ass.
 Thus again in love and slighted!
 Such a spoon am I!
 Sun and moon and stars laugh at me;
 I laugh too, and——die!

C. P. M.

Father William.

(FROM "ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND.")

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white ;
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
Do you think at your age it is right? "

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

"I fear'd it might injure the brain ;
But now I am perfectly sure I have none—
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mention'd before,

And have grown most uncommonly fat ;
Yet you turn'd a back-somersault in at the door—
Pray, what is the reason of that? "

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,

"I kept all my limbs very supple
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—
Allow me to sell you a couple? "

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too weak

For anything tougher than suet ;
Yet you finish'd the goose, with the bones and the beak—
Pray, how did you manage to do it? "

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,

And argued each case with my wife ;
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth ; "one would hardly suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever ;
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever? "

"I have answer'd three questions, and that is enough,"

Said his father ; "don't give yourself airs !
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?
Be off, or I'll kick you down stairs !"

LEWIS CARROLL.

Callidus Aliptes.

“**T**E, genitor, senuisse uides,” (ita filius olim ;)
 “Albent matura tempora canitie :
 Vertice demisso pedibus sublimia captas ?
 Corporibus tardis haec, mihi crede, nefas.”
 “Abstini iuuenis,” pater inquit, “talibus ausis,
 Ne qua foret cerebro noxia facta meo :
 At genio quis me nunc indulgere uetabit
 Expertum capiti nuper inesse nihil ?”
 “Te senuisse uides, si fas iterare querellam ;
 Crescunt crura tibi pingua, pingue latus ;
 Te tamen inuersos dantem trans limina saltus
 Miror : quae tanti causa furoris erat ?”
 Nestoreos agitans crines, “mihi contigit,” inquit,
 “Membrorum summa mobilitate frui :
 Hoc ceroma uides ; cessas emere ? unguere ; nummo
 (Sume duos) uno uenditur iste calix.”
 “Indoluit, genitor, quoties gingiua senilis,
 Ipsa nocent tactu mollia larda suo ;
 At, quaeso, anser ubi est ? non ossa neque ora supersunt ;
 O uires raras insolitamque gulam !”
 Ille sub haec : “Olim causas ego publicus egi,
 Ac reduci paruum fit domus ipsa forum ;
 Qui mihi maxillas his uiribus induit usus,
 Vt senio haud fractus manserit ille uigor.”
 “At, pater, annoso nemo iam sanus oculo
 Virtutem priscam credat inesse tuo ;
 Anguillam tamen hanc—opus admirabile—naso,
 Dic mihi, librasti qua ratione, pater ?”
 “Plura nefas ! tria iam dedimus responsa petenti ;
 Hinc,” genitor, “fastus, hinc, puer, aufer,” ait :
 “Tene diem totum nugas triuisse canentem !
 I,—pedibus nostris eiiciendus abi !”

The Invention of Potheen.

(A CELTIC DITTY.)

Air—"The night before Larry was stretch'd."

YOU can chatther and talk as you plaze
 Of your claret, and port, and champagne, sir ;
 Och ! they're all mighty fine in their ways,
 But I care not to tashte them again, sir.
 I'll tell you, my lads, of a dhrink,—
 The likes of it never was seen, boys,—
 You'll admire it, I am given to think ;
 'Tis a glass of good Irish potheen, boys,—
 Just the same as they make in the Wesht !

When Saint Pathrick first came to our isle,
 To dhrink why of coorse he was willin' ;
 But nothing was there worth his while,
 So he turn'd his mind to dishtillin'.
 Faix, the first dhrop he tashted himself,
 Joy lit up his merry ould phiz, sir ;
 And says he, " By the powers of delf,
 But there's something like dhrinking in this, sir !"—
 So he calls in the boys for a thrate.

So dhrop in the boys did of coorse,
 But to take a dhrop in they were quicker ;
 For, though haythens, they knew there was worse
 Than takin' a dhrop of good liquor.
 So they sat round the saint ; and I'm blest,
 Though they dhrank as long as they wor able,
 The Saint—and more power to his fist !—
 He dhrank the bastes undher the table :—
 " Now," says he, " I can dhrink at my aise."

Next morn bein' still dhrinkin' Saint Pat
 The haythens complately amazes,
 So they shwore that by this and by that,
 They'd dhrink till they'd dhrink him to blazes.
 Says one, "By the man in the moon,
 You'll shortly call out for assistance ;"
 Says the Saint, "You be d——d,* you bosthoon,
 Sure the haythens can't dhrink with the Christians !"—
 So he dhrank till he floor'd them again.

So when they came-to the next day,
 They shortly discover'd their blundher,
 So they came to the Saint, and says they,
 "Why then, musha, plaze your Holiness, would ye
 show us some great miraculous wondher?"
 So the Saint, bein' plazed, took a quart,
 And he fill'd it up full from the bottle,
 And he turn'd it—now guess into what—
 Faix, he turn'd it—into his throttle ;—
 And delighted the haythens of coorse.

At my story now don't be surprised :—
 But the haythens, before he departed,
 By the Saint in potheen wor baptized,
 By the Saint and potheen wor convarted.
 So here's to the Pathron of Dhrink !
 And if ever he should come this way, then,
 Faix I'm very much given to think
 I'd make a most illigant haythen,—
 Till the Saint would convart me likewise.

M. H.

* *I.e.* disestablished.

Motto for a Drunkard.

D. T. fabula narratur.

HOR.

Si Sic Omnia.

THERE was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen, who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had; and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon however recovered his courage, and spurring his horse gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell the lance broke, and the Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely broke his skull.—HOLDEN'S *Foliorum Silvula*, No. 998, p. 480.

An Ancient Homoeopathist.

THERE was an old man from the East,
 And he was wondrous wise;
 He jump'd into a bramble bush,
 And scratch'd out both his eyes;
 And, when he saw his eyes were out,
 With all his might and main
 He jump'd into another bush,
 And scratch'd them in again.

GAMMER GURTON.

ΠΑΛΑΙ ΠΟΤ' ΗΣΑΝ ΑΛΚΙΜΟΙ ΜΙΛΗΣΙΟΙ.

ὦρτο δ' ἔπειθ' ἥρως εὖ εἰδὼς ἵπποσυνάων,
 δοιὼ δ' ὀξὺ νόησ' Ἀγγλῶν κοσμήτορε λαῶν
 θύνοντ' ἐν προμάχοις, κρατερὸν μήστωρε φόβοιο,
 ἄμφω ἀμύνεσθαι δεδαημένω αἰπὺν ὄλεθρον
 ἀλλήλοιν παραβάντε κατὰ κρατερὴν ὑσμίνην·
 οἱ δ' ἔχον ἐν χεῖρεσσι δῶα χαλκήρεε δοῦρε,
 μακρὰ καὶ στιβαρὰ, μέγα δ' ἔχραον νιάσι Γαλλῶν,
 ἵπποις τε λαοῖς τε, πολέεσσι δὲ θυμὸν ἀπηύρων.
 τοὺς δ' αἰνῶς ῥίγησε ἰδὼν Γαλλῶν ἀγὸς ἀνδρῶν
 ἔγχεσι μαινομένους, πέρι γὰρ διέ μώνυχι πῶλῳ
 ὃς οἱ ἀριστεύεσκε φέρειν διὰ μῶλον Ἄρηος,
 πολλὰ δ' ἐπώτρυνε κραδίη καὶ θυμὸς ἀγῆνωρ
 ἀλλόσε που στρέφασθαι ἀνὰ στρατὸν, ἀλλὰ μάλ' αἰνῶς
 δείδιε μὴ πῶς τίς οἱ ἐλεγχείην ἀναθείη
 χαζομένῳ, θάρσῃσε τ' ἄφαρ καὶ μνήσατο χάρμης·
 κένσε δ' ὁμοκλήσας, εἷξεν δέ τοι ἡνία πῶλῳ,
 τῶν δ' ἰθύς ῥ' ἤλαυνε, καὶ ἀσπίδα παντόσ' ἔτσην
 αἶεν ἔχε ἔο πρόσθε, φόβος γὰρ μὴν φρένας ἦρει
 μὴ βλεῖτο ξυστοῖς χαλκήρεσιν, ἐγγύθι δ' ἐλθὼν
 τοῦ μὲν δὴ δόρυ πρῶτα διὰ στήθεσφιν ἔλασσειν,
 ἐν καυλῷ δ' ἐάγη δολιχὸν δόρυ τοῖο πεσόντος,
 τὸν δὲ σιδηρεῖη κορύνῃ σχεδὸν ἢ οἱ ἄωρτο
 δεξιτερὴ πλῆξεν, κεφαλῆς τε σὺν ὀστέ' ἄραξεν
 πάντ' ἄμυδις.

T.

ΗΛΩΙ Ο ΗΛΟΣ.

Γέρων τις ἦν ποθ' ἡλίου πρὸς ἀντολῶν
 ὥς τοὺς ξυνόντας κάποθάνυμσαι σοφός·
 πήδημα πηδήσας ὅδ' ἐς λόχμην διπλοῦς
 κύκλους βιαίως ἐξέτριψεν ὁμμάτων·
 ὁ δ', ἡνίκ' ἐκθαμνισθὲν εἰσορᾷ κορῶν
 φέγγος, προνωπῆς ξυντόνοις δρομήμασι
 λόχμην ἐς ἄλλην διὰ τάχους εἰσήλατο,
 ἐνέτριψε τ' εὐθύς ὄμματ' αὐθις αὖ πάλιν.

A. W. S.

Anastasis.

HOW sweet the mother-touch of Nature's hand
 Comes cool upon the feverish brow of thought,
 When with dimm'd eyes and sluggard brain we stand
 Athirst for some lost blessedness, unsought
 Long years—down-trodden in the onward rush
 That sunders us from our child-hearted selves ;
 And with how glad amaze
 We lave grown limbs where deathless founts outgush
 In the fresh fields of youth, and genial elves
 Lull us with mellower music of old days !

New heavens, new earth ; yet with what quiet sense
 Of home long lost ! An afternoon, mayhap,
 We wander forth in sullen impotence,
 Dead, from dead labour—seeking but one scrap
 Of Beauty's bread of life—more sick for all
 The grimy squalor of suburban things ;
 When from some lucid womb
 Of thronèd cloud that holds the heavens in thrall,
 Glorious o'er dusty trees, an angel springs,
 Strong-wing'd, to snatch us from the dismal tomb.

And we arise new-born, as now I do,
 Crown'd with yon majesty of silver snows
 Gather'd and gleaming from the abyss of blue.
 The cloudland with its infinite repose
 Follows me moving, tempted on and on
 By rural glimpses—restful peeps—that yield
 Glad harvest for sage eye :
 Now 'tis a lane of hedgerow elms, anon
 Stray'd sheep at browse about a pleasant field,
 Or sun-smit poplars quivering in the sky.

Subtly the changeful music of my mood
 Deepens to riper perfectness, and fills
 Earth and wide air with heaven. Linging I brood
 By the shrunk river's bed. Each moment thrills
 With mystery of content, which gently blends
 All in one trance—burnt stubbles bare of sheaves—
 Clear shallows, with their cress
 And glancing minnows—osier'd river-beds
 Shimmering in breeze and shine ; even yellowing leaves
 Low whisper with suggested happiness.

Through all his ways boon Autumn seems to smile—
 Oh ! for the virgin lips of Perdita,
 To name the flowers that on this fairy isle
 Cluster and crowd ! Here chaste angelica
 Queens it, in leaves superb and tufted crown,
 O'er Michael's-daisies ; and the rustling wind
 Stirs, like a rising thought,
 Pure bindweed-bells tangled o'er brambles brown,
 With sad long-purples (by Ophelia twined)
 Mirror'd among the lush forget-me-not.

Once more the supreme splendour of the year !
 I have invoked thee, Beauty, and my face
 Shines from thine orisons ! No burdock drear
 Shall be my rosary in such sweet place,
 But coral loading of the mountain ash,
 Or haws in bright profusion. Sauntering and slow
 I move with homeward feet,
 Glad with the village children as they splash
 The sand-pools. Shall I find the evening-glow
 Warm on the starry jasmines of our street ?

J. T.

Titiens.

“ Cui opera uita est.”—TER.

A Recent University Petition.

OH! hear, Von Bismarck; hear our cry—
 On Paris turn thy pitying eye—
 We pray thee not to end the strife,
 Nor beg we for one human life;
 We scorn such base, unworthy part,
 And only plead for works of Art.

When Werder Strasbourg sought to gain,
 In hundreds citizens were slain,
 While houseless starving wife and child
 Wander'd among the ruins wild;
 This we applaud—but wherefore fire
 Upon the great Cathedral spire?

Yet worse!—his guns he dared to p.y
 Upon the noble Library;
 Thro' books intended to be read
 (Unlike those here) resistless sped
 A leaden shower, with which 'twere meet
 To sweep some narrow crowded street.

And now for Paris hear our prayer;—
 Starve, storm, bombard—not ours to care—
 But oh! take heed that shot and shell
 Shall only fall where townsmen dwell;
 Oh! take our plaintive cry to heart—
 Spare, Bismarck, spare the works of Art!

W. H. S. M.





Im Fernen Horizonte.

HEINE.

A FAR on the distant horizon,
Like a pageant of evening cloud,
Its towers half hid in the twilight,
There lieth a city proud.

A damp draught of wind doth roughen
The grey waters where we float ;
And with a sad time roweth
The boatman in my boat.

The sun yet once uplifts him ;
The heights by his beams are cross'd :
They show me that spot in the distance
Where I have the loved one lost.

F. C. W.

Ode to Spring.

SWEET daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
 Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
 Whose unshorn locks with leaves
 And swelling buds are crown'd;

From the green islands of eternal youth
 (Crown'd with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade)
 Turn, hither turn thy step,
 O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
 Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds;
 And thro' the stormy deep
 Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best-beloved, the virgin train await
 With songs and festal rites; and joy to rove
 Thy blooming wilds among,
 And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet, and cull thy earliest sweets
 To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
 Of him, the favour'd youth,
 That prompts their whisper'd sigh.

A. L. BARBAULD.

Ad Ver.

QTV seueri progenies patris !
 O Ver amoenum ! Candida floream
 Te Bruma ridentem decora
 Caesarie genuit. Renides

Turgens uirentis germine flosculi
 Nouaeque amictu frondis amabili ;
 Siluestris accingit corolla ;
 Vsque nouae comitantur umbrae.

Te iam uocabo : te iuuat insulis,
 Quas Sol iuuentae lumine fulgidus
 Illustrat aeterno, relictis,
 Has rapido petere axe sedes.

O tu furentes callida carmine
 Mulcere uentos, qua neque Dorica
 Maiore ui callet referre
 Tibia blandisonos canores,

Stridor procellae turgidus et tibi
 Parebit aestus. Virginei chori
 Te carmen exspectat : iuuabit
 Et uirides peragraré campos

Non usque fesso et roscida uallium
 Cursu puellas, et noua plectere
 Virgulta dilecto decoris
 Quamque suo iuueni corollis.

J. S. C.

(Done in the Examination Hall.)

Lizette.

LIZARDS and losels love the sun,
 Eke poets, painters, pensive rovers;
 And there's a deal of business done
 By dozing lazzaroni loafers.
 A loungeur in the lands am I,
 Yet not so idle as ye deem;
 To watch and wink beneath the sky
 Is not, of need, to wink and dream:

And sitting here in France to-day,
 Lizette, beside the billows blue,
 Full many a promenader gay
 I've noted, not neglecting you:
 And since so oft you've looked at me,
 On shy coquette devices set,
 That I have failed to grasp the sea,
 And sing it, I will sing Lizette.

Lizette is twenty-three at least,
 But looks in form and face a child;
 Her roses are with years increast,
 Her smiles more dainty made and mild;
 Lizette has brows that seldom frown,
 Except if flounces vex her taste;
 Lizette has hair of golden brown
 That rolls in rings beyond her waist;

And eyes of wanton azure grey,
 And lashes long few tears have wet ;
 And teeth that when her laughers play,
 Show clear in perfect order set ;
 And dimpled arms of daisy white,
 And hands of elfin carving frail,
 And elfin tiny feet that light
 The land whereo'er her garments trail.

A pretty toy, Lizette, a thing
 Full sweet to watch by sun and sea,
 Among the sea-birds on the wing,
 And flower, and wave, and windy tree—
 Lizette in silken raiment clad,
 With hands and arms in gesture fleet,
 And lip alight with laughter glad,
 And glancing eye and moving feet.

Lizette, I see, is married ;
 Her lord hath fifty years and ten ;
 Too old a lord, Lizette, to wed !
 And so she yearns for younger men :
 And that's Lizette's own babe, I wis,
 The laughing nurse uplifts in play
 Betwixt the greybeard's eyes and *his*
 That meet Lizette's across the way.

O, yonder gallant's gay to see,
 And gay, no doubt, in act and speech ;
 And still, you 'll turn from him to me,
 From me to him, with smile for each !
 Lizette, Lizette, was *this* your vow
 At altar made, in ear of priest ?
 Lizette, Lizette, whom love you now ?
 Lives love at all within your breast ?

How much for kisses will you dare?
 Lizette, Lizette, I read you well:
 Lizette, Lizette, your face is fair,
 Your heart's a little empty shell;
 Lizette, there's poison in your eye,
 Your smile's a snare—but why upbraid you?
 What sweets your soul could purify,
 Being what France and the Devil have made you?

G. F. A.

“How doth the Little Busy Bee.”

VT lucro quot euunt horas apponit apricas
 Paruola conspicuae sedulitatis apis;
 Et quam longa dies, longam uaga tendit opellam,
 Mellaque uix patulo flore resecta rapit.
 Ingenio fingit quanto sibi daedala tecta!
 Ducere fabrili qua sapit arte fauos!
 Ut sine fine penum parat, et bene cauta parato
 Parcit, et in medium dulce reponit onus.
 Hanc ego (nam exemplo est) hanc, di precor, aemuler; hora
 Siue quod artis opus siue laboris aget.
 Otia crimen amant, dedit in scelus improba Siren
 Desidia ignauas et dabit usque manus.
 Rite puer studiis rebusque ego uerser honestis,
 Siue libri grata seu uice ludus habet.
 Sic moriens “Vixi bene” dixero, “nulla mihi lux
 Defuit officio festa profesta suo.”

J. R. W.

From Without.

THE lamps so lank and ghastly
 Are shivering in the street,
 And on my face, more fastly
 Is borne the blinding sleet.

As shelterless I wander
 Without, in mist and storm,
 The happy fireside yonder
 Is blazing bright and warm.

And through the fog more faintly
 The casement gleams above,
 With light, more sure and saintly,
 Where rests the one I love.

The homeless of the city
 Flit by me as I pass—
 A changing crowd of faces
 Beneath the shuddering gas.

The children of the city !
 The loveless, greedy mart,
 That has no mother's pity
 Within her stony heart.

The lost ones of the city !
 O love, a fearful sign !
 That stain'd and trampled beauty
 Has once been pure as thine.

The children of the city,
 For them whom thus I see,
 God grant me deeper pity,
 With purer love for thee.

Arthur to Guinevere.

“**L**IEST thou here so low, the child of one
 I honour’d, happy, dead before thy shame?
 Well is it that no child is born of thee.
 The children born of thee are sword and fire,
 Red ruin, and the breaking up of laws,
 The craft of kindred, and the godless hosts
 Of heathen swarming o’er the Northern Sea,
 Whom I, while yet Sir Launcelot, my right arm,
 The mightiest of my knights, abode with me,
 Have everywhere about this land of Christ
 In twelve great battles ruining overthrown.
 And knowest thou now from whence I come—from him,
 From waging bitter war with him; and he,
 That did not shun to smite me in worse way,
 Had yet that grace of courtesy in him left,
 He spared to lift his hand against the king
 Who made him knight; but many a knight was slain;
 And many more, and all his kith and kin
 Clave to him, and abode in his own land.”

TENNYSON.

Finis Honorum (Sæc. xx.)

SIT mulier formosa, erit et sat honesta. Vir, et tu,
Si bene nummatus sis, sat honestus eris.

J. F. D.

ΔΥΣΜΕΝΕΣΙΝ ΜΕΝ ΧΑΡΜΑ.

Κεῖσαι δὴ, τοίου τέκος ἀνέρος, ὃν περὶ κῆρι
τίμαον ; ἡ μάκαρ ὃς πρὶν κάτθανε, πρὶν σε ἰδέσθαι
ἐνθάδ' ἐμοῖς παρὰ ποσσὶ κυλινδομένην κονιῇσι.
ὦνήμην, ὅτι σ' οὔτι θέσαν θεοὶ μητέρα τέκνων ·
ἡ σέθεν ἐκγεγάσι μάχαι τ' ἀνδροκτασῆαι τε,
φοινήεσσά τ' ἰωκῇ, ἔρις τ' ἀθέμιστος, ἀφρήτωρ,
καὶ τε κασιγνήτων ἀπάται, τά τ' ἀπ' ὠκεανοῖο
ἔθνε' ἐπήτριμα εἴσι θεῶν ὅπιν οὐκ ἀλέγοντες
ἡμετέρην ἐπὶ γαῖαν, Ὑπερβορέων γένος ἀνδρῶν.
τοὺς ἐγὼ, ὅφρ' ἐθέλεσκε κορύσσεσθαι πόλεμόνδε
Μηριόνης παρ' ἐμοὶ μέγ' ἄριστος δεξιόσειρος,
δώδεκ' ἐνὶ κρατερῇσι κυδοίμεον ὕσμινῃσι
ἀλλύδις ἄλλη ἐπὶ χθόνα τὴν θεός ἀμφιβέβηκεν.
ἄλλο δέ τοι ἐρέω, σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ βάλλεο σῇσι ·
ἦλθον ἐγὼ πόλεμον προλιπὼν, καὶ φύλοπιν αἰνῆν,
ἀντιβίην κείνῳ μίξας χεῖράς τε μένος τε ·
οὐδ' ἐμοῦ ἄντιος ἦλθε · (νεμεσσῆθη τόγε θυμῷ,
οὐ μὲν τοι νεμεσίζετο σῆς ἐπιβήμεναι εὐνῆς ·)
οὐνέκα τῷ ποτ' ἔδωκα μετὰ προμάχοισι μάχεσθαι
αἰχμήτην τ' ἔμεναι · πολέεσσι δὲ θυμὸν ἀπηύρα ·
ἄλλοι δ', ἐν δὲ ἔται καὶ ἀνεψιοὶ ὅσσοι ἔποντο,
πάρμειναν ᾧ ἐν τεμένει οἱ ἦρα φέροντες,
οὐδ' ἀμ' ἐμοὶ ἔθελον πόλεμον μέτα θωρηχθῆναι.

M.

Arguing in a Circle.

Antiochus, when Popilius drew the ring round him.

A Lover's Misgivings.

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
 Ere the spring he would return—
 Ah! what means yon violet flower,
 And the bud that decks the thorn?
 'Twas the lark that upward sprung!
 'Twas the nightingale that sung!
 Idle notes! untimely green!
 Why this unavailing haste?
 Zephyr winds and skies serene
 Speak not always winter past.
 Cease, my doubts, my fears to move—
 Spare the honour of my love.

T. GRAY.

A Widow Bird.

A WIDOW bird sat mourning for her love
 Upon a wintry bough;
 The freezing wind kept on above—
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the trees,
 No flower upon the ground;
 And little motion in the air,
 Save of the mill wheel's sound.

SHELLEY.

Plena Timoris Amans.

IN mea iurabas proficiscens, perfide, uerba,
 “Cum primo repetam, lux mea, uere domum;”
 Quid sibi picta uolunt multo uiolaria flore?
 Quaeque rubum decorant quid sibi, Thyrsi, rosae?
 Fallor an ille canor Philomelae percutit aures?
 Fallor an alta petens spernit alauda solum?
 Immaturus honor! non tempestiua querella!
 Siccine cur uernus praeripiendus honor?
 Detonuit num bruma, semel si Iuppiter albus,
 Cogitur et Zephyro ponere flante minas?
 Ah! nolite metus, nolite mouere timores—
 Viuat amatoris non temerata fides.

R. S. B.

Contristat Aquarius Innum.

ALES hiberno uiduata ramo
 Assidens questus iterabat; aura
 Desuper friget; subeunt niuali
 Flumina lapsu.

Nil fuit uerni silüis amictus;
 Floridi pratis aberant honores;
 Et molae solus loca muta turbat
 Garrulus axis.

H. C.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP.*

II. OF THE SCHOOL OF MR. TENNYSON.

 Songs.

I.

THE gloom of the sea-fronting cliffs
 Lay on the water, violet dark,
 The pennon drooped, the sail fell in,
 And slowly moved our bark.

A golden day : the summer dreamed
 In heaven, and on the whispering sea,
 Within our hearts the summer dreamed ;
 It was pure bliss to be.

Then rose the girls with bonnets loosed,
 And shining tresses lightly blown,
 Alice and Adela, and sang
 A song from Mendelssohn.

O sweet and sad, and wildly clear,
 Through summer air it sinks and swells,
 Sweet with a measureless desire,
 And sad with all farewells.

 II.

Down beside the forest stream
 Went at eve my wife and I,
 And my heart, as in a dream,
 Heard the idle melody.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

"Pleasant is this voice," I said,
 "Sweet are all the gliding years ;"
 But she turn'd away her head—
 "Wife, why fill your eyes with tears?"

"O the years are kind," said she,
 "Dearest heart, I love thee well ;"
 But this voice brought back to me
 What I know not how to tell.

Here I came three springs ago ;
 Ah, my babe's sweet heart was gay ;
 Still the idle waters flow,
 And it seems but yesterday.

First that morn he walk'd alone,
 Laugh'd, and caught me by the knee ;
 Though I weep now, O my own,"
 Thou art all the world to me.

III. (LATER MANNER.)

Rain, rain, and sunshine,
 Dashed by winds together,
 All her flowers are tossed and glad
 In the wild June weather.

Which will she wear in her gown ?
 Drenched rose and jessamine blossom ;
 I must stoop if I would smell
 Their freshness at her bosom.

E. D.

Speak Gently.

SPEAK gently! it is better far
 To rule by love than fear;
 Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
 The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child,
 Its love be sure to gain;
 Lead it to God in accents mild,
 It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
 Will have enough to bear;
 Pass through this life as best they may,
 They'll find it full of care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the careworn heart;
 His course in life is nearly run,
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring,—know
 They may have toiled in vain;
 Perchance unkindness made them so,
 Oh! win them back again.

WASHINGTON LANGFORD.

Pro and Con.

THIS expectation makes a blessing dear;
 Heaven were not heaven, if we knew what it were.

SIR J. SUCKLING.

IF 'twere not heaven, if we knew what it were,
 'Twould not be heaven to those who now are there.

WALLER.

EN Δ' ΕΥΠΡΟΣΗΓΟΡΟΙΣΙΝ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΙΣ ΧΑΡΙΣ ;

A H! cohibe linguam, tenet Indulgentia semper
 Aequius imperium nobilisque Metu ;
 Parce truci linguae, corrumpere munera noli
 Quae pietas nostris addere nostra queat.
 Mitis amabilibus mentes tibi iunge tenellas
 Vocibus—impubes blanda loquella capit ;
 Te monstrante uias sperent attingere caelum,
 Forte breues annos Parca maligna dedit.
 Alloquio leni iuuenum tu pectora firmes,
 Multa ferenda illos multa ferenda manent ;
 Nam quamuis facili decurrant tramite uitam,
 Attamen obductis uepribus horret iter.
 Sint sua sint canae solatia blanda senectae,
 Sollicitis curas addere parce uiris ;
 Fabula namque peracta illis ad Plaudite uenit ;
 Plaude, neque exagitent aspera uerba senes.
 Si qui peccarint ne corripe, recta petentes
 Inualidos grauius forte fefellit onus ;
 Expulit integros forte inclementia sensus ;
 Blanditiis uictos sit reuocare tuum.

B.

ΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΙΣΤΟΥ ΕΠΙΔΕΙΞΙΣ.

Ἐσθλῶν ὀφέλλει τὴν χάριν τὸ προσδοκᾶν ·
 οὐκ ἂν γὰρ εἶεν, εἴ τις εὖ γνοίη, θεοί.

Εἰ δ' οὐκ ἂν εἶεν, εἴ τις εὖ γνοίη, θεοί,
 ἐλθὼν τις ἐς θεούς, ποῖ ποτ', εἴπ', ἀφίκετο ;

J. F. D.

Vale! in eternum Vale!

(FROM THE SANSKRIT OF KALIDASA.)*

THE king yet held his dead love in his arms,
A stringless harp, the soul within it fled.

His manhood quivering 'neath the bitter shock,
In gulping sobs sent forth this weary moan—

“ If softest flowers that touch the body kill,
All things serve thee for weapons, envious fate!

On me the lightning bolt behoved to fall:
Thee, creeping tendril, it hath struck and riven.

Why wilt thou now no longer speak to me,
Me, whom thou ne'er wast wont to scorn, thy love?

Our mutual passion quivers in thy limbs,
But thou, alas! art dead—too short-lived bliss!

Why did I let thee so depart alone?
Return! How can I bear this dreary woe?

I cannot yet believe thee dead; thy curls
Wind-toss'd, fall round thy face, entwined with flowers.

Wake, darling, wake! and drive away this dread,
Waving thy locks; why should thy voice be still?

* A sudden death by lightning is represented as caused by the falling of something celestial on the person killed. In this case flowers had fallen on the Queen from the hands of the heavenly musician Nārada. Cf. Tac. Ann. xiv. 12.
Mulier in concubitu mariti fulmine exanimata.

The memories of thy tones, thy gaze, thy love,
Are all now left to me—can they console?

The flowers we fondly thought would grace thy head,
Ah, me! I can but use to crown thy tomb.

Thy young son's winsome ways, thy husband's love,
Our sympathy, how hadst thou heart to leave?

Wife, friend, companion, lover! sweetest names!
Pitiless death hath snatched away my all.

Gone is my hope, my life—the song hath ceased:
Joyless the flowers, the feast—all gone! all gone!”

As some wild fig-tree's roots have torn the ground,
So sorrow pierced the king, and rove his heart.

R. A.

Requiescat.

AND what if no trumpet ever be sounded
To rouse thee up from this rest of thine,
If the grave be dark, and never around it
The rays of eternal morning shine?

For the rest he giveth, give God the praise;
Ye know how often, ye hearts that ache,
In the restless nights of the listless days
Ye have long'd to slumber, nor wish'd to wake.

H. J. DE B.

“*Raro antecedentem Sclestum Deservit Pede Poena
claudo.*”

THERE were three rogues all in one town,
 As great rogues as might be—
 The miller, the weaver, and the little tailór,
 They were great rogues all three.

For the miller he stole meal;
 And the weaver he stole yarn;
 And the little tailór he stole broadcloth,
 To keep the three rogues warm.

So the miller was drown'd in his own mill-dam;
 And the weaver was hang'd in the yarn;
 And the Devil ran away with the little tailór,
 With the broadcloth under his arm.

GAMMER GURTON.

Cometh up as a Flower.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

OUR life is like the flower of Spring:
 It blossoms—fades—and dies.
 Weep for my love: with all her bloom
 In endless sleep she lies.
 No fitting place received her here,
 No kindly soil below;
 God took her to a better land—
 And there the flower blooms now.

H. S. G.

Chanson Antique de Trois Grands Malfaiteurs.

DANS une ville demeuroient trois coquins,
 Par tout le monde il n' estoit de plus fins,
 Meulnier tissandier et petit tailleur,
 Pareils coquins on re voyoit ailleurs.

Car ce meulnier voloit farine de blé
 Tissandier du gros fil filoutoit
 Petit tailleur voloit le drap fin
 Pour faire de beaulx habits aux trois coquins.

Aussi le meulnier dans son eau se noya-t-il,
 Le tissandier fust pendu dans le gros fil,
 Et le Diable emporta, butin sous bras,
 Le petit tailleur avec son drap.

E. R.

Flora.

UT uerni flores oritur sic gloria uitae,
 Sic nitet, et terram denique fessa petit.
 Flora fuit: desiderio ne ponite finem,
 Perpetuo mortis pressa sopore iacet.
 Hic tenerae uenti gemmae nocuere proterui,
 Informi nocuit torrida terra gelu.
 At nunc ad laetos coeli sublata recessus
 Elysio fruitur Flora recepta suo.

W. G.

Euthanasia.

EARLY wert thou taken, Mary,
 In thy fair and glorious prime,
 Ere the bees had ceased to murmur
 Through the umbrage of the lime.

Buds were blowing, waters flowing,
 Birds were singing on the tree,
 Everything was bright and glowing
 When the angels came for thee.

Death has laid aside his terror,
 And he found thee calm and mild,
 Lying in thy robes of whiteness,
 Like a pure and stainless child.

Hardly had the mountain violet
 Spread its blossoms on the sod,
 When they laid the turf above thee,
 And thy spirit rose to God.

AYTOUN.

Non Paulo Sapientior.

HE that holds sacred and religious thoughts
 Of a woman; he that bears so reverend
 A respect to her that he will not touch her,
 But with a kiss'd hand and a timorous heart;
 He that adores her like his goddess—
 Let him be sure she'll shun him like her slave.

CHAPMAN.

ΟΥΚ ΕΘΑΝΕΣ, ΠΡΩΤΗ, ΜΕΤΕΒΗΣ Δ' ΕΣ ΑΜΕΙΝΟΝΑ
ΧΩΡΟΝ.

"Αωρος, ὦ παῖ φιλτάτῃ, σύ γ' ἔφθισο,
θάλλουσ' ἀκμαίαν καλλονῆς νέας χάριν,
λήγοντος ἥρος, ἡνίκα ξουθόπτερος
μέλισσ' ἐβόμβει φιλυρίνην ἀνὰ σκιάν.
λειμών τότε ἦνθι, ἴλαμπε κρηναῖον ῥέος,
ῥριθες ὕμνουν ἤμενοι κλάδους μέλη,
ἐγέλα πρόσωπον γῆς γάνει θεοσδότῳ,
πομπαῖος Ἑρμῆς ὥς σ' ἐκούφιζεν χερσί.
οὐ σοί γ' ἐπῆλθε δεινὸν ἐκπνέων μῖνος
θάνατος, σὲ δ' οὐδὲν ἐπτοημένην, τέκνον,
λευκοῖς ἐφεῦρεν ἐν πέπλοις, ἀγνὸν κάρα,
κακῶν ἀγεύστου νηπίου βρεφους δίκην.
ἴοισι δὴ τότε ἡρινοῖς ὦρα νέα
βήσας ὀρεῖας ἀρτίως ἐπήνθισε,
τὸ σὸν τ' ἐκρύφθη σῶμα μὲν χωστῶ τάφῳ
ψυχὴ δ' ἀπῆλθε χώρον εἰς ἀμείνονα.

P.

⓪ Toties Servus !

FEMINA si qua uiro res inuiolata uidetur
Et sacra, quam penitus mente animoque colat ;
Qua uisa, dextrae uix audeat oscula ferre,
Dum ueniam trepidans ima per ossa petit ;
Quo magis ille deam ueneratur, eo magis illa
Vsque fugit, mores osa trifurciferos.

J. F. D.

The Solitary Grave.

THERE'S a grave on a headland high,
 Rifted in the rude limestone ;
 Wail the night winds sweeping by,
 And the waters make their moan ;
 But thy rocky bed is deep,
 Wind nor waters break thy sleep.

Oft shall storms with gather'd roar
 Wild and wintry scour the bay,
 Rouse its waves, and o'er the moor
 Fling afar their crests of spray.
 Ruder summons must it be,
 That from slumbers waketh thee.

There is no kind hand that daily
 Offerings to thy grave shall bring,
 Deck it sadly, deck it gaily,
 With a garland rife of spring.
 Can the roses' ruddy beam
 Pierce to cheer thy darksome dream.

Telegram from the Emperor of Germany.

THE Emperor to Queen Augusta—
 The French have got another *buster* ;
 A thousand souls have gone below ;
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

NHΓPETOΣ TΠIHOΣ.

EST tumulus celsum qua currit in aequora litus,
 In tumuli molem scinditur atra silex :
 Nocte ubi transuolitant tristis suspiria venti,
 Plangit et implacidi longa querella maris.
 Ast altum faciunt lectum tibi saxa ; sopores
 Non mare non uentus sollicitare potest.
 Saepe per hibernos tractus equitabit aquarum
 Vndique collectis saeua procella minis
 Exstimulans undas ; undarum aspergine salsa
 Plurima per terras spumea crista tremet.
 Saeuiat unda licet ; sed non nisi saeuior istos
 Ah poterit somnos eripuisse fragor.
 Non pia neglecto solemnia munera busto
 Quotquot eunt soles adferet ulla manus.
 Non uer halantes decorabunt ossa coronae
 (O hilari specie triste ministerium !)
 Num iubar ad manes roseum, tua somnia caeca
 Oblectaturum, num penetrare ualet ?

C.

Haec Cedo ut Admoueam Templis.

REX pius optatae tibi do, regina, salutem,
 Gens inimica mihi Gallica rursus habet ;
 Mille hodie intrarunt infernas funera leges,
 Laudetur tanti fons et origo boni.

W. G. T.

Long Deserted.

YON old house in moonlight sleeping,
 Once it held a lady fair,
 Long ago she left it weeping,
 Still the old house standeth there—
 That old pauper house unmeet for the pleasant village street.

With its eyeless window sockets,
 And its courts all grass o'ergrown,
 And the weeds above its doorway
 Where the flowers are carved in stone,
 And its chimneys lank and high like gaunt tombstones on the
 sky.

Ruin'd, past all care and trouble,
 Like the heir of some old race
 Whose past glories but redouble
 Present ruin and disgrace,
 For whom none are left that bear hope or sorrow anywhere.

Lost old house ! and I was happy
 'Neath thy shade one summer night,
 When on one that walk'd beside me
 Gazed I by the lingering light,
 In the depths of her dark eyes searching for my destinies.

There within our quiet garden
 Fell that last of happy eves
 Through the gold of the laburnum
 And the thickening lilac leaves ;
 There the winter winds are now sighing round each leafless
 bough.

Haunted house ! and do they whisper
 That the wintry moon-rays show,
 Glancing through thy halls, a ghastly
 Phantasy of long ago,
 And thy windows shining bright with a spectral gala light ?

Vain and idle superstition !
 Thee no spectral rays illumine ;
 But one shape of gentlest beauty
 I can conjure from thy gloom,
 In whose sad eyes I can see ghosts that haunt my memory.

C. P. M.

Retulit Echo.

*Quotation from a speech of —, M.P., reported by the goddess
 Fame to the Irish Nation.*

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint !

Answer by the goddess Echo from the Irish mountains.

No rint !

R. A.

Let us Prey !

FAVETE linguis ! Gratias agit uictor ;
 Iam nuntiantur quinque mille concisi
 Iacere Galli, uixdum humata turba." At uos,
 Fauete dentibus, lupi ! Est leuis terra.

H. C.

Solacia Victis.

(THE FIREWORSHIPPERS.)

“**W**HAT! while our arms can wield these blades,
 Shall we die tamely? Die alone
 Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart, where, buried deep
 The sabre from its toil may sleep?
 No. . God of Iran’s burning skies,
 Thou scorn’st th’ inglorious sacrifice.
 No, though of all earth’s hopes bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
 We’ll make yon valley’s reeking caves
 Live in the awe-struck minds of men
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Gheber’s bloody glen.
 Follow, brave hearts! This pile remains,
 Our refuge still from life and chains;
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entomb’d in Moslem dead.”

THOMAS MOORE.

Stanzas on Woman.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover,
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

GOLDSMITH.

ΑΠΛΑΙ ΘΑΝΕΙΝ.

BRACCHIA num languent? Num sic moriemur inulti,
 Victima nec nostris ferietur Manibus ulla,
 Sanguine quo uili fessus requieuerit ensis?
 Hoc—pro—flammantis Sol lustrans ardua caeli
 Respuis indignum. Viuendi sordeat omnis
 Caussa, sed armatis uita et uindicta supersunt.
 Hanc facite ut uallem tepidasque cruore cauernas
 Religione sua per pallida saecula nefandas
 Laetantes cantent serui trepidentque tyrrani!
 Festinate mori mecum, fortissima corda!
 Vitam seruitiumque dabit fugisse supremus
 Ignis et iste rogos. Quamquam O latuisse iuuaret
 Strage sub hostili; uirtus sic obruta gaudet.

T. M.

Mors Ultima Linca Rerum.

QVAE, uirgo, in facilem male declinaris amorem,
 Heu proditorem senties
 Serius esse procum;
 Quis poterit tantos Orpheus mulcere dolores?
 Quis crimen admissum ualet
 Eluere arte magus?
 Tu si quaesieris, quae sit uia sola medendi,
 Ne plebe monstratae genis
 Conscia fax rubeat;
 Quo leue cor luctus, quo uiuus distrahat angor,
 I, uirgo, mortis i uiam—
 Mors tua sola salus.

A. P. G.

Lux esto, dixit; lux fuit alma Chaos.

("FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.")

VSTA pruinoso Thules iuga qua rigent Trione,
 Coralliumque plangit aequor Indum;
 Afros qua propior sol lustrat, et aureae fluentes
 Voluunt scatebrae concolorem arenam;
 Multus ubi rapido fertur pede fabulosus amnis,
 Campusque latam palmifer dat umbram,
 "Solute" conclamant gentes "iuga, soluite efferatis
 Quas Error oris iniicit catenas."
 Quid, per Iauaeos opobalsama leniter Fauoni
 Si spirat ala suauecolens recessus?
 Rideat omnis ager, nil gens nisi sordeat uirorum
 Heu! illa dispar ruribus serenis!
 Frustra, Diue, manu tua munera prodiga profundis,
 Si saxa gentes stipitesque adorant!

T.





The Vivandiere.

(FROM BERANGER.)

SOLDIERS! here's your Vivandière,
She that sells the cure for care ;
And where's the soldier knows not Kate,
Her bright black eyes, her saucy gait ?
They love me all, or so they swear.
'Twas in the deserts, at fourteen,
I join'd them with a full canteen.

Ah, my comrades ! great and small,
Dearly have I loved you all
Through those brave old days of mine—
Days of glory, love, and wine ;
Since, how many a funeral
With streaming eyes has seen me come
Marching to the muffled drum !

Through the smoke and through the roar
Follow'd I the tricolor.
When the long victorious day
Turn'd to evening, oft you'd say,
" Kate, my darling, *verre à boire*."
Off you'd toss it, off you'd go,
Fit for facing any foe.

One fine day we came to Rome ;
 Katey there was quite at home ;
 My lover, such a handsome man !
 He was the Pope's own sacristan,
 Dwelling hard by Peter's dome :
 A week beside the Tiber there
 Gaily lived the Vivandière.

Then when Victory jilted France,
 When to numbers and to chance,
 Baffled we were forced to yield—
 Ah ! could *I* have ta'en the field !
 I 'd have made the English dance—
 I 'd have let the red coats see
 Murder'd Joan alive in me !

Oft a soldier, poor and old,
 Weak with wounds and wan with cold,
 Eyes my little keg askance—
 Come, you 're welcome ! drink to France !
 Time there was you paid me gold ;
 When those good times come again,
 Comrade ! you shall pay me then !

Though our heayens murky be,
 Wait awhile, and you shall see
 Victory's sun once more arise
 Gloriously in cloudless skies.
 And, my lads, be sure that he
 Shall find me, whensoever he come,
 Beating the reveillée-drum !

H. J. DE B.

Unto This Past.

(FROM HEINE.)

MY heart is all opprest, and yearning
 I muse upon the days gone by ;
 The world was still fit to sojourn in,
 And people jogg'd on quietly.

But now all 's topsy-turvy driven,
 There is the woe, the drearyhead !
 Dead is the Lord God up in heaven,
 And down below the Devil 's dead.

All seems so sullen and complaining,
 So muddled-up and damp and cold,
 But for the scrap of Love remaining
 One's life were nowhere left a hold.

J. T.

Fama Superstes.

(HOR. CARM. III. 30.)

A MONUMENT more durable than brass,
 Loftier than pile of regal pyramid
 That nor corrosive rain nor furious blast,
 Nor the innumerable link'd chain of years,
 Nor flight of seasons can subvert,—I've raised.
 I shall not all expire, but in good part
 Shall Libitina 'scape and freshly bloom
 In praise succeeding praise, long as the priest
 With vestal mate still climbs the Capitol.
 Where roars mad-rushing Aufidus, and where
 Scant-water'd Daunus ruled the rustic tribes,
 I shall be hail'd—from lowly raised to might—
 Of mortals first to have swept th' Aeolian lyre
 To Latin numbers. Take on thee proud state
 Earn'd by desert, and of thy grace surround
 With Delphic bays my brows, Melpomene !

J. J. S.

Lucrece.

THE deep vexation of his inward soul
 Hath served a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
 Who, mad that sorrow should his use controul,
 Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
 Begins to talk ; but through his lips do throng
 Weak words, so thick come in his poor heart's aid,
 That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime *Tarquin* was pronouncèd plain,
 But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
 This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
 Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more ;
 At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er :
 The son and father weep with equal strife,
 Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
 Yet neither may possess the claim they lay ;
 The father says, "She's mine ;" "O, mine she is,"
 Replies her husband ; "do not take away
 My sorrow's interest. Let no mourner say
 He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
 And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

SHAKESPEARE.

KAKOT KAKION AΛΛΟ.

SICKNESS takes but your life ; the doctor, worse
 Than any sickness, takes both life and purse.

J. H.

Quo Fletu Manes Qua Numina Voce Moveret?

Καὶ δὴ πλάνημα κἀνακίνησις φρενῶν
 ἄφων' ἔσωθεν κληῖθρα τῇ γλώσση 'βαλεν,
 ἢ κάρτ' ἄθυμος, εἰ λόγων παυστήριος
 τῶν κουφιούντων καρδίαν ἔσται δύνῃ,
 ῥήγνυσι φώνην· ἀλλὰ χειλέων δία
 οὕτω γε πολλὰ μυρίοις γηρύματα
 λόγοις ἐπαργέμοισι συμμαχεῖ φρεσίν,
 ὅσθ' οἶα φησὶν οὐτίς ἂν κρίνοι σκεθρῶς·
 σαφές γε μὴν Ταρκίνον ἔσθ' ὅτ' ἐκλέγει
 ἀλλ' ἐξ ὀδόντων, τοῦνομ' ἐνδατούμενος·
 τύφω δ' ἀήμάτ', ἔστ' ἂν ὄμβρον ἐκπνέῃ,
 λύπης κατείργει, δύσχιμον πλημμυρίδα
 αὔξοντα, καὶ τέλος καταγίξει βρόμῳ
 χάλαζ' ἐπιρράξασα, ληγοῦσης πνοῆς.
 μαχῇ πάτηρ τε παῖς τ' ἰσορρόπῳ τότε
 γόων ἐρίζουσ' ὅστις ἐς προσώτατα
 ὁ μὲν γυναικὸς ὁ δὲ κορῆς ἦσει στόνον.
 ὁ μὲν γὰρ αὐτοῦ νιν καλῶν ὁ δ' αὐτ' ἴσως
 αὐτοῦ νιν, οὐ τὴν κτῆσιν οἰκείαν ἔχει.
 "ἐμοῦ γὰρ ἔστιν," εἶφ' ὁ φιτύσας πάτηρ.
 "ἐμοῦ μὲν οὖν," τότε ἀνταμείβεται πόσις,
 "ἀλλ' εἶα, μή τις τοῦμόν ἀρπαλίζέτω
 λυπῆς, τρόποις δ' οὐ πενθίμοις ἄλλον χρέων
 κείνης δακρύειν, καὶ γὰρ ἦν ἐμοῦ μόνου,
 κἀγὼ δίκαιός εἰμι δακρύειν μόνος."

C.

(Done in the Examination Hall.)

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΜΜΑ ΕΠΙΤΥΜΒΙΟΝ.

Εἶλε νόσος κεν ἴσως τὸ ζῆν· τὴν δ' ἔφθασ' ἱητρὸς,
 ὅς μ' ἀφέλεν τὸ ζῆν ἠδ' ὅγε τὰργύριον.

J. F. D.

The Hindarree.

ALLAH is great, my children, and kind to a slave like me,
 And the Sahib's tent is gone from under the wild fig tree,
 With his horde of hungry catch-polls and oily sons of the quill,
 I've paid them the bribe they ask'd for, and Satan may settle
 the bill!

It's not that I care for money, nor expect a dog to be clean;
 And if I were lord of the peasants, they'd starve ere I grew
 lean.

But I'd sooner be robb'd by a strong man that shew'd me a
 yard of steel,
 Than be fleeced by a sneaking scrivener, with a bailiff and writ
 at his heel.

There goes my lord the Faringhee, who talks so civil and bland—
 But raves like a soul in Gehenna if I don't quite understand.
 He begins by calling me "Sahib," and ends by calling me
 "fool;"

He has taken my old sword from me—and tells me to set up
 a school.

"Set up a school in the village; and my wishes are," says he,
 "That you'll make the boys learn their lessons, or *you*'ll get
 a lesson from me."

Well, Ram Lall the chandler mocks me; he pounded my cow
 last rains,

He's got three greasy young urchins; I'll see that *they* take
 pains.

Then comes the Settlement Officer, teaching to plough and to
 weed,

I've sow'd the cotton he gave me—but first I boil'd the seed.
 He likes us humble farmers, and talks so gracious and wise,
 As he asks of our manners and customs, and I answer him not
 but with lies.

"Look," says the School Inspector, "what a silly old man you
 be,

You can't read, nor write, nor cipher, and your grandsons do
 all three:

They 'll check the brokers' figures, and reckon the tenants' corn,
And read good books about London, and the world before you
were born."

Well, I may be old and foolish, for I have seventy years well
told,

And the British have ruled me for forty, and my hands and heart
grow cold.

Good boys they are, my grandsons, I know, but they 'll never
be men,

Such as I was at twenty-five, when the sword was lord of the
pen.

I rode a Dakhni charger, with a saddle-cloth gold-laced,
And a twelve-foot spear, and a Persian sword, and a pistol at
my waist.

My son keeps a little pony, and I grin to see him astride,
A-jogging away to the court-house, and swaying from side to
side.

My father was an Afghan, and came from Kandahar ;
He rode with the gallant Ameer Khan in the old Mahratta war.
From Sulaiman to the Vindhya, five hundred of one clan,
They ask'd no leave of lord or king, but swept o'er Hindustan.
My mother was a Brahmani, but she held to my father well,
She was saved at the sack of Jaleshwar, where a thousand
Hindus fell ;

Her kinsfolk died in the sally—but she follow'd where he went,
And dwelt, like a bold Pathani, in the shade of the riders' tent.
'Tis many a year gone by now, but still I often dream
Of a long dark march to the Jumna, and splashing across the
stream ;

With the waning^{*} moon on the waters, and the spears in the dim
star light,

As I rode in front of my mother, and wonder'd at all the sight.
But the British chased Ameer Khan, and the roving days must
cease ;

My father got this village, and till'd his lands in peace.

But I was young and hot of blood, and the life was not for me.
So I took to the hills of Malwa, and became a Pindaree.

Praise to the Name Almighty! there is no God but One,
And Muhammad is His Prophet, and His Will shall ever be
done.

Thou shalt take no use for money, nor thy faith for lucre sell;
Thou shalt make no terms with the Kafir, but smite his soul to
hell.

Tell me, ye men of Islam, that are dwelling in slavish ease,
That wrangle before the Faringhi for a poor man's last rupees—
Are ye better than were your fathers, that plunder'd with old
Cheetoo,

And squeezed the greasy traders, as the traders now squeeze
you?

Down yonder lives a usurer, my father gave him a bill,
I've paid the knave thrice over, and yet I'm paying him still.
He shews me a long stamp'd paper, and must have my lands—
must he?

If I were twenty years younger he should get just six feet by
three;

And if I were forty years younger, and my life before me to
choose,

I would'nt be bullied by Kafirs, or swindled by fat Hindoos;
But I'd go some distant country, where Musalmans still are men,
Or I'd take to the forest like Cheetoo, and die in the tiger's den!

Ω.

Rosette.

(FROM BERANGER.)

WHAT, heedless of your springtide gay,
You speak to me of tender fears—
To me! whose youth is giving way
Beneath the weight of forty years,
Love once could make my bosom glow—
'Twould kindle for a poor grisette!
Ah! would that I could love you now
As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

In glittering equipage, each day
 You shine among the brilliant throng;
 Rosette, all smiling, fresh and gay,
 Tripp'd lightsomely on foot along.
 How flash'd on her each daring eye—
 My jealous pains I think of yet;
 I cannot love you tenderly
 As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

To your boudoir, with satin deck'd,
 In rich attire as on you pass,
 The mirror'd walls your smiles reflect;
 Rosette had one poor looking-glass!
 No curtains fenced her pallet low,
 Morn's rosy blush her glances met;
 Alas! I cannot love you now
 As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

Your wit is bright, and many a youth
 Deems lyric compliments your meed;
 I do not blush to tell the truth—
 My poor Rosette could scarcely read!
 But, though her tongue was rather slow,
 Love could her words interpret yet;
 Alas! I cannot love you now
 As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

She had not charms like yours, in truth,
 Her heart less tender was, perchance;
 A lover's pains she could not soothe
 With such a fascinating glance.
 What spell enslaved me, will you know?
 'Twas youth, which vainly I regret;
 Ah! would that I could love you now
 As, long ago, I loved Rosette!

Euthanasia.

WE watch'd her breathing through the night,
 Her breathing soft and slow ;
 As in her breast the wave of life
 Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seem'd to speak,
 So slowly moved about,
 As we had lent her half our powers
 To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
 Our fears our hopes belied ;
 We thought her dying when she slept,
 And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad,
 And chill with early showers,
 Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
 Another morn than ours.

HOOD.

Man.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.)

DO you ask back the shade your leaves have given,
 O Tree, from yon fierce sky ?
 Dost wail, O Wind, that faint flowers are driven
 And trampled by ?

Wail on ! To me there comes, with fateful power,
 A darker day ;
 A sweeter summer breath, a fairer flower,
 It bears away.

C. P. M.

Mors Ianua Vitae.

FENTE noctis ibant horae,
 Spiritus trahebat ore
 Lentos aegra debili;
 Dum sub pectore iacentis
 It reditque refluentis
 Vita more pelagi.

Quam submissa loquebamur
 Voce, siue mouebamur,
 Pedibus quam tacitis !
 Dixeris suppeditasse
 Nos ferentes opem lassae
 Nostri partem roboris.

Tum formidines in mentes
 Spes refellit ingruentes,
 Spemque mox formidines;
 Visa, quum dormiret, mori,
 Visa similis sopori
 Mortis ipsa requies.

Lux est crastina renata
 Matutino contristata
 Imbre, foeda nebulis;
 Leniter ocellos claudit—
 Iamque non terrena gaudet
 Luce, sine tenebris.

T.

Flens Animal Ceteris Imperaturum.

QUAE, truci caelo frondes spoliata requiris ?
 Fles pede calcatas, Eure, iacere rosas ?
 Fleueris : at misero uenit mihi tristior hora ;
 Flos mihi candidior, dulcior aura, perit.

A.

Lucretius.

BUT who was he that in the garden snared
 Picus and Faunus, rustic gods? a tale
 To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—
 For look! what is it?—there? Yon arbutus
 Totters; a noiseless riot underneath
 Strikes through the wood, sets all the tops quivering—
 The mountain quickens into Nymph and Faun;
 And here an Oread—how the sun delights
 To glance and shift about her slippery sides,
 And rosy knees, and supple roundedness,
 And budded bosom peaks—who this way runs
 Before the rest. A satyr, a satyr, see,
 Follows; but him I proved impossible;
 Twy-natured is no nature; yet he draws
 Nearer and nearer, and I scan him now
 Beastlier than any phantom of his kind
 That ever butted his rough brother-brute
 For lust, or lusty blood, or provender:
 I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him; and she
 Loathes him as well; such a precipitate heel,
 Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-wing,
 Whirls her to me; but will she fling herself
 Shameless upon me? Catch her, goat-foot; nay,
 Hide, hide them, million-myrtled wilderness
 And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide! Do I wish—
 What?—that the bush were leafless? or to whelm
 All of them in one massacre? O ye gods,
 I know you careless, yet, behold, to you
 From childly wont and ancient use I call—
 I thought I lived securely as yourselves—

Lucretius.

QUIS porro fuit ille, dolos meditatus in horto,
 Qui Picum Faunumque, agrestia numina, uinxit?
 (Res ridenda satis, mage sum ridendus at ipse.)
 Aspice enim, quid id est? Vidistine? Arbutus illa
 Huc illuc nutat; iamque infra murmure surdo
 Lucus miscetur, tremefitque cacumine in omni—
 Monsque adeo Nymphas Faunosque in luminis oras
 Viuidus en! effert; iamque hac accurrit Oreas—
 Aspice! quam gaudent per molles ludere costas,
 Et cito mutato soles contingere motu,
 Purpureumque genu, teretisque uolumina formae
 Et geminos colles, teneras in pectore mammas!
 Illa quidem comites pedibus uelocibus antèit,
 En! Satyrus, Satyrus, fugientis passibus instat;
 Quem tamen haud unquam monstraui existere posse,
 Nulla cluet quoniam duplex natura animantum;
 At cursu propius propiusque accedere pergit,
 Et iam contemplor; uisu teterrimus ille
 E genere hirsuto, nec quisquam tempore in ullo
 Turpior in toruum direxit cornua fratrem,
 Venter ubi, aut calidus sanguis, pepulitue libido:
 Odi, detestor, sputo, fastidio—et illa,
 Illa horret portentum; ita uelox planta puellam
 Maiugenae pinnata uelut talaribus aureis
 Ad me praecipitat: mihi num temeraria sese
 Iniiciet? Capripes, quin prendis? Condite, quaeso,
 Illum, illam, innumeris uos tesqua () consita myrtis,
 Antraque obumbrantes laurus! quid auemus in illis?
 Num foliis dumum nudare, an caede sub una
 Percutere occisos omnis? O! Numina Diuom—
 Noui ego uos nostri seiunctos uiuere cura,
 Sed posco puerili ex usu et more uetusto—

No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-spite,
 No madness of ambition, avarice, none ;
 No larger feast than under plane or pine,
 With neighbours laid along the grass, to take
 Only such cups as left us friendly warm,
 Affirming each his own philosophy—
 Nothing to mar the sober majesties
 Of settled, sweet Epicurean life.

TENNYSON.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'TIS the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh.
 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er thy bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.
 So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 The gems drop away.
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

MOORE.

Me quoque, uos ueluti, securum agitare putabam,
 Scilicet inuidia aegra mihi, deeratque libido,
 Nullus opum, non ullus amor uesanus honorum,
 Non epulae, nisi quum platani pinusue sub umbra,
 Cum sociis stratis per gramina, pocla iuuaret
 Sumere, quae dumtaxat ut arderemus amice
 Efficerent; nunc hic rationem exponere rerum
 Gaudebat, nunc ille suam: nihil inde subibat
 Quo turbarentur uitae ornamenta serena,
 Suauis, et ad normam ipsius directa Epicuri.

H. M. H.

Rosa Quo Locorum Sera Moretur.

EN! rosa sola uiget praestantior omnibus una,
 Quae fuit aestiui sola relicta chori:
 Deperiere olim comites, Paestana propago:
 Non honor est uariis qui fuit ante comis.
 Conscia quae rubeat, suspiria corde uicissim
 Quae reddat socio, iam rosa nulla manet.
 Non ego te solam, florum regina, relinquam,
 Ne roseum macies occupet aegra decus:
 Altus habet comites pulcras sopor: ipsa quiescas:
 Consocietque unus quas color una quies.
 Sic, florum decus, ipsa manu tua gaudia fundam,
 Et direpta solo sarta comasque dabo,
 Dormit ubi comitum quondam tibi fida caterua,
 Et moritur, uixit qui tibi mixtus, odor.
 Me quoque mox eadem capiat uia, fugerit olim
 Quidquid amicitiae quidquid amoris erat,
 Quum marcere decor gemmis inceperit illis,
 Quas habuit Paphiae lucida mitra deae:
 Num quis erit nullo quem iam comitante iuuarit
 Vadere non socio per loca trita pede?

W. R. B.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP.*

III. OF THE SCHOOL OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

 Paradise Lost.

IN the woodlands wild
 I was once a child,
 Singing, free from care,
 Wandering everywhere.

Angels went and came,
 Like spires of blissful flame—
 All among the flowers,
 Fed with virgin showers,
 Angels went and came,
 Call'd me by my name.

But a Serpent crept
 On me as I slept,
 Stung me on the eyes,
 Woke with sick surprise.

And a Demon came
 With a face of shame,
 Spoke my sudden doom,
 Naked in the gloom.

Then a dreadful sound
 Pealed through heaven's profound ;
 All my lonesome places
 Were fill'd with dreadful faces ;
 Everywhere a face
 Full of my disgrace.

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

Paradise Found.

Naked, in despair,
 Ashes on my hair,
 Menace everywhere,
 I fled from pallid Care :

Weak as lamb new yeon'd,
 Follow'd by the Fiend,
 With his whip of wires
 Red with my desires.

Soon a Sage drew near,
 Clad my stripes in fear,
 Bade me weep and wait,
 At a temple gate.

But a Maiden came
 With tender hands of flame,
 And by secret ways
 She led me, many days.

In the woodlands wild,
 Now no more a child ;
 Among seraphs bright
 I clothe my limbs in light.

Where the children sleep,
 Like a snake I creep ;
 Kiss them on the face
 For their greater grace.

J. T.

IV. OF THE SCHOOL OF MR. LONGFELLOW.

SILENCE sleeping on a waste of ocean—
 Sun down—westward traileth a red streak—
 One white sea-bird, poised with scarce a motion,
 Challenges the stillness with a shriek,
 Challenges the stillness, upward wheeling
 Where some rocky peak containeth her rude nest ;
 For the shadows o'er the waters they come stealing,
 And they whisper to the silence, " There is Rest."

Down where the broad Zambesi River
 Glides away into some shadowy lagoon,
 Lies the antelope, and hears the leaflets quiver,
 Shaken by the sultry breath of noon ;
 Hears the sluggish water ripple in its flowing ;
 Feels the atmosphere, with fragrance all-opprest ;
 Dreams his dreams, and the sweetest is the knowing
 That above him, and around him, there is Rest.

Centuries have faded into shadow ;
 Earth is fertile with the dust of man's decay ;
 Pilgrims all they were to some bright El-dorado,
 But they wearied, and they fainted, by the way.
 Some were sick with the surfeiture of pleasure ;
 Some were bow'd beneath a care-encumber'd breast ;
 But they all trod in turn Life's stately measure,
 And all paused betimes to wonder, " Is there Rest?"

Look, O man ! to the limitless Hereafter,
 When thy Sense shall be lifted from its dust,
 When thy Anguish shall be melted into Laughter,
 When thy Love shall be sever'd from its Lust.
 Then thy spirit shall be sanctified with seeing
 The Ultimate dim Thulè of the Blest,
 And the passion-haunted fever of thy being
 Shall be drifted in a Universe of Rest.

Ariadne.

(FROM CATULLUS.)

WHERE the resounding surge's lash fell hoarse on Dia's
 shore,
 While his swift-bounding bark away the traitor Theseus bore,
 Unconquer'd fury in her heart, doth Ariadne gaze,
 Nor thinks she sees the thing she sees in her spirit's wild amaze.

Lo ! starting from beguiling sleep convulsively she stands,
 And finds herself forsaken upon the salt sea-sands ;
 The while th' unheeding youth across the purple waters rows,
 And gives to the wild wandering winds his bootless broken vows.

Soon as she caught the distant boat with sorrow-streaming eyes,
 Like a mad Maenad turn'd to stone, wild wild Evoean cries,
 Tempestuous throes of passion shook her heart with fell despair,
 She shrieks, she tears away the snood that tied her golden hair.

She tears away the slender veil that shrined her breast of snow,
 She tears away the bosom-band that hid the orbs below,
 And flung them from her, and the waves in their unconscious
 play,
 Toy'd with them, as they rock'd and roll'd amid the curling
 spray.

She cared not for the fine-wrought snood nor dainty bosom-band
 That mingled with the brown sea-wrack and with the tawny
 sand ;
 Round Theseus still albeit 'twas he her heart with grief so wrung,
 Round Theseus still that bleeding heart with clasping tendrils
 clung.

“ And is it thus perfidious from my native land you bore,
 To leave me here forsaken upon this desert shore ?
 And is it thus departing the wrath of gods you spurn,
 And, ah ungrateful ! to your home a perjured wretch return ?

“ Could nothing bend that cruel soul to change its stern decree?
 Was there no pity in your breast that whisper’d thoughts of me?
 And when for flight your parting boat spread wide its fluttering
 wings,
 Theseus, did no remorseful thought tug at your false heart’s
 strings?

“ Not such the promises you gave when first you courted me,
 Not such the bliss you bade me seek across the dark blue sea ;
 But nuptial joys and bridal wreaths to crown my blushing brows ;
 Ah, now the winds have scatter’d all the music of your vows !

“ Come, come, you fell Eumenides, whose serpent-cinctured brow
 Prefigures the black fires that burn within your hearts below ;
 You who chastise with scorpion whip men for their guilty deeds,
 O come and look upon the wrongs with which my bosom bleeds.

“ O come and hear the vengeful curse that like a venom’d dart
 My tortured spirit madly shoots from out my inmost heart.
 O let the wicked Theseus, that harden’d heart of steel,
 Let Theseus and his kith and kin like retribution feel.”

Soon as she spoke the malison and pour’d out all her wrath,
 Invoking gods and furies to cross the traitor’s path,
 Heaven’s ruler nods, and trembles earth, and o’er the ocean jars
 Hoarse muttering thunder, bows the sky, and shakes the glitter-
 ing stars.

Meanwhile o’er Theseus’ heedless mind oblivion settled dark,
 As into the Erecthean port he steer’d the black-sail’d bark ;
 The mandates of his weeping sire no longer treasured he,
 Nor hoisted the bright signal sail to tell of victory.

They say that when the youthful chief was e’en in act to part
 From Attica, and full of hope on peril’s path to start,
 His father strain’d him to his breast, and press’d with many a
 tear,
 And mid his sobs pour’d these fond words of counsel in his ear:

“ My son, more dear to me than life, whom now in vain I see
 Restored to cheer my waning age, once more away to flee,
 Son, whom thy fate and valour send to win a desperate prize,
 Or e'er thy comely form and face have satisfied mine eyes.

“ I may not scare away the gloom that casts o'er me its chill,
 I may not with a cheerful word dispel the sense of ill ;
 I'll utter many a mournful plaint, with dust I'll strew my hair,
 I'll hang black canvass on thy ship to tell of my despair.

“ But if th' Itonian goddess whose strong protecting hand,
 Defends our blood and guards the seats of the Erecthean land,
 Should grant thee with victorious hand to spill the monster's gore,
 Then treasure up my counsel, boy, within thy bosom's core.

“ Soon as your native hills again gleam faintly on the eye,
 Straight let your sail-yards lay once more their sable canvass by ;
 Run up once more the white sail as a signal flag for me,
 And let it tell the welcome tale of life and victory.”

These were the old man's parting words as he his son resign'd,
 These mandates Theseus treasured up within his constant mind ;
 But now in strange forgetfulness they glided from his breast,
 E'en as the passing cloudlet leaves the high hill's snowy crest.

And now the old man watch'd his son from the mountain
 summit high,
 And as he gazed a gust of tears suffused his fading eye ;
 But when above the ocean's rim the black sail looming rose,
 He rush'd, and in the foaming sea he buried all his woes.

Thus Theseus, as he stepp'd beneath his father's roof once more,
 Felt something of the anguish poor Ariadne bore ;
 But still *she* watch'd with constant gaze across the mournful
 main,
 And sought for the receding bark she ne'er might see again.

J. G.

Alexander Selkirk.

I AM monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face!
 Better live in the midst of alarms
 Than reign in this horrible place.
 I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see,
 They are so unaccustom'd to man
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

COWPER.

Dieu Muet.

LA neige a ses gaîtés, le soleil sa tristesse;
 En son joyeux printemps la terre a ses langueurs;
 Le bonheur jette une ombre, et des ans les rigueurs
 S'émoussent au front calme où sourit la sagesse.

Ici bas rien d'entier; le deuil à l'allégresse,
 Le regret au plaisir, l'amertume aux douceurs,
 Tout se mêle en notre âme, et sa suprême ivresse
 N'est qu'un désir trompé qui s'éteint dans les pleurs.

Et c'est pourquoi toujours, en son inquiétude,
 L'homme oscille, et ne sait, cherchant l'obscur lien
 Par qui sont rattachés et le mal et le bien,
 Et l'amour, et la mort, si la béatitude,
 Est promesse ou mensonge, et si d'un Dieu muet
 Il doit souffrir l'outrage ou bénir le bienfait.

DANIEL STERN.

Desertis Solus in Oris.

QUA spectant oculi, late do iura tyrannus,
 Aemulus est nullus, qui mea regna petat—
 Vndique, caeruleo qua cingitur insula ponto,
 In uolucres dominor montiuagosque greges.
 Vos infelices (non sic cecinere poëtae)
 Queis hominum coetus deseruisse placet.
 O quanto melius uolgi perferre tumultum,
 Quam misera in solis regna tenere locis.
 Nil me desertum mortalia tangere possunt,
 Conficiam solus, quod mihi restat, iter.
 Humanas nunquam uoces audire iuuabit,
 Ipsius et terrent me mea uerba sono.
 Per latos errant luduntque animalia campos,
 Me secuta uident, nec mea forma fugat,
 Insolitoque feras mansuetas more tuenti
 Insolito trepidant corda pauore mihi.

W. R.

The Oracles are Dumb.

NOW hath its cheer, the bright sun gloom defiles,
 On earth's glad spring-tide falls a weariness :
 Joy casts a shadow : years do but caress,
 Not furrow, the calm brow where wisdom smiles.

Nought perfect here below : mourning with mirth,
 Regret with pleasure, hope with deadening fears,
 Are mingled in our soul ; its bliss, what worth ?—
 At best a vain desire, extinct in tears.

And therefore in his restlessness man waves
 Now to, now fro, seeking the darkling link
 Which binds both good and ill, both love and death ;
 Doubting the very paradise he craves,
 He knows not, God being mute, if he shall shrink
 And curse in bitterness, or bless in faith.

R. A.

To a Pensive Friend.

WHY, why repine, my pensive friend,
At pleasures slipt away ?
Some the stern Fates will never lend,
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,
The dew upon the grass ;
I see them, and I ask not why
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not
To call them back ; 'twere vain :
In this or in some other spot,
I know, they 'll shine again.

W. S. LANDOR.

On the Foregoing Divine Poems.

WHEN we for age could neither read, nor write,
The subject made us able to indite :
The soul, with nobler resolutions deckt,
The body stooping, does herself erect :
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, who unbod'y'd can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er :
So, calm are we, when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness, which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light, through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER.

Ad Postumum.

QVID, quid querella, Postume, flebili
 Dilapsa luges gaudia? sunt enim
 Donare quae tristis recuset
 Parca, neque ulla diu manebunt.

Est ut nitescat nimbus in aethere;
 Est ut nitescat ros quoque gramine;
 Specto; neque, ut specto, rogare
 Cur nitidi fugiant laboro.

Per me recedant: nil moror; irrita
 Incuriosus non reuoco prece:
 Ni fallor, huc ipsi fugaces
 Aut alio referent nitores.

A.

Aurea Dicta.

QVVM nec prae senio legere aut plus scribere possem,
 Vt dictare queam studium et res praestitit ipsa.
 Corpore curuato tum demum accincta animae uis
 Consilium ad melius sursum sese ardua tollit;
 Nec corpus mortale opus est quo se leuet, expers
 Corporis ipsa potens laudes celebrare Parentis.
 Aequor uti placidum uento cessante quiescit,
 Sic nobis quoque mens, animi quum concidit aestus;
 Rescit enim rebus quam praue gaudeat illis
 Quae fluitant, quas sors non euitabilis aufert:
 Id iuuenem fallit quod nube cupidinis acta
 Cernit iam senior, quantum insit rebus inane.
 Vt tenebrosa domus quassata aeuoque uieta
 Per rimas lumen iam plenius accipit intro,
 Sic macie ualidus, macie sapientior idem
 Fit uir quo propius sub finem uenerit aeui;
 Resque deumque hominumque simul, tellure relicta,
 Conspicit ingrediens insuetum limen Olympi.

J. F. D.

Herodotus in Dublin.

[The original Greek is added when it is deemed necessary.]

AND leaving the Hyperboreans I went towards Lips and the West Wind, and going to the furthest point I came to a city named Dublin, and what I heard, inquiring to the greatest extent,¹ that I am going to relate. The people of Dublin adopt laws different from the laws of all other countries; and among other things there are certain persons reserved² for this service, on whom it devolves to sweep up the mud of the streets upon certain parts of the street which are most frequented, and doing this they say they are making crossings. And concerning these things I made careful inquiry,³ and a certain priest told me that they do this in honour of the goddess Cloacina, whom they greatly honour, both in other respects, and also reserve the most populous part of their city for a sewer, which they keep open in honour of their goddess. Now for this purpose there are certain overseers⁴ appointed, whom they call the Corporation. And there was a poet in the city of Dublin who made many and beautiful poems, and they erected a statue in his honour, and also ordained certain other observances about the statue, which though I well know it beseemeth me not to describe. Now concerning the reason of these observances I cannot speak certainly; but, if it is fit to speak conjecturing,⁵ it seems to me that they have wished to honour him above all other men, by granting to him common observances as they give unto the goddess whom they especially revere.

Concerning then what the priest told me, let thus much have

¹ ἐπὶ μακρότατον πυνθανόμενος.

² ἀποδεδέχεται.

³ ἐφρόντιζον ἱστορέων.

⁴ μελεδωνοί.

⁵ οὐκ ἔχω ἀτρεκέως εἶπαι • εἰ δὲ χρεὼν ἔστι τεκμαιρόμενον λέγειν.

been said ; but what I saw in the city most of all deserving of description,¹ that I shall relate.² There is in the midst of the city, next the treasure-house, a certain building, which in their language they call University, but the Greeks call it Academy. And here especially they use laws different from those of all other men, for they celebrate³ their year divided into three parts of four months, and each of these periods they call a term or end ; but at the close of each term they hold a great assembly, and doing this they say that they are holding commencements. Moreover, having chosen one who no longer lectures, him they call senior lecturer,⁴ but to the lecturers they give another name. And one of the priests, whom they call porters, being very skilled in legendary lore,⁵ told me that formerly having chosen such as were very learned every year, these they honoured in other ways, and also gave medals of gold to the most learned, and of silver to those who were less learned ; but those who were most unlearned, and could answer few of the questions of the high priests, these they called respondents or answerers. Moreover, among other nations, their temples are built so as to face the East ; but here the temple is built towards the North Wind and Arctos. Likewise, having found out those women most oppressed by old age, these they keep as servants, calling them skips ; now the Greeks call this word *ἐλαφράς*. But another priest told me that they are rightly called gyps, and that this word is adopted from the name which the Greeks use for a vulture.⁶

Now there is, immediately on entering, a belfry, very great and beautiful, and on it are four statues, great in size⁷ ; but one of the priests told me that these were the statues of Hope, Faith, Charity, and the Head Porter ; now he is a great

¹ ἄξιαπληγέτατον.

² ἔρχομαι φράσω.

³ ἄγουσι.

⁴ τὸν ἐπὶ τῶν διηγησέων.

⁵ λογιώτατος.

⁶ γύψ.

⁷ μεγάθει μεγάλοι.

man,¹ in great authority, on whom all the rest depend,² and corresponds to him who among the Persians is called the eye of the king. This then the priest told me; but another priest seemed to me to be jesting, pointing out to me the temple of the Muses; for it is evident, even to one not having heard before, but having seen it, whosoever at least has intelligence,³ that this is not a temple, neither of any other god, nor of the Muses; and, if it be fit to speak conjecturing, it seems to me that the building in front which they now call in their language the printing press, *that* formerly was the temple of the Muses, and that those of the present day speak rashly, transferring the name to another place. Now concerning these things there is told a sacred story.

But what surprised me most of all the things there⁴ was a contrivance which they call a clock, and which corresponds to the gnomon and sun-dial among the Greeks. And the priest told me that formerly this was so contrived, as not to correspond to the true hour of the day, but so as to want the fourth part of an hour of it. And he told me that there was a certain person to whom it was entrusted to keep back the clock, and that he was called Catechist, from the word which the Greeks use for keeping back.⁵ But, why the machine was so contrived, and how it happened that it is now adjusted so as to correspond to the proper time,⁶ I shall relate next in order.

T.

¹ χρῆμα μέγα ἀνδρός.

² ἐξ οὗ ἄλλοι πάντες ἀρτέονται.

³ δῆλα γὰρ δὴ καὶ μὴ προκαοῦσαντι ἰδόντι δὲ, ὅστις γε σύνεσιν ἔχει.

⁴ τὸ δὲ ἀπάντων θάῤῥμα μέγιστόν μοι ἐστὶ τῶν ταύτης.

⁵ κατέχειν.

⁶ ὅπως δὴ αἱ ὥραι συμβαίνωσι παραγινόμεναι ἐς τὸ δέον.





O Gloria!

LOOK at the godlike boy of Macedon,
Whose name the Orientals call Secunder,
Whom Ammon's swindling priests proclaimed the son
Of him who rules the skies and wields the thunder;
Who killed his friend for turning him to fun,
And wept to find no more worlds left to plunder,
And fired a town to please a woman. He
Expired at thirty of *delirium t.*

Then there's the man of men, Napoleon,
The endless theme of every Frenchman's ravings,
To lose his temper somewhat over-prone,
And sorely vexed by J. Gillray's engravings;
Taught by a player how to fill a throne,
Helped by a dressy wife to spend his savings,
He dreamed a brave long dream of war and show,
And woke at Longwood with Sir Hudson Lowe!

Yes, doubtless, 'tis a great thing to be great,
When a great life's crowned by a glorious fall;
But Babylonian and Parisian state
Ended right sorrily for Greek and Gaul.
Well! 'twas a strange stern irony of Fate,
That of two men who held the world in thrall,
One died the victim of a silly bet,
The other bullied by a martinet!

J. H. DE B.

Song.

(FROM "TIS PITY SHE'S A QUEEN," BY ROGER NEWCOMBE. A.D. 1610.)

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

Enter LADY MARGARET, *with* SUSAN *and* LUCY; LADY MARGARET *at her embroidery-frame sings* :—

GIRLS, when I am gone away,
On this bosom strew
Only flowers frail and pale,
And the yew.

Lay these hands down by my side,
Let my face be bare;
Bind a kerchief round the face,
Smooth my hair.

Let my bier be borne at dawn
(Summer hours grow sweet)
Deep into the forest green
Where boughs meet.

Then come away, and let me lie
One long, warm, sweet day
There alone with face upturn'd,
One sweet day.

While the morning light grows broad,
While noon sleepeth sound,
While the evening falls and faints,
While the world goes round.

Susan. Whence had you this song, lady?

L. Mar. Out of the air;

From no one an' it be not from the wind
That goes at noonday in the sycamore trees.
—When said the messenger he would return?

Susan. By twelve—upon this very hour.

L. Mar.

Look now,

The sand falls down the glass with even pace,
The shadows lie like yesterday's. Nothing
Is wrong with the world. You are part of it—
I stand within a magic circle, charm'd
From reach of anything, shut in from you,
Leagues from my needle and this frame I touch,
Waiting till doomsday come—

[*Knocking heard.*] The messenger!

Quick, I will wait you here, and hold my heart
Ready for death, or too much ravishment.

[*Exeunt both girls.*]

How the little sand-hill slides away!

Susan [*returning.*]

Lady!

L. Mar. I know it by your eyes. O do not fear
To tell all punctually; I am carved of stone.

E. D.

A Misgiving.

PAST praise, past blame, past joys, and past regrets,
At length thou sleepest cold in thy green grave,
Where the close dew the mourning cypress wets,
And the wind sobbeth low, or frenziedly doth rave.
Is, then, the strife all done?
Is, then, the rest all won
For which the weary hearts of toil-worn mortals crave?

Thrice, oh! thrice blessed thou if this be so!

Soft is the covering of the green, green earth;

Sweet is the sleep that knows not joy or woe,

Remote alike from tears, and feverish, restless mirth!

Is, then, the strife all done?—

Or but new strife begun?

Vain quest! The dead are silent. Knowledge hath its girth.

T. F.

On a Fan.

FLAVIA, the least and slightest toy,
 Can with resistless art employ
 This Fan in meaner hands would prove
 An engine of small force in love :
 Yet she with graceful air and mien,
 Not to be told or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motions so
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow ;
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast—a flame !

FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

A Sylvan Scene.

AND now the sharp keel of his little boat
 Comes up with ripple, and with easy float,
 And glides into a bed of water-lilies ;
 Broad-leaved are they, and their white canopies
 Are upward turn'd to catch the heaven's dew.
 Near to a little island's point they grew :
 Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
 Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
 Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
 And light blue mountains ; but no breathing man
 With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
 Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by
 Objects that look'd out so invitingly
 On either side.

KEATS.

Motto for Punch.

Pinguis palea.

VIRGIL.

Ego Limis Specto Sic per Flabellum Clanculum.

FLAVIA, quantumvis sint parua crepundia, sollers
In telum Veneris uertere quodque potest.

Tuc Zephyros indocta mouet quum virgo flabello,

Non simili puerum tabe peredit amor :

Illa tamen putribusque oculis motuque uenusto,

(Quis memorat saluo pectore ? Quisue uidet ?)

Dirigit huc illuc orbem lasciua coruscum,

Vt calamo haud plures ipse Cupido necet ;

Frigus enim dominae formosae uentilat uni,

Sed miseris aliis ignea flabra ciet.

A. S. P.

Flumina Amem Siluasque.

DIMOVET at fluctus tenuis iam prora phaseli
Vorticibus sensim liquidis per nantia labens

Lilia, quae latis foliis et tegmime surgunt

Candida, suspiciuntque Iouis captantia rorem.

Insula decurrit propè, qua telluris amaeos

(Non usquam melius) uideas, Calidore, recessus.

Litoris arboreus canentis caerula montis

Paulatim sinus accedit. Sed luce fruentum,

Pectore sed calido mortalis numquis honestum

Istud naturale decus uisurus, utrimque

Delicias oculis tales securus omittat ?

C.

Sapiensne ? Etiam.

EST quae contineat cunctorum formula mores :

Quod rectum est, nolunt ; quod libet, usque uolunt.

J. F. D.

The Slave's Dream.

BESIDE the ungather'd rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again in the mist and shadow of sleep
 He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flow'd;
 Beneath the palm trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode;
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
 Among her children stand;
 They clasp'd his neck, they kiss'd his cheek,
 They held him by the hand—
 A tear burst from the sleeper's lids,
 And fell into the sand.

LONGFELLOW.

Pinus Insignis.

POOR Tree! a gentle mistress placed thee here,
 To be the glory of the glade around;
 Thy life has not survived one fleeting year,
 And she too sleeps beneath another mound.

But mark what differing terms your fates allow,
 Tho' like the period of your swift decay;
 Thine are the sapless root and wither'd bough;
 Her's the green memory and immortal day.

CARLISLE.

Insomnium Captiui.

DVRIS ille laboribus
 Languens in Cereris mergitibus bonae
 Stratus membra iacet ; neque
 Falx seruilis adhuc decedit e manu :
 Torret pectora nescia
 Vestitus teneri Sol nimium ferus ;
 Necnon puluere sordido
 Squallet caesaries ; fraudis at artifex
 Ludo fallit amabili
 Somnus, uana ciens. En ! iterum uidet
 Ereptam patriam ; uidet
 Voluentem per agros ad mare fluctuum
 Moles regificas Nigrum.
 In campo ipse sedens sub platano manu
 Rursus sceptrum tenet sua,
 Frenorum crepitus auribus imbibit
 Descendentibus e iugis
 Laetis agminibus. Mox pueros uidet,
 Vxoremque oculis nigram,
 Quae donec geminans oscula per genas
 Figit non sine fletibus,
 Circumdatque iterum brachia dulcia
 Ceruici, ipse etiam nimis
 Grata fraude fruens illachrymat simul.

C. C.

Aefasto Te Posuit Die.

ARBOR, te miseram posuit manus alma puellae
 Vt nemoris stares gloria magna tui ;
 Sed tibi uita breuem non suppeditauit in annum,
 Mortua sub tumulo dormit et illa suo.
 At breuitate pares quamquam mors abstulit ambas,
 Impare sunt sortes condicione datae ;
 Est marcere tuum ramis arentibus, illa
 Floret in ore uirum, floret in Elysio.

B.

Cruz Amoris.

(BY OUR METAPHYSICAL POET.)

LOVE is not I; I am not Love,
 Though all things blend in some degree
 Throughout this vast Immensity
 With no Below and no Above.

Some things I cannot understand—
 I cannot take this mundane ball,
 And toss and catch it ere it fall,
 And juggle it from hand to hand.

If there be Love, there must be One;
 If there be One, there must be Two;
 But purblind we cannot pursue
 The series through the ages on.

And yet Love may perchance be I,
 And somewhere in the dim Above
 I'll coo, and bear me as a dove,
 And mate me with Plurality.

If Love be I, I am not I,
 And if not I, who can I be;
 I flutter in my agony,
 And beat the bars that won't reply.

I cannot think—I cannot see;
 Four cressets flare upon the board—
 One, two, three, four—yea, by my word,
 Four seem where two ought only be.

I know not all things—there's the rub—
 And so I'll round me with a sleep,
 Then from my nightmare forth I'll creep,
 And plunge me in the crystal tub

That sets the man one fervid glow,
 A Unit 'mongst his fellow-men.
 Put out the light—and then, and then—
 To bed, to bed—for this is slow.

And, after all, I may be Love;
 But now I scuffle in the dark,
 But if I am it is a lark—
 I cannot make it out by Jove.

T. M.

To Bella.

(AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET.)

BELLA, when you've said "Good-night"—
 When eve is at its closing—
 Kneeling by the dim lamp's light,
 Half praying and half dozing—
 When your dainty white alcove
 You've fearfully peep'd under,
 What is it then, my little love,
 You think about, I wonder!

Does jealousy your breast assail?
 Do loving thoughts within burn?
 Perhaps they're of the Holy Grail,
 Or naughty Mr. Swinburne.
 Perhaps your fancy runs on dress
 Diaphanous of tissue—
 Or chignon *versus* curling tress
 May be the point at issue.

Perhaps you think of "that new waltz"—
 Of girlish confidences—
 Of *bonbons*—husbands—Hetty's faults—
 Your pocket's dire expenses.
 Perhaps of some neglected call—
 Perhaps of winter clothing—
 Of bouquets—of your next week's ball—
 Of me—perhaps of nothing!

D. F.

The Silent Land.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.)

INTO the Silent Land!
 Ah? who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
 And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
 Who leads us with a gentle hand
 Thither, oh thither,
 Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
 To you, ye boundless regions
 Of all perfection, tender morning visions
 Of beauteous souls, Eternity's own band.
 Who in life's battle firm doth stand
 Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
 Into the Silent Land.

O Land! O Land!
 For all the broken hearted
 The mildest herald by our fate allotted
 Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
 To lead us with a gentle hand
 Into the land of all the great departed,
 Into the Silent Land.

LONGFELLOW.

Otia Pia.

TERRAS silentes quaerimus : oh, uolet
 Ecquis benigna ducere nos manu ?
 Nunc ecce densantur tenebrae
 Vesperis—ecce iacent arena

Fractae carinae latius undique !
 Ergo silentes ibimus in plagas :
 Qua rura praefinita nullo
 Limite habet generosa uirtus—

Sedes beatas ! quas, animae piae,
 Per uisa somni dulcia sub diem
 Spectatis, O sortita proles
 Luce frui sine fine uitae !

Quicumque frimo pectore uicerit
 Adversa uitae, spes tenues adhuc
 Deuctus in terram silentem,
 Flore nouo aspiciet uigentes.

O corda saeuis pressa doloribus,
 Accedit en dux, quem deus optimum
 Permisit, inuersaque taeda
 Litora nos uocat ad quieta.

Terram in silentem mors animas pias
 Gestit benigna ducere dextera—
 Quo cuncta deuctum per aeuum
 Composuit numerum bonorum.

The Song of the Glass.

COME push round the flagon each brother,
 But fill bumper-high ere it pass ;
 And while you hob-nob one another,
 I'll sing you "The Song of the Glass."

Once Genius and Beauty and Pleasure
 Sought the Goddess of Art in her shrine,
 And prayed her to fashion a treasure
 The brightest her skill could combine.
 Said the Goddess, well pleased at the notion,
 "Most gladly I'll work your behest ;
 From the margin of yonder blue ocean
 Let each bring the gift that seems best."

Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

Beauty fetched from her own Ocean-Water
 The sea-wraik that lay on the strand,
 And Pleasure the golden sands brought her,
 That he stole from Time's tremulous hand :
 But Genius went pondering and choosing
 Where gay shells and sea-flowers shine,
 Grasped a sun-lighted wave in his musing,
 And found his hand sparkling with brine.

Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

"'Tis well," said the Goddess, as smiling
 Each offering she curiously scanned,
 On her altar mysteriously piling
 The brine and the wraik and the sand :
 Mixing up with strange spells, as she used them,
 Salt, soda, and flint, in a mass ;
 With the flame of the lightning she fused them,
 And the marvellous compound was—*Glass!*

Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

Beauty glanced at the crystal half-frighted,
 For stirring with life it was seen,
 Till gazing, she blushed all delighted
 As she saw her own image within.
 "Henceforth," she exclaimed, "be thou ever
 The mirror to Beauty most dear;
 Not from steel, nor from silver, nor river
 Is the reflex so lustrous or clear."

Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

But genius, the while, rent asunder
 A fragment, and raising it high,
 Looked through it, beholding with wonder
 New stars over-clustering the sky.
 With rapture he cried, "Now is given
 To Genius the power divine
 To draw down the planets from heaven,
 Or roam through the stars where they shine!"

Chorus—Then push round the flagon, &c.

The rest fell to earth—Pleasure caught it,
 Plunged his bowl, ere it cooled, in the mass;
 To the form of the wine-cup he wrought it,
 And cried—"Here's the true use of Glass!"
 Then leave, boys, the mirror to woman,
 Through the the lens let astronomers blink—
 There's no glass half so dear to a true man
 As the wine-glass when filled to the brink.

Chorus—Then push round the flask, each good fellow,
 Let's capture old Time ere he pass,
 We'll steal all his sands while he's mellow,
 And fill with the grape-juice his glass.

J. F. W.

Libiamo.

THEN let the chill sirocco blow,
 And gird us round with hills of snow,
 Or else go whistle to the shore,
 And make the hollow mountains roar.

Whilst we together jovial sit
 Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit,
 Where, though bleak winds confine us home,
 Our fancies round the world shall roam.

We'll think of all the friends we know,
 And drink to all worth drinking to ;
 When having drunk all thine and mine,
 We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply
 Our friendships with our charity ;
 Men that remote in sorrows live,
 Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,
 And those that languish into health,
 The afflicted into joy, the opprest
 Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find
 Favour return again more kind ;
 And in restraint who stifled lie,
 Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,
 The lovers shall have mistresses ;
 Poor unregarded virtue praise,
 And the neglected poet bays.

Nunc est Bibendum.

FRIGIDAS alas agitet procella,
 Et niues circum cumulet, uel oras
 Verberet stridore, caui ut resultet
 Montis imago.

Nos iuuat, ludo uacuos iocisque,
 Otio hic festo recubare; clausos
 Sacua hiems tectis tenet: at soluta
 Mente uagemur;

Omnium totum memores per orbem
 Quot mero digni celebremus, usque
 Donec haud siccis pateris supersint
 Nomina nulla.

Atque iam nullo remanente amico,
 Nos et ignotis studio bibemus;
 Et dabunt aegris profugis salutem
 Pocula plena.

Gaudium maestis erit arte nostra,
 Languidis uires, et opes egenis;
 Nec ferent crudele iugum tyranni
 Libera colla.

Cui nocet rumor malus immerenti,
 Denuo fama incolumis redibit;
 Liberas auras capient iacentes
 Carcere foedo.

Debitos fortes referent honores,
 Mutua et flamma iuuenes calebunt;
 Laude iam Virtus, propria fruetur
 Fronde poeta.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP.*

V. OF THE SCHOOL OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lines

DESCRIPTIVE OF THE EFFECT OF EXTERNAL NATURE ON THE
INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL IN MAN.

Childhood—Effects produced by the phenomena of the seasons upon the Boy—
Guidance of the Spirit of Nature resorted to in the choice of a home—Wanderings
in maturer life—These induce a more spiritual frame of mind—Isolation from
mankind not solitude—The soul brought into harmony with the Universe—
Consequent sanctification of the senses—Prophetic power thence attained—
Blessedness resulting from its noble exercise—The Poet, in his seclusion, above
the pettiness and wickedness of worldly life.

THERE was a Boy, that moved among his peers,
Silent, and with a thought within his face
More than a boy's; not mingling in the sports
That made the woodlands echo with a sound
Strange to their inmost being. But when the clouds
Burnt in the sunset on the mountain-tops;
Or when in winter, keen with frost, the stars
Gleam'd in the tarn as in another sky;
When the spring breath'd; or when the summer woods
Brooded in still grey noon—you might have seen
Pensive and rapt that solitary Boy.
Communion hold with Nature. And the power
And the delight that dwell in visible things
Became a part of him. Mountains and clouds,
And rushing torrents, and the sleep of lakes,
And hoary rocks, and every living leaf,

* These poems are in no sense parodies, but intend to be affectionate studies or sketches in the manner of some of the masters of song.

And every worm that crawls, became for him
 A presence and a glory and an awe.
 So he grew up to manhood; and was led
 By that great Spirit of the Universe,
 Which was his life, to shun the ways of men,
 Unblest for such as he. In Rydal Vale
 He made his rural dwelling,—and would roam
 Far o'er the misty mountains, ere the plains
 Reveal'd shone in the sunrise; many a day
 And many a night in fair untrodden ways
 Wandering companionless. Yet not alone,
 O not alone! for oftentimes to him
 Came mystic voices on the gale, and tones
 Of transport in the whisper of the woods.
 Then would the heavy weight of flesh fall off,
 And 'mid green fields he stood a naked soul,
 Harmonious with the sympathy that flows
 Unceasingly through all things; till his heart
 Was purified, and every grosser sense,
 Imbodied and informed with spiritual life,
 Sanctified in its essence. And a power
 Was given him, and a voice to utter all
 The music of his nature—all the joy
 And deeper love of this most blessed world
 That springs from holiness: though pain and grief
 Might be his portion, solaced and sustained
 By a sweet inward peace. Beyond the cares
 And turmoil of existence, and beyond
 The whispers of malevolence; serene
 In the possession of that heav'nlier wealth
 Which converse with the mountains and the clouds,
 And all the sights and sounds the seasons bring,
 Yields for its recompense—the Poet lived,
 Secluded and content, and in his heart
 Deep blessedness that passion cannot give.

J. T.

POEMS WRITTEN IN DISCIPLESHIP.

(CONTINUED.)

VI. IN THE EARLIER STYLE OF EURIPIDES.

Hypatiæ Mors.

LOQUITUR HYPATIAE FAMULUS.

Ξυνεσπόμην δὲ καίπερ οὐ σθένων ὁμως
 γέρων ἀρωγὸς εἴ τι μὴ τοῖον τύχοι.
 καὶ νῦν ἐλαύνουσ' οἵπερ ὥρμησεν κόρη
 ἐπλήσιαζεν, ἐν μεταιχμίῳ δ' ἰδεῖν
 παρῇν ὄμιλον, κῦμ' ὅπως, κυκώμενον,
 οἱ δ' εὐθύς, ἡνίχ' ἄρματος ζυγηφόρον
 ὄχον προσεΐδον τὴν δ' ἔσω καθημένην,
 ἀνωλόλυξαν, συντόνῳ τ' ἦξαν δρόμῳ
 φθάσαι θέλοντες πρὶν στρέφειν διφρηλάτην
 πῶλους, ὃ δ' οὐκ εὐψυχον αἴρεται φυγὴν,
 τὸ δυσγενὲς γάρ τοι φιλόψυχον κακόν·
 οἱ δ' αὖτε πληθύνουσιν, ἐκ δ' ὀχήματος
 κόρην ἀφαρπάζουσι, κακπεπληγμένοι
 πῶλοι βία φέρουσι, κᾶξονας δίφρου
 παλαιίσμασιν θραύουσιν, ἐμμανεῖς φόβῳ.
 ὄχλος δ' ἀνοικτος τὴν παναθλίαν μίαν
 ξυνήρπασ' ὀρμῇ, καὶ πρὸς Ἑβραίου θεοῦ
 ἀνάκτορον ξυνεΐλκεν, ἡ δ', ἀρνὸς δίκην
 οἰκτρᾶς ἐπὶ σφαγείῳ ἡσύχῳ ποδὶ
 οἰκτρῶς μολούσης, ξανθὸν ἱερεῦσι σφαγῆς
 κάρα παρέσχε, καὶ τάχ' ἂν σιδήροφρον
 ἐμαλθακίσθη τῶν παλαμναίων κέαρ,
 εἰ μὴ παρελθὼν Πέτρος αὐθαδόστομος,
 πέτρων ἀτέγκτων εὐλόγως ἐπόνυμος,
 ἡὔδα τὰδ', " ἄρα τήνδε λεύσσοντες κύνα
 ἔρωτι θηλύνεσθε, κοῦ τεχνήματα
 νοεῖθ' ὁποίοις μυρίους ἄλλους πάρος

ὑπῆλθεν, ἥβην ἐμπολῶσ' ὅλη πόλει ;”
 τοιαῦτ' ἔλεξεν · ἡ δ' ἀνοικτα πανταχοῦ
 ὀρώσα δέργμαθ', ὡς ζυγεῖσ' ἀνέλπιδι
 μόρφῃ, πρὸς αὐγὰς ἡλίου δισσὰς χέρας
 τάλαιν' ἀνίσχουσ' εἶτα τὴν πανυστάτην
 ἔρρηξεν αὐδὴν, “ ὦ θεοὶ μεγασθενεῖς,
 ὦ Ζεῦ παναλκές,”—ἔφθασεν δε πρὶν πλέον
 φωνεῖν ὁ Πέτρος ξανθὸν αἰμάξας κάρα
 βέλει πετραίῳ, κᾶτα πάντοσ' ἐρρόθουν
 πυκνῶν ἀραγμοὶ χερμάδων κραταιβόλων,
 καὶ τῶν ἄπωθεν πᾶς τις εἰσηκόντισεν,
 βοῶν, ἰύζων · πᾶσα δ' ἡματωμένη
 ὄψιν τέρειναν λευσίμῳ πετρώματι
 ἀπεῖπ', ἐλεινὴ καὶ φονεύουσιν θέα.
 ὥρμων δὲ λὰξ πατοῦντες εὐφυὲς δέμας,
 σποδομένην δ' ἐς οὐδας ἄλλοτ' ἄλλοσε
 ἀνάκτορον πρὸς αὐτὸ καὶ βωμὸν θεοῦ
 ἐσπᾶτο τλήμων, οἳ σφ' ἀναρπάσαι Πέτρος
 ἄνωγεν, ἔνθα δ' εἰμάτων διέσχισαν
 λακίδας, ἕκαστος τὸν πέλας φθάσαι θέλων,
 μάρψας δ' ὁ μὲν ποδὸς νιν, ὁ δὲ χερῶν, ὁ δὲ
 ξανθῆς ἐθειράς, ἀπαλὸν ἔδρυψαν δέμας ·
 τοῦνθένδε μὲν τοι δεινὸν ἦν θέαμ' ἰδεῖν ·
 μεμνηότες γὰρ οὐκ ἀνασχετῶ νόσῳ,
 ἀπεσπάραξαν κῶλα, καὶ θηρῶν ὅπως
 δάκη σφαγῆς ἄπληστα, σώματος ῥάκη
 διαρταμώμεν' ἔφλασαν, θηλυκτόνου
 στυνγοῖς παλαγμοῖς αἵματος βωμὸν θεοῦ
 χραίνοντες αὐτὸν κάργυρᾷ σκυφώματα
 καὶ χρυσότευκτ' οἶνηρὰ, λυσσώδει χόλῳ.
 καὶ γὰρ πρόμαντις τῶνδε πημάτων γεγῶς,
 ξυνεσπόμεν δύστηνος, οἳ τελοῖ νοῶν,
 χειμῶν μὲν οὖν ὡς πρῶτον ὠροθύνετο,
 ὥρμησ' ἀρήξων, ἀλλὰ μ' ἡβῶντι σθένει
 φθάσας γεραιὸν ὄντα πληθύων ὄχλος
 ἐπέσχε καὶ μαργῶντα μὴ κακουμένη
 κόρη βοηθεῖν, σὺν δέ μ' εἴλκυσεν δρόμῳ

ἄπωθεν, ἀλλὰ ξύμμετρον πάνθ' ὥς ὄραν.
 τὰ πρὶν μὲν εἶπον, εἶτα δ', ἀπλάτῳ σθένει
 λύσσης μεσούσης, οὐδαμοῦ φανείς πάρος
 Κύριλλος ὀρμῇ, καὶ μόλις κυκώμενον,
 κλύδωνα θέλγει, ποικίλους πλέκων λόγους,
 ὥς οὐ γεγηθώς, ἀλλὰ καὶ ξυνασχαλῶν
 κόρης κακοῖσι, πολλὰ δ' οἰκτεῖρων ὅτι
 πέσημ' ἐπήγαγ' ἢ λίαν αὐθαδία.

* * * *

ἐν ᾧ δὲ συλλέγουσιν ἄψορρον μολὼν
 ἡγγεῖλ' ὅποτ' ἡγγεῖλ' ἂ μήποτ' ὤφελον.

T.

The Flight of the Sun.

SUN! thou wild, strong flier,
 Each eve on steady flight
 I watch thy wings of fire
 To the same spot at night.

On Hesper's shore sequester'd
 Hast thou some griffin brood,
 To which thus soaring westward
 Thou bringest daily food?

O griffin, red with prey,
 Driven from earth's bleeding side,
 Much dost thou bear away,
 And art not satisfied.

Could I, of thee in quest,
 Borrow the wings of wind,
 And track thee to thy last rest,
 I all my joys would find.

F. C. W.

Per Amica Silentia Lunae.

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

THE pale moon glitters on the flowing waves ;
 Each riplet, bright with laughing silver, glistens ;
 The Fairest of the Harèm sits, and listens,
 While the sea murmurs to the isles it laves.

Sudden falls from her fingers the guitar,
 With loosen'd chords, no longer music waking—
 What sound was that, the midnight silence breaking
 With a dull, heavy echo from afar ?

Some Turkish bark from Greece her burden brings
 With straining oar : perchance some cormorant splashes
 The argent waters—o'er the waves he dashes,
 Tossing the spray, like pearl-drops, from his wings.

Was that a sea-bird's scream ? Or awful moan
 Of some fell *Djinn*, who shakes these lofty towers ?
 Or far-off thunder from yon cloud that lowers
 In the dim distance ? Or a falling stone ?

No Turkish bark from sunny Greece is come,
 No cormorant breaks the silence of the hour,
 Nor cry of bird, nor demon from the tower
 Hurls down our turrets—Heaven itself is dumb.

A stifled sob—a choking cry to save !—
 A heavy sack falls quivering in the water ;
 The sound was murder.—“Nay, the Sultan bought her.”—
 Still the moon glitters o'er the silv'ry wave.

W. C. K. W.

Lucretius.

IS this thy vengeance, holy Venus, thine,
Because I would not one of thine own doves,
Not even a rose, were offer'd to thee?—thine,
Forgetful how my rich prooemion makes
Thy glory fly along the Italian fields
In lays that will outlast thy deity?

Deity? Nay, thy worshippers. My tongue
Trips, or I speak profanely. Which of these
Angers thee most, or angers thee at all?
Not if thou be'st of those who far aloof
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and scorn,
Live the great life which all our greatest fain
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm.

Nay, if thou can'st, O goddess, like ourselves
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry to thee
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms
Round him, and keep him from the lust of blood
That makes a steaming slaughter-house of Rome.

Ay, but I meant not thee; I meant not her
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see
Slide from that quiet heaven of hers, and tempt
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were abroad;
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter wept
Her deity false in human-amorous tears;
Nor whom her beardless apple-arbiter
Decided fairest. Rather, O ye gods,
Poet-like, as the great Sicilian call'd

Lucretius.

HAEC tua, sancta Venus, quaeso, haec uindicta parauit?
 Hoc quia nulla tibi per me, tua cura, palumbes,
 Nec rosa donata est, hoc propter tangeris ira?
 Ignorasne tuas mea magna prooemia laudes
 Quantum Italos faciant uiuas uolitare per agros
 Carminibus tua quae durando numina uincant?

Haud ita! cultores certe: aut mea lingua labascit,
 Aut haec impia iactantur. Quid uerius ex his?
 Vtrum hoc, te alterutrum si iam conturbat, an illud?
 Neutrum equidem certe, Dea, si censeris in illis
 Qui procul inuidia, procul et discordibus armis
 Fastuque, expertes irae, expertesque doloris,
 Claram agitant uitam, qualem sibi maximu 'quisque
 Sectatur cupide, defixi pace suprema.

Tu tamen, O Dea, nos ueluti si tangere posses
 Et tangi, in Mauortem orarem basia figas,
 Et teneas, corpus teneris amplexa lacertis,
 A desiderio caedis fusique cruoris
 Qui madidam facit urbem, olida ut laniaria, Romam.

Non de te sed enim haec dicebat lingua, nec illa
 Quem pinus omnes Idae tremuere uidentes
 Vt caeli elapsa est propria de sede sereni,
 Semotis iuuenem Iliacum illectura bubulcis;
 Nec sua quae quondam mentitast numina caesum
 Ob uenatorem quum fleret saucia cura
 Vulgari, nec quam statuit praecellere forma
 Arbiter intonsus concessio munere pomi.
 Quin contra uos O Caelestia numina testor,
 Ipse ego—ceu Siculus, quous nunc insula fama

Calliope to grace his golden verse—
 Ay, and this Cypris also—did I take
 That popular name of theirs to shadow forth
 The all-generating powers and genial heat
 Of Nature, when she strikes through the thick blood
 Of cattle, and light is large, and lambs are glad
 Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird
 Makes his heart voice amid the blaze of flowers ;
 Which things appear the work of mighty gods.

TENNYSON.

Requiescat.

STREW on her roses, roses,
 But never a spray of yew ;
 In silence she reposes,
 Ah, would that I did too !

Her mirth the world required,
 She bathed them in smiles and glee ;
 But her heart was tired, tired,
 And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
 In mazes of light and sound ;
 But for peace her soul was yearning,
 And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd ample spirit
 Flutter'd and fail'd for breath ;
 To-night it doth inherit
 The vasty Hall of death.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Clara cluet, uates, nunc in sua carmina poscens
 Calliopen, nunc, ipsa Venus, tua versibus orans
 Numina—uulgatum iam consuetudine sumpsi
 Nomen, uti leuiter Naturae carmine adumbrem
 Ardorem genitalem et vires omnipotentes,
 Segnia quum stimulat pecudum percussa sua ui
 Corda, nitet caeli lux largior, ubera et agni
 Naribus admotis gaudent exsugere matrum;
 Collucent flores; canit ales gutture pleno:
 Qualia Dis ipsis fieri plerumque feruntur.

H. M. H.

Fungar Inani Munere.

HVC adeste rosae, rosae, puella
 Est uobis cumulanda; sed profanae
 Taxi uos procul este; quam silenter
 Dormit! me sopor occuparet idem!
 In risusque soluta gaudiumque
 Vrbs se posse carere denegabat
 Illa tam lepidaque tamque bella;
 Taedebat sed enim sui puellam,
 Taedebat; sinite otio fruatur!
 Festis scilicet orbibus uoluta
 Deliciorum ibat, ibat aetas;
 Ast inter strepitumque opesque Romae
 Hoc unum omnibus expetebat usque
 Votis ut requiesceret—quiescit.
 Mundi carcere in artiore uincta
 Mens illi generosior fremebat,
 Mox elanguit, et tuam noua heres
 Nunc amplam, Libitina, creuit aulam.

B.

The Hobby.

(A STREET SONG, LITERALLY TRANSLATED INTO ARISTOPHANICS.)

ΠΡΟΛΟΓΙΖΕΙ 'Ο ΤΟΞΟΤΗΣ.

Πάντων ὅσους ὅπωπ' ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς βίων
 ὁ τοξότων δῆτ' ἐν γ' ἐμοὶ νικᾷ πολὺ ·
 μεγαλοπρέπης γάρ ἐστιν ὀγκώδης τ' ἄγαν.
 τοῖς μὲν προπόλοις ἔξεστι σαυλοπρωκτιᾶν
 καινὰς φοροῦσιν ἀναξυρίδας καὶ καυσίας ·
 πρώην δὲ νυκτὸς ἐν Κεραμεικῷ πάρθενον
 ἥτις τεχνὴν ἥσκησε τὴν μαγειρικὴν
 (ἐπὶ γὰρ θύραν φοιτῶ κνεφαῖος ὀσημέραι)
 ἐν τοῖς προθύροις ἐφίλησ', ἔφη δ' ἡσθεῖσά πως
 "Ἐξεστὶ σοὶ δις ταυτό · τοξότης καλός.
 τὸν δ' ἐξάμηνον ἄγομεν ἐν τρυφῇ χρόνον,
 ἣν που θόρυβός τις ἐγγένηται τῇ πόλει,
 τοῦργου 'πιτηδὲς ὑστεροῦντες εὐλαβῶς.
 ὅταν δὲ κωμάζοντας ἐσπέρας νέους
 μεθύοντας, υἱοὺς πλουσιωτέρων τινάς,
 "παῖ παῖ" καλοῦντας καὶ θύραις κενταυρικῶς
 ἐναλλομένους ἴδωμεν, οὐ σχολῇ τότε
 ἐπόμεθ' · ὁ δ' ὀβολοὺς δέκα διδοὺς ἀπηλλάγη.
 ἵνα μὴ δ' ἀδικῶμεν · τόδε δ' ἀπόρρητον λέγω ·
 ὄντινα πολιτῶν γινώμεν ὄντ' ἀπράγμονα,
 κοῦδέν ἀδικοῦντα, συλλαβόντες ἔλκομεν,
 φθείρου, βοῶντες, εἰς Σκυθῶν ἐρημίαν.

ΧΟ. εἶα, μετᾴστητ', οὐχ ἦδε τρυφή ;
 φθείρεσθ', ἔρρετε ·

χαλεπὸς μὲν ὁ πλοῦς εἰς ἡμετέρην
 ἀρχὴν · ὁ τυχὼν δ', ἀρχικὸς οὐκ ἔτος
 ἐν τοῖσι σοφοῖς δεδόκηται.

Herodotus in Dublin.

(CONTINUED.)

[The original Greek is added when it is deemed necessary.]

NOW, how it happened that the clock was arranged so as to correspond to the course of the sun, I am about to relate. There is a certain nation, dwelling beyond the West Wind, called the Americans, who surpass all the rest of the world in sharpness.¹ And it is said that they employ themselves for twenty-five hours every day, and that, in order to effect this, they get up an hour before sunrise. And there, it is said, the trees are so high; that it requires two men to see to the top even of one of them. Now, a certain man of these Americans came to Dublin, and greatly admired the wonders that were in the University, but when he saw the clock, he mocked at the priests who were conducting him, and said in derision,² “It seems to me calculating that you are by a quarter of an hour behind all other nations.” Thus he spake, (for in all things the Americans are beforehand, not least but most of all others,) and certain men reported it to the Provost; and they say that when the messenger reported what the American had said, the Provost leapt thrice from his throne, being terribly wrath at the affair.³ And he gave orders that those whose duty it was should compel the clock to move on. And certain of the Junior Fellows, wishing to jest,⁴ sent for the Police. But the Catechist made no light matter of it,⁵ and did not allow it to be put on, for he said that it devolved on him to keep it back, and that for this

¹ οἱ πλεῖστα ἐπίστανται ἀνθρώπων.² ἐπὶ λύμῃ.³ περιημεκτέων τῇ συμφόρῃ δεινῶς.⁴ σκώπτειν.⁵ οὐκ ἐν ἐλαφρῇ ἐποιέετο.

reason he was called Catechist. And a certain one of the Junior Fellows came before the Provost, and complained¹ thus, "O Provost, there have been more than thirty years to me being here, both man and boy, and it seems to me that the College is in a sorry case,² having been thus mocked at. And with what eyes is it fitting³ that I should look upon the English Fellows at the Church Congress, being thus behindhand. Moreover, O Provost, this American enjoys the best possible government,⁴ but this country the worst possible."⁵ This he said, speaking truly, for one of the priests told me, "that the country was swarming with absentees." Thus were opinions opposed to each other,⁶ but the latter opinion pleased⁷ the Provost, and dismissing⁸ the opinion of the Catechist, he chose the other; and being hasty,⁹ he ordered that the Catechist should be put to death, and that there should be sent messengers to all the nations in America, and to the Queen's Colleges, and to the Colleges in England, with letters in two sorts of characters, saying, "Thus shall the Provost treat all those who bring the University into contempt." And thus it came to pass that the clock was so arranged as to correspond with the course of the sun.

T.

¹ ἐδεινολογέτο,

² ἀνάρξια πρήγματα πεπονθέναι.

³ τέοισί με χρεὶ ὄμμασι.

⁴ ὡς ἄριστα πολιτεύεται.

⁵ ὡς κάκιστα.

⁶ γινῶμαι μὲν αὐται συνέστασαν.

⁷ προσίετο.

⁸ μετείς.

⁹ σπερχθείς.



Think of Me.

(AFTER ALFRED DE MUSSET.)

THINK when by timid Morning is unfolden
To her Sun-Lord her magic palace-portals ;
Think when the sad hours doff their garments golden,
And, silver-veiled, brood over sleeping mortals :
When hurried throbs your heart at summoning of Pleasure—
When Dreamland calls apart to view its hidden treasure—
Hark ! from the sighing trees,
A whisper on the breeze—
“ Oh, think of me ! ”

Think of me when the Destinies undying
Your face and mine for ever shall have parted ;
When Sorrow, Absence, and the Years slow flying
Have wreck'd this frame—already broken-hearted.
Think of our farewell tears—our vows repeated over—
Exile and passing years count nothing to your lover :
My heart at every beat
Shall still to you repeat,
“ Oh, think of me ! ”

Think of me when the little wild flower only
 Shall, by my tombstone, gently grieving, quiver;
 Think of me when, beneath the green sod lonely,
 My broken heart shall go to sleep for ever.
 No more your face I'll meet, but my immortal spirit
 Shall, like a sister sweet, for ever hover near it:
 Hear, in the midnight lone,
 A voice still near you moan,
 "Oh, think of me!"

D. F.

Horatii Epodon iv.

(AFTER THE MANNER OF DR. MAGINN.)

SUCH strife as wolves and lambkins taste,
 Tecum mihi discordia est;
 Your flanks gall'd with the lash we see,
 Et crura dura compede.
 Though purse-proud you look down on us,
 Fortuna non mutat genus.
 Look, while you sweep the sacred way,
 Cum bis trium ulnarum toga,
 Frowns on each face with burning glow,
 Liberrima indignatio.
 This wretch, scored 'neath triumvir's thumb
 Praeconis ad fastidium,
 Falernian farms now ploughs to wit,
 Et Appiam mannis terit,
 And a great knight among the "set"
 Othone contempto sedet.
 What boots it warlike craft to see
 Rostrata duci pondere
 'Gainst pirates and the servile scum,
 Hoc, hoc tribuno militum?

J. G.

“ *Si douce est la Marguerite.* ”

(AFTER THE ANTIQUE.)

OF all the flowers of earth, I ween,
 There's none that can compare
 With that which springs when meads are green,
 And bears thy name, my fair.
 So bright the daisy is and sweet,
Si douce est la Marguerite.

A golden sun its centre is,
 Wherefrom all round do spread
 Long silver shafts to make the rays,
 Just faintly tinged with red.
 So bright the daisy is and sweet,
Si douce est la Marguerite.

The welkin hath full many a star,
 The eyes of night are they—
 Earth's own flower-stars the daisies are,
 The fairest eyes of day.
 So bright the daisy is and sweet,
Si douce est la Marguerite.

All day the grasshopper he sings
 For her his cheeriest song,
 And then he lies with folded wings
 Beside her all night long.
 So bright the daisy is and sweet,
Si douce est la Marguerite.

J. F. W.

On a Favourite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of
Gold Fishes.

'T WAS on a lofty vase's side
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple, to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw ;
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat's adverse to Fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Where were ye, Nymphs ?

SERIA erat summa Serum spectabilis arte,
 Caerulei flores per latus omne nitent,
 Hic secum meditans Selime placidissima feles,
 Desuper acclinis despiciebat aquam ;
 Scilicet in lymphis nil non laudabile uisum est,
 Gaudia prodebat conscia cauda sua ;
 Lumina gemmarum, pellis testudinis instar,
 Auriculæ nigrae, molliculaeque manus,
 Candida barba placet, uultus placet orbis honesti,
 Leniter et laudes murmurat ipsa suas.
 Nec sat erat spectasse semel, diuinior ante
 Lumina ni species uenerat inter aquas :
 Ecce duo adnabant praestanti corpore fratres
 Flumineum forma fassus uterque Deum ;
 Squamea purpureo sublucent arma nitore,
 Aureus hinc illinc splendet utrique rubor.
 Vidit, et admirans cupiit quae uidit habere,
 Heu misera ! heu fato nympha gemenda tuo !
 Iamque genam admouit frustra, iam fallit inanem
 Aëra prensantes inuida praeda manus.
 Progeniem feles quando auersata natantem est,
 Spernere mens aurum quae muliebris amat ?
 Ah nimis imprudens spatiique ignara dolosi
 Hinc inde esuriens imminet ecce lacu ;
 Lubrica testa pedes—aderant ridentia fata—
 Fallit, et in fluctus prona misella cadit.

Eight times emerging from the flood
 She mew'd to every watery God
 Some speedy aid to send :—
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
 Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
 A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties ! undeceived
 Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold :
 Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
 And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
 Nor all that glisters, gold !

T. GRAY.

Soliloquy.

(HAMLET.)

OH, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God ! God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on 't ! ah, fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead : nay, not so much, not two.
 So excellent a king ; that was to this
 Hyperion to a satyr ; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth !
 Must I remember ?

SHAKSPEARE.

Bis quater, ut dicunt, pulchrum caput extulit undis,
 Bis quater incassum sollicitavit opem ;
 Non Delphin, non Naias adest, non fluminis ipsi
 Quotquot arundinibus delituere dei ;
 Surdus erat Corydon, Amaryllis surda uocanti,
 Deliciis dominae nullus amicus adest.
 Hinc igitur cautam, formosae, discite mentem,
 Discite non ullis bis titubare dari,
 Non bene captari, captat res si qua puellas,
 Non bene credi, aurum si qua nitore refert.

R. H. C.

ΠΩΣ ΕΠΙ ΤΟΙΣ ΦΘΙΜΕΝΟΙΣ ΑΜΕΛΕΙΝ ΚΑΛΟΝ;

Τήκοιτο πῶς ἂν εἰς δρόσον καταρρυνὲν
 ἄγαν παχυθὲν τοῦτο σάρκινον κύτος.
 εἴθ' ὥφελ' ἐκ θεῶν μὴ διώρισθαι βροτοῖς
 κατ' αὐτοφόντου θεσμὸς αὐθάδης χερός.
 ᾧ ᾧ · ἔα ἔα.
 ὥς πάνθ' ἔωλα καὶ κόπου πολλοῦ πλέα
 καὶ ψυχρὰ τάνθάδ' ἐστι κοῦκ ὀνήσιμα ·
 φεῦ, φεῦ · ὥς ἄσκαλός τοι κῆπος ἀγρίῳ σπόρῳ,
 οὕτω βρύνει γῇ πᾶσι τοῖς ὑπερμέτρως
 περισσὸν ἀλδαίνουσι βλάστημον φυῆς.
 τὸ δ' ἄχρι τούτου πρᾶγος ὥρισθαι τόδε !
 καὶ δὴ δίμηνος οἷχεται, χρόνον μὲν οὖν
 οὐπω δίμηνον οἷχεται θανὼν ἄναξ.
 καίτοι καλός τ' ἦν, τοῦδε τ' εὐπρεπέστερος,
 Σατύροις Ἀπόλλων ὥς περίβλεπτος μέτα ·
 καὶ μητρὸς ἀμῆς οἶον ἡράσθη πόθον,
 τοσοῦτον ὥστε κἀνέμων ἀήματα
 ἴσχειν ἂν, ἀγρίως μὴ θίγοι παρηϊδος.
 ᾧ γῇ θεοί τε, τῶνδε χρὴ μνεῖαν τρέφειν ;

T.

Only Eighteen.

COLD, so cold ! so cold !
 Cold as the snow is her brow !
 Not the half of her life's tale told ;
 She was only eighteen years old ;
 It is all, all, over now !

The sweet, pale, beautiful face,
 Is still as a face of stone !
 And, under those lids, not a trace
 Is left of the infantine grace,
 That in life within them shone.

From here I can see the same stream
 By which in old days we used roam,
 When life was a sweet, sweet dream,
 And happiness present did seem
 But the prelude of what was to come.

And at times we would sit there alone,
 'Mid the reeds by the water-side,
 And dream that our life should be
 From change and from sorrow as free
 As that river from ripple or tide.

But the river flow'd on to the sea,
 And was lost in that troubled abyss.
 And so the sweet hours pass'd away,
 The hours of our last happy day,
 And we woke to the shadow of this !

Though I kiss her sweet brow as of old,
 No blush rushes up from her breast,
 To tell, that the kiss to her heart
 Has gone down, and her lips half apart
 Bear the mark of my lips where they press'd.

I can hear my own heart as it beats,
 The whole world's dead or asleep!
 There is silence within and without,
 There is stillness around and about,
 Hush! I will weep! I will weep!

P. H. H.

Hoc erat in Votis.

THEY say fair Niobe of yore
 Became a rock on Phrygia's shore;
 Pandion's hapless daughter flies
 In form, a swallow through the skies.
 Had I the pow'r like them to change,
 Through ev'ry varied form I'd range;
 I envy all that haunts the place
 Which Rosabella deigns to grace;
 The shawl that keeps her shoulders warm,
 The stream that bathes her angel form,
 The gems which on her bosom blaze,
 The mirror where she's wont to gaze,
 The perfumes on her hair she sheds,
 The very dust on which she treads.

E. H.

A Vignette.

THIS life is a bleak bare tree,
 This heart is an empty cage;
 The tree is creaking from age,
 And the cage swings drearily.

The green leaves of youth are shed;
 Thy love and my love, long fled,
 Sing no songs in a sweet undertone;
 And all that I was is dead.

R. W. B.

Isle of Palms.

QH many are the beauteous isles
 Unknown to human eye,
 That sleeping 'mid the ocean's smiles
 In happy silence lie.
 The ship may pass them in the night,
 Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
 Is resting on the main;
 Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
 And never, or by night or day,
 Shall pass these isles again.
 There, groves that bloom in endless spring
 Are rustling to the radiant wing
 Of birds, in various plumage bright,
 As rainbow hues, or dawning light.
 Soft falling showers of blossom fair
 Float ever on the fragrant air,
 Like showers of vernal snow;
 And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall,
 The richly-ripen'd clusters fall
 Oft as sea-breezes blow.
 The sun and clouds alone possess
 The joy of all that loveliness;
 And sweetly to each other smile
 The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
 How silent lies each shelter'd bay!
 No other visitors have they
 To their shores of silvery sand,
 Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
 All hurrying in a joyful band,
 Come dancing from the sea.

WILSON.

Ob, fortunatos nimium sua si bona norint!

AMAENA, credo, plurima est sita insula,
 Ignota quae mortalibus
 Cubat beato dormiens silentio,
 Ridentia inter aequora.
 Praeteruehetur nocte forsitan ratis,
 Nec nauitae in mentem uenit
 Spectanda rerum forma, quam tenet mare;
 Cursu uagata deuo,
 Non rursus illa nocte, non die, ratis
 Praeteruehetur insulam.
 Florens perenni uere ibi nemus strepit
 Pennis coruscis alitum,
 Quibus renidet pluma tot coloribus,
 Quot arcus aut Eoa lux.
 Molli cadentes imbre floreae comae
 (Sic uere descendunt niues)
 Auris odoris usque candidae natant;
 Late minantis arboris
 Matura poma, flabra quom spirant maris,
 Cadunt racemis aureis.
 Cum sole nubes gaudet una particeps
 Tanta loci dulcedine;
 Longumque rident dulcia inter se diem
 Nubesque solque et insula.
 Tuto recessu quisque quam portus silet!
 Nec ullus intrat aduena
 Illas arenas occupans argenteas,
 Ni quom beato murmure,
 Laetoque saltans cum choro consortium,
 Festinat unda ex aequore.

R.

“Knowledge comes, but Wisdom lingers.”

DUBLIN Scholars of old,
Shining planets they roll'd
Round their own University centre ;
Now with comet-like curve
To new Systems they swerve,
Which with tails long and showy they enter.

Tho' Degrees two or three
May content you and me,
Berkeley, Sheridan, Burke, and such asses,
Celto-Cantab intent
On a prouder ascent
Climbs Helicon piled on Parnassus.

Here a Graduate glib,
There a blushing young jib,
Will he feel like a madman, or mellow,
Himself when he sees
With two A's and two B's,
Or a Siamese-twin sort of Fellow.

Sure never was dunce
In two places at once—
Oh, our patience it *will* be a tax on,
If ever 'tis heard
That “Sir Boyle Roche's bird”
Has been *plucked* in the land of the Saxon.

Doom'd to live like a monk,
Till he's wither'd and shrunk,
He'll expound Plato's views upon Beauty ;
But the subject of cram
For his Final Exam.,
Should be “Cicero De Senectute.”

Long live College renown!
 There's great *stuff* in the gown,
 (*And* in Lowe's anti-classical talking;)
 But the mind as it grows,
 If still kept in long clothes,
 Will make very poor progress in walking.

J. M.

Hor. Od. iii. 13.

Q MY Bandusian fount, than glass more bright,
 Well worthy of flower-offerings and sweet wine;
 A kid to-morrow shall become thy right,
 Whose brow with fresh horns swelling doth design
 Battle and Love. In vain!
 For he, the youngling of the flock so brave,
 Will dye with purpling blood thy chilly wave.

To touch thee hot Canicula's fierce hour
 Skills not. Thou givest to plough-wearied steer
 And roving herd a welcome cooling bower.
 Of thee, too, 'mid famed fountains shall men hear;
 For I to sing am fain,
 The holm-oak which yon grotto'd cliff doth crown,
 Whence run thy waters prattling bouncing down.

C.

Beautiful for ever.

WHEN lovely woman, still a maiden,
 Finds that her locks are turning grey,
 What art can keep their hue from fading?
 What balm can intercept decay?

The only art her age to cover,
 To hide the change from every eye,
 To quell repentance in her lover,
 And soothe his bosom is—to dye.

O.

Jack and Jill.

NOT over Alpine snow and ice,
 But lowly English ground,
 "Excelsior" was their device,
 And sad the fate they found.

They did not act from love of fame
 But follow'd duty's call;
 They were together in their aim,
 Though parted in their fall.

ANON.

The Parasite.

MARK now, and learn of me the thriving arts
 By which we parasites contrive to live:
 Fine rogues we are, my friend, (of that be sure,)
 And daintily we gull mankind. Observe!
 First I provide myself a nimble thing
 To be my page, a varlet of all crafts;
 Next two new suits for feasts and gala-days,
 Which I promote by turns when I walk forth
 To sun myself upon the public square;
 There, if perchance I spy some rich dull knave,
 Straight I accost him, do him reverence,
 And saunt'ring up and down, with idle chat
 Hold him an hour in play; at every word
 Which his wise worship utters, I stop short
 And bless myself for wonder; if he ventures
 On some vile joke, I blow it to the skies
 And hold my sides for laughter.—Then to supper
 With others of our brotherhood to mess
 In some night-cellar on our barley-cakes,
 And club invention for the next day's shift.

CUMBERLAND.

Ibimus ibimus Utroque praecedes.

NON super Alpinas arces montesque niuales,
Sed per agros ibant, Anglica terra, tuos ;
His animo fuerat “ sic itur ad astra ” repostum,
At strauit miseros una ruina duos.
Non trahit ad factum fulgenti gloria curru,
Nobile par iusso fungitur officio,
Dum paribus curis pariter uestigia figunt
Ardua, diuersos casus iniquus agit.

T. L. H.

Imperauī egomet mihi omnia assentari.

Νῦν δ' ἀλλὰ τὸν νοῦν πρόσχες, ἵνα τεχνήματα
ὀρθῶς μάθῃς τὰ τρόφιμ' ἀφ' ὧν κλεινὸν γένος
κολάκων πορίζει βίον· εὖ δ' ἴσθ', ὦ μέλε,
ὥς ἐσμεν ἀλαζόνες κοβαλικευμάτων
μεστοί, βροτούς θ' ὥς κομψότατ' ἐξαπατούλλομεν·
πρῶτον γὰρ εὐκίνητον εὐρημαί τί πως
παιδάριον ἵνα πάγχρηστον ἄγγος ἔχω κακῶν
τριπτῆρ' ἀπάντων· εἴτα φάρη ποικίλα
δύο νεοσίγαλ', οἷς ἐορτάζων ἴσον
γέρας προσάπτω, τότε τὸ μὲν, τὸ δ' αὖ τότε
φορῶν, τρυφερῶς θ' ὦδ' εἰμένος βρενθύομαι
ἐν τῇ ῥγορᾷ πρὸς ἥλιον, κἀνταῦθ' ἰδὼν
παχύν τιν', ἄλλως δ' ἡλίθιον κἀβέλτερον,
ἀσπαζόμενός νιν, ὑποπεσών θ' ὥς δεσπότην,
λήρων κατάρδω θωπικοῖς στωμύλμασιν·
ὀπηνίκ' ἂν δ' οὐμὸς Θαλῆς ῥίψῃ λόγον,
ὁποῖον οὖν δῆτ', ἀναβοῶ σχάσας πόδα
ῥμακάριε σοφίας! ἦν δε τριβολεκτράπελά πως
σκώπτων λαλῇ, γέλωτος ὑπερεπαινέσας
οὐδὲν τὸ μὴ οὐ διαρραγῆναι φείδομαι·
τῆς δ' ἐσπέρας οἱ φράτορες κρεαδίον
μᾶζαν παρὰ τὴν ἑπαλξιν ἐν φορυτῷ κακῶς
δειπνοῦντες ἐπιβουλεύομεν τοῖς πλουσίοις.

A. L.

Shakespeare.

IF thou wilt follow, thou shalt see the world,
 True portraiture of our inbreathèd day;
 Humanity will mirror thee her face,
 Touched with the light of morning, oftener
 Roughened and lined with burden of the day,
 Or half refreshed at even with dew of tears.
 No wrinkle shall thou miss, no feature base,
 No life ignoble, that the conscious earth
 Shaped forth, and sickened at the ghastly growth;
 No colourless distorted character
 That sprang obscure, like fungus in the dark,
 Cut off and separate from men, and far
 From where the blood of the city circles warm.
 Follow and from his verse's specular height
 Thou shall behold full many a battle burn
 Unquenchable across the sundering plain;
 Shall hear the giant-hearted captain's call—
 Shall trace the line of island kings superb;
 Or see the barren-seeming legend live,
 And blossom into sudden flower and fruit,
 To feed the nations through the years to come.
 O manifold heart of woman, full-orbed light,
 That dwellest not in any single shrine,
 But shewest, as the Truth, dividedly
 One starry facet here, while yonder burns
 A diverse splendour of unconsuming grace.
 Each ray thou hast vouchsafed him, lo, it shines
 Within its several earth, unconquerable—
 Behold here whitens Purity, here glows
 Red Passion, there Revenge, Ambition seethes

Half purified as for another's weal;
 While, over-topping fate and sin and death
 Love rises like a fountain of light, profuse,
 Perennial, golden, in the sun and shade,
 Embowered in her own sweet melody.
 O temple of women, many-pillared, fair,
 For all thou dost not touch the heights of God,
 Most chiefly in thee doth lie the supreme heaven
 His pencil painted for the sons of men,
 Nor was he strong to roll away the stone
 From the sealed sepulchre of this the world.

H. C.

Putting out to Sea.

WEIRD night! that fallest on yon fair hill and meadow,
 That dark and threatening o'er our course art thrown,
 Does one I love look sad beneath thy shadow

Now I am gone?

Wild, sad-voiced wind, that through our shrouds art driven,
 Say has she listen'd to thy stormy tone?
 Will she be lonely through this long, dark even

Now I am gone?

Bright star! that night can dim, or tempest, never,
 What is thy promise in yon heaven to me?
 "She loves thee true, for ever, and for ever."

God grant it be!

C. P. M.

To Mr. Matthew Arnold.

"Μηδὲν ἄγαν" ὑμνεῖς · ἄγαν ὑμνεῖς · οὐ τοι λήγεις ·
 ὦ 'γαθὲ, μηδὲν ἄγαν, μηδὲ τὸ "μηδὲν ἄγαν."

T.

Lucretius.

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found
 Her master cold; for when the morning flush
 Of passion and the first embrace had died
 Between them, tho' he loved her none the less,
 Yet often when the woman heard his foot
 Return from pacings in the field, and ran
 To greet him with a kiss, the master took
 Small notice, or austere, for—his mind
 Half buried in some weightier argument,
 Or fancy-born perhaps upon the rise
 And long roll of the Hexameter—he past
 To turn and ponder those three hundred scrolls
 Left by the Teacher whom he held divine.
 She brook'd it not; but wrathful, petulant,
 Dreaming some rival, sought and found a witch
 Who brew'd the philtre which had power, they said,
 To lead an errant passion home again.
 And this, at times, she mingled with his drink,
 And this destroy'd him; for the wicked broth
 Confused the chemic labour of the blood,
 And tickling the brute brain within the man's
 Made havock among those tender cells, and check'd
 His power to shape: he loath'd himself; and once
 After a tempest woke upon a morn
 That mock'd him with returning calm, and cried:

'Storm in the night! for thrice I heard the rain
 Rushing; and once the flash of a thunderbolt—
 Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—
 Struck out the streaming mountain-side, and show'd
 A riotous confluence of watercourses
 Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,
 Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry.

Lucretius.

LUCRETI inuersum norat Lucilia conjunx
 Defrxisse animum; namque inter mutua corda
 Quom nouus amplexus primi deferbuit ardor,
 Quamquam non minus uxor erat dilecta marito,
 Ille tamen, peregre ut spatiatu tecta petebat,
 Audito et reducis procurrit femina passu
 Oscula praereptum, uix respectare solebat
 Officium, aut etiam uoltu auersatus acerbo;
 Nempe—argumento mens semisepulta seuro
 Quum foret, aut secum forsā uir uolueret apte
 Quae producta pedes per senos grande sonarent—
 Praeteriit, studioso animo ut perpenderet illas
 Ter centum chartas quas inclutus ille magister
 Tradidit, haud sine Dis quem precepisse putabat.
 Non tulit illa igitur, petulantem concita mentem,
 Nescio qua sese summotam pellice credens,
 Sedulaque aggressa est uetulam, quae Colchidis artes
 Norat, et imprimis componere philtia, uagantem
 Qualia fingebant potis esse reducere amore.
 Haec, sitiente uiro, in potum miscere solebat,
 Cui fuit exitio, quoniam uis uda ueneni
 Sanguinis obstruxit uitalia munera, necnon
 Mersa prius cerebro sensuque instincta ferino
 Solicitans molles cellas foecundaque rerum
 Pectora uastabat; fit et ipsi inuisus, et olim
 Post tempestatem, mane arridente serenum,
 Ludibrio miseri, e somnis sic percitus infit.

‘Tempestatem igitur noctis sensere tenebrae!
 Namque ter audiui pluuiam properare, semelque
 Intortum fulmen, retegens latera humida montis,
 (Tam ualidum fulgur nunquam uidisse uidebar)
 Confluuium sacuum fusarum ostendit aquarum
 Fissura albescens exundansque, arida cuncta
 Vespere qua fuerant hesterno pulueris instar.

‘ Storm, and what dreams, ye holy Gods, what dreams !
 For thrice I waken’d after dreams. Perchance
 We do but recollect the dreams that come
 Just ere the waking : terrible ! for it seem’d
 A void was made in nature ; all her bonds
 Crack’d ; and I saw the flaring atom-streams
 And torrents of her myriad universe,
 Runing along the illimitable inane,
 Fly on to clash together again, and make
 Another and another frame of things for ever.’

TENNYSON.

Et Propter Vitam Vivendi Perdere Causas.

TALBOT. SHALL all thy mother’s hopes lie in one tomb ?
 JOHN TALBOT. Ay, rather than I’ll shame my mother’s womb.
T. Upon my blessing I command thee go.
J. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.
T. Part of thy father may be saved in thee.
J. No part of him but will be shame in me.
T. Thou never had’st renown, nor can’st not lose it.
J. Yes, your renown’d name ; shall flight abuse it ?
T. Thy Father’s charge shall free thee from that stain.
J. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

SHAKSPEARE.

Sport in the “ Good Old Times.”

I’LL tell you the story
 Of Johnny MacGory,
 Who shot at a woodcock and killed a Tory.*

* See Macaulay, Hist. of Eng., vol. I. c. ii., “ Names of Whig and Tory.”

‘Somnia praeterea quae uidi, O Numina sancta !
 Experrectus enim ter sum post somnia. Forsan
 Visa recordari nocturna ea sola ualemus,
 Quae ueniunt nobis iam expergiscentibus. Eheu !
 Nam fieri mihi uastum in rebus inane uidetur ;
 Dissiluisse omnes nexus ; primordia caeca
 Ex quibus haec rerum consistit summa creata,
 Innumero numero, ueluti uis concita aquarum,
 Exitio celeri dare se per inane profundum,
 Sic tamen ut rursus confligant, efficiantque
 Rerum aliam atque aliam per saecula disposituram.’

H. M. H.

ΦΕΥΓ' ΩΣ ΤΑΧΙΣΤΑ. ΠΟΙ ΔΗΤΑ ΦΕΥΓΩ;

- T. Ἄρα κοινὰ χρῆν ταφῆναι πάνθ' ὅσ' ἡ μήτηρ φιλεῖ ;
 I. μὴ γὰρ ἄσπλαγχνος φανείην τὴν φύσιν, κείνης γεγώς.
 T. καὶ πρὸς εὐνοίας κελεύω τοῦδε τοῦ πατρὸς μολεῖν.
 I. εἰς ἀγῶν' ἔγωγε θάσσον, οὐδ' Ἄρην ἐκστήσομαι.
 T. οὐκ ἅπας, σοῦ ζῶντος, οὐδέ περ θανών, τέθνηκ' ἐγώ.
 I. ἐσθλὸς ἂν θάνοις ὁ φύσας, δειλὸς ἂν ζῶην ὁ φύς.
 T. εἰ δὲ μή τις ἔσχε δόξαν, οὐδ' ἀφιέναι πάρα.
 I. μὴ μὲν οὖν φυγῇ κνεφάζω λαμπρὸν ὄνομα σόν, πάτερ.
 T. ἀλλὰ γοῦν πατὴρ κελεύσας τοῦδέ σ' ἐκλύσει ψόγου.
 I. οὐ τορῶς ἐκμαρτυρήσεις ζῶντι τεθνηκῶς τάδε.

J. F. D.

La Chasse en Quatre-Vingt-Treize.

ÉCOUTE que je te raconte
 Comment Monsieur le Vicomte
 Sur la bécasse tirant
 A tué le Chouan.*

* Le Chouan' était comme le Tory un brigand au nom du droit-divin. Le Tory d'aujourd'hui n'est pas certes brigand. Quant au droit-divin—n'est il pas l'élève de M. DISRAELI?

E. R.

The Spanish Gypsy.

PUSH off the boat,
 Quit, quit the shore,
 The stars will guide us back:—
 O gathering cloud,
 O wide, wide sea,
 O waves that keep no track!

On through the pines!
 The pillar'd woods,
 Where silence breathes sweet breath:—
 O labyrinth,
 O sunless gloom,
 The other side of Death!

GEORGE ELIOT.

King Henry and Gloucester.

KING HENRY.

THE owl shriek'd at thy birth—an evil sign—
 The night-crow cried aboding luckless time,
 Dogs howl'd and hideous tempests shook down trees—
 The raven rook'd her in the chimney's top,
 And chatt'ring pies in dismal discord sung.
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
 To wit, an indigest deformed lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree—
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify thou cam'st to bite the world,
 And if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st—

GLO. I'll hear no more—die, prophet, in thy speech.

SHAKSPEARE.

Ad Socios.

NUNC est eundum ; nunc, socii, ratem
 Vinculis solutam pellite, pellite ;
 Ni fallor, illuc nos reducent
 Siderei monitos nitores.

En ! colliguntur iam nebulae ; patet
 Pontus ; per aequor nil sibi semitae
 Constabit undosae ; columnis
 Coniferis peragrarare nigras

Silvas oportet, qua bene suavis
 Quantum est Quietis fragrat odoribus :
 En ! sole sublato tenebrae—
 Vltior labyrinthus Orci !

A.

(Done in the Examination Hall.)

Pernicies et Tempestas.

E. Δύσφημα κλάζει γλαυξ σέθεν γονῶν ἔπι
 φθοργόν θ' ὄμανλον νύκτερος πέμπει κόραξ,
 κύνες θ' ὑλάγματ', ἀντόπρεμνά τ' ἄγριος
 ὄλλυσι τυφῶς δένδρα, τοῖς στυγνοῖς θ' ἔδρα
 ὄρμισιν ὄροφοι, χαί λάλοι κίσσαι μέλος
 ἄδουσ' ἄμουσον · χή τεκοῦσ' ὑπερτέρας
 ἢ χρῆν ἐνεγκοῦσ' ἐν τόκοις ἀλγηδόνας
 μεῖόν τι μητρὸς ἐλπίδων σ' ἔτικθ' ὅμως,
 ὄγκον τιν' αἰσχροῖον, οὐ βρέφος, μορφῆς ἄτερ,
 οὐ μῆλον οἶον δένδρον ἐκφύειν ἐχρήν
 τὸ καλλίκαρπον · καὶ νεαγενὴς γεγώς,
 ὀδόντας εἶχες, σῆμα δ' οὐκ ἄσημον ἦν
 τοῦθ' ὥς ἐμέλλες ἐνδάκνειν θνητῶν γένος,
 εἰ δ' ἔστ' ἀληθὴ τᾶλλ' ἄπερ φασὶν βροτοὶ,
 ἦλθες—

Γ. τάδ' οὐκ ἀνεκτὰ πρὸς σέθεν κλύειν,
 ἔρρ', ἔρρε, μάντι, συλλαβῶν μαντεῖά σου.

W. R.

Le Voile.

(FROM VICTOR HUGO).

LA SOEUR.

WHAT is it brother ? your keen eyes gleam
 Like fun'ral torches—your brows are dark,
 Pitiless, stern, and fierce ye seem

And ever your hands on your swords I mark,
 Clutching the hilts ; what want ye ? Say !

LE FRERE AINE.

Did 'st thou not raise thy veil to-day ?

LA SOEUR.

Brothers, when home from the bath returning,
 Close by the Mosque as my palaquin pass'd.

I cover'd my face from all glances burning.
 But the soft winds drew back my veil at last,
 By the Zephyrs alone was I ever seen.

LE SECOND FRERE.

Death ! I saw him—a giaour in caftan green !

LA SOEUR.

Oh, yes !—perhaps.—No ! brothers, no !

He look'd, but he saw not ; my life you seek ?
 Oh ! why do ye mutter in whispers low ?

Would ye kill me, a woman—defenceless, weak ?
 Mercy ! why hold ye my hands so tight ?

LE TROISIEME FRERE.

Blood-red sank the sun to his setting this night.

LA SOEUR.

Mercy ! what did I ? Pardon ! grace !
 Hear me, my brothers, by heaven I swear,
 That never a man hath seen my face—
 Allah ! Four daggers ! God, hear my prayer,
 Death veils my sin, love, sorrow, pain.

LE QUATRIEME FRERE.

That veil thou never shalt raise again.

W. C. K. W.

A Monograph on the position of Balbus in Roman History.*

(CONTRIBUTED TO JAHN'S JAHRBÜCHER BY THE MOMMSEN OF THE PERIOD, A.D. 4000.)

THROUGH some oversight, as systematic as it is remarkable, historians have hitherto overlooked the importance of the part played in Roman history by Balbus. Yet it is hardly possible to over-estimate its significance. We have hitherto

* The real title of the work in which are preserved these priceless data for the construction of Roman history, has been hitherto profoundly uncertain. Some English writers, presuming on the accident that the work is in their language, have maintained that the full name of the book is Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and that it was a hand-book in use in the schools existing 2000 years ago. The work doubtless bears the name at present, but it is easy to detect the hand of the interpolator. Written thus, with the letters foisted in by a late recension printed in italics, and the genuine portions in capitals, the spuriousness of the present title becomes evident—*ArnOLD's* *LATIN pROSE comPOSITION*. The letters now printed in italics are evidently the work of some ancient but ignorant scribe, writing perhaps about 1900 A.D. Omitting them, for ROSE we should read, by a simple transposition, ROES. By merely assuming that before these letters should stand, not *p*, but *he*, and taking into account the fact that the *end* of the inscription would naturally be more easily obliterated, the following may be shown to be the simple and certain restoration of the real title (we now print in italics the letters restored by us, presenting the other letters in capitals) :—

OLD LATIN *he*ROES' POSITION *in history*.

The work was, no doubt, one of those "Books of Worthies," which, under the name *πικλογραφία*, are mentioned by Cicero in his letters to Atticus.

stood too near the canvass to appreciate rightly the colossal proportions of this figure. The direct evidences from which we may safely construct those phenomena which have rendered possible the evolution of his Idea, are chiefly embodied in sporadic sentences of a somewhat gnomic nature; and the task of construction is rendered more arduous by the circumstance that these sporadic sources of knowledge are found fused with utterances, sometimes of an obvious and commonplace character, from which the evidences for the life of Balbus are to be carefully discriminated.

Passing over his youth, in which he appears to have devoted himself solely to architecture, we first read of Balbus as exclaiming that "it is all over with the army." If, as is highly probable, this expression may be regarded as a presage on the part of that acute statesman of the disaster in which the expedition of Crassus was destined to issue, we may well admire the clearness of that strategic insight, which, undazzled by the gleam of the eagles of the departing legions, saw, as it were between them, the red field of Carrhae. We read little of Balbus for some time, except constant expressions on his part that "he and his friend Caius are well." It may here be remarked that Caius seems to have been altogether unworthy of the friendship of Balbus; indeed his character seems to have been disfigured by failings which rarely co-exist in the same nature; nor are the few virtues by which these failings are redeemed, less apparently incompatible as well with these as with each other. We are not bound to suppose that Balbus was altogether blind to the faults of his friend. In truth, it can hardly be without significance that we constantly read that at this period Balbus "lifted up his hands." If, as seems probable, this may be regarded as a gesture of surprise on the part of Balbus, we cannot but admire the generosity which could condone in a friend that congeries of apparently incompatible defects which seems to have excited in his own mind, not only disapprobation, but even astonishment. This great man, we may hope, did not meet at the hands of his contemporaries that neglect which has been his lot ever since. It is gratifying to read that at least "there were some who

enquired of Balbus;" that there were some acute enough to turn to their own benefit that political foresight which we have already had occasion to praise.

Hitherto Balbus appears to have proposed to himself as his ideal the character of Cato or of Lutatius Catulus, but at this period, a sudden change in his mental standpoint begins to show itself. He no longer regards Rome as the capital of Italy, but constantly declares his opinion that "Rome is the mistress of the world." His theological convictions appear now to be gradually breaking down under the influence of Greek philosophy. We may characterize the former mental attitude as the Latino-Italian standpoint, and the latter as the quasi-cosmopolitan-Hellenistico-Romanesque. His philosophy seems to have been of the eclectic school; nor is this truly great man deterred by the sneer of the unthinking from professing himself an adherent at the same time of different philosophies representing the opposite poles of speculation. Thus we find acted on long before Christ that principle of the homogeneity of heterogeneous principles which had to await its full recognition until it found an exponent in William Gladstone in ancient Britain. We now constantly meet with dogmatic expressions on the part of Balbus of his conviction that the soul is not immortal, alternating with a statement—true no doubt in itself, and, perhaps, possessing a relevancy to public affairs which we can no longer detect, but hardly of any great scientific suggestiveness—"that on the top of the Alps the cold is so great that the snow there never melts." Perhaps, however, in this apparently obvious proposition there is something to be read, so to speak, between the lines, as in the gnomic utterances of Phocylides and Pythagoras, for whom (it may be observed) Balbus expresses a profound respect. It would seem, at least, as if this statement were resolutely assailed by some adverse school, if we may draw this inference from the perseverance with which it is reiterated by its champion.

Connected with his growing unsteadiness in theological convictions is his increasing prodigality and carelessness about the disposal of his property. We find him lavishing his fortune in

presents to his friends, and on public banquets to the citizens. "On the 23rd of November, Balbus sent me as a present 20,000 sesterces," is the utterance of some unknown but not ungrateful object of his munificence. The suddenness with which the dogmatic beliefs of Balbus appear to have broken down might (it would seem at first sight) not unnaturally excite some surprise in the philosophical student of Moral Dynamics, who rightly expects that no change in the human character will take place *per saltum*. But such a philosophical observer would have perceived early in the career of Balbus enough to prepare him for such a phenomenon; for he would have observed the reconstructive instinct at work, though in a different sphere. In truth, it would have afforded him more food for surprise, if he had found that the man who had spent his whole youth in the constant construction, reconstruction, and demolition of walls, houses, and other material edifices, had in his declining years acquiesced in the ready-made structures of others, whether those structures were material, intellectual, moral, or theological.

We have no direct evidence of the death of this remarkable man; but some facts are related which seem to have occurred shortly before that melancholy event. When we read that he left the unworthy Caius heir to eleven-twelfths of his estate, we cannot help feeling that his mental vigour is beginning to give way; we seem as we turn away from this great man to catch a glimpse of the lurid glare of his approaching funeral torches.

T.





The Old Vagabond.

(AFTER BERANGER.)

IN this dry ditch my limbs I'll lay,
A handy spot for death to find me;
"He's drunk," the passers-by will say,
And on they'll pass, and never mind me.
One or two charitable elves
Have thrown a copper, pausing near me,
On to the fête—enjoy yourselves,
I'll die without you, never fear me.

Save for an apple or a plum,
Pluck'd in the thirsty summer weather,
A thief I never would become,
But stuck to begging altogether.
Beggar or thief, 'tis just as bad,
Off to the county jail I'm driven,
To lose the only right I had—
The right to yonder light of heaven!

"Teach me a trade," I ask'd. "We'll not,"
 Was still my comrades' answer to it;
 "There can't enough of work be got
 For half the hands there are to do it."
 Had I been taught my bread to earn,
 Blithe had I toil'd, my Christian neighbour;
 Shelter'd, the useless grub will turn
 An ant, and live by honest labour.

Have I a country? Laden vine
 And hill-side thick with nodding harvest;
 Enrich this laughing land of thine—
 Poor wretch! in midst of it thou starvest.
 Our cities ring with industry,
 Our senates with the news of glory;
 Glory and Industry to me
 Are words in some false mocking story.

Yet, when the stranger's hirelings here
 At every turn and corner crost me,
 How many and many a bitter tear
 The sight of France in slavery cost me!
 Though but an outcast in the land,
 A reptile o'er her bosom creeping,
 Had I not fed me at her hand,
 Should I not weep to see her weeping?

A reptile? Aye, my fellow-men,
 Shrink not, but as a reptile use me;
 Trample me back to earth again—
 This last poor boon you'll scarce refuse me.
 I'd live, had men but will'd it so,
 At peace with earth and all upon it,
 As now I hate it—ere I go,
 My curse, my bitterest curse, upon it!

Goldsmith,

(HIS STATUE WAS ERECTED IN FRONT OF TRINITY COLLEGE IN 1863.)

A YE, in the forefront of the very spot
 Where was his trial let his triumph be;
 The roof that shelter'd him, but gave him not
 What most his great heart pined for—sympathy.
 There let the image of the poet stand—
 Just tribute of his long-ungrateful land.

The genial mother, recking not the time
 When at her haughty feet, the lowly youth
 Whose poverty was only *not* a crime,
 Gather'd the scanty fallen crumbs of truth—
 Now with his worth, his genius, all confess'd,
 Will wear him, like a jewel, on her breast.

Ye cramp'd and cloister'd pedants of the Schools,
 Who strove, Procrustes-like, to clip each mind
 By your own strait traditionary rules,
 Behold the genius that ye ne'er divined,
 Now, by the verdict of the nation's known
 In prouder rolls of glory than your own.

And couldst thou thus receive, ungrateful land—
 Oh, lasting shame! oh, burning deep disgrace!
 The loftiest born of Heaven's indulgent hand,
 A poet, sprung amidst thy favour'd race—
 And leave him friendless and unloved to roam,
 To seek the fame he could not find at home.

How long shall Erin be the nurse of song,
 While stranger hands confer the well-won bay;
 Oh, burst the fetters that have bound thee long,
 My native land, and haste to wipe away
 The shame that all thy exiled sons impute,
 Who find "their place of birth alone is mute."

The Silent Lover.

FEW the words that I have spoken—
 True love's words are ever few ;
 But by many a speechless token
 Hath my heart discoursed to you.

Souls that to each other listen,
 Hear the language of a sigh ;
 Read the silent tears that glisten
 In the tender trembling eye.

When your cheek is pale with sadness,
 Dimmer grows the light of mine ;
 And your smiles of sunny gladness
 In my face reflected shine.

Though my speech is faint and broken,
 Though my words are ever few ;
 Yet by many a voiceless token
 All my heart is known to you.

KENNEDY.

Hamlet.

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ?

Ham. O wonderful !

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Ham. How say you then ? Would heart of man once think it ?
 But you'll be secret ?

Hor. }
Mar. } Aye, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villian dwelling in all Denmark,
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. Their needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
 To tell us this.

SHAKSPEARE.

Mutus Amor.

PAVCA quiden dixi, cultor taciturnus amabam,
 Fidus amor semper multa tacere solet;
 Attamen indiciis mea corda silentibus usa
 Saepe tibi sensus exhibuere suos.
 Concordes animae quid egent interprete lingua?
 Colloquii gemitus scilicet instar habent;
 Literulis illae quid egent? I, perlege guttam
 Quae tremula in tenero lumine muta nitet.
 Quum tibi sollicitae pallet flos iste genarum,
 Tum mea contristat mutuus ora dolor;
 Et tibi laetanti uoltus quum risus inaurat,
 Ora reperiussa tum mea luce nitent.
 Quid quod lingua labat mediaque in uoce resistit,
 Atque amor eloquium praepedit ipse suum?
 Quod lateat tacito non enarrabile corde
 Pluribus indiciis tu, mea uita, tenes.

B.

ΠΑΡΑ ΠΡΟΣΔΟΚΙΑΝ.

Mar. QUID agis?

Hor. Ecquid nuntias noui?

Ham. Oh mirificam fabulam!

Hor. Quin rei huius, amabo, face nos tecum simus gnarures.

Ham. Minime. Rem palam ferretis.

Hor. Minime, sic Di me adiuuent.

Ham. Quid ergo? Numquid homini in mentem tale uenturum fuit?

Immemorabiles sed eritis?

Mar. Huius rei superos Deos

Facimus testes.

Ham. Non scelestus has Athenas incolit—

Quin fuit ueterator idem merus.

Hor. Hui! non usus fuit

Mortuo qui haec nuntiatum ex Acherunte rebiteret.

T.

Cicero's Speech.

(CATILINE, ACT III., SCENE I.)

GREAT honours are great burdens ; but on whom
 They're cast with envy, he doth bear two loads ;
 His cares must still be double to his joys
 In any dignity ; where, if he err,
 He finds no pardon : and for doing well
 A most small praise, and that wrung out by force.
 I speak thus, Romans, knowing what the weight
 Of the high charge you have trusted to me is ;
 Not that thereby I would with art decline
 The good or greatness of your benefit ;
 For I ascribe it to your singular grace,
 And vow to owe it to no title else,
 Except the gods, that Cicero is your Consul.
 I have no urns, no dusty monuments,
 No broken images of ancestors,
 Wanting an ear or nose ; no forged tables
 Of long descents to boast false honours from ;
 Or be my undertakers to your trust
 But a new man (as I am styled in Rome)
 Whom you have dignified ; and more, in whom
 You have cut a way, and left it ope for virtue
 Hereafter to that place which our great men
 Held shut up with all ramparts for themselves,
 Nor have but few of them in time been made
 Your Consuls so ; new men before me !—none !

B. JONSON.

ΤΙΣ ΠΑΤΕΡ' ΑΙΝΗΣΕΙ;

Ἄχθος μὲν ἄρχειν, ἣν δὲ καὶ τις ἀλφάνη
 φθόνον πρὸς ἀστῶν, ἀντὶ τοῦ χαίρειν διπλᾶς
 ἔχει μερίμνας, οὐδ', ὅσωντερ ἂν ποτε
 κυρῇ ῥαμαρτῶν τῶνδε συγγνώμη πάρα ·
 ὦν δ' αὖ καλῶς ἔδρασεν, ἀκόντων ἅπω
 μέρους ἐπαίνου τυγχάνει σμικροῦ μόλις ·
 τοσαῦτα δ' εἶπον, ἄνδρες, οὐκ ἀγνῶς πόνου,
 ἀλλ' εὖ κατειδώς, τῇδ' ὅσος προσγίγνεται
 ἀρχῇ, κρατοῦνθ' ἥς ἀρτίως ἔθεσθέ με.
 ὅμως δὲ τοίαν οὐχὶ βούλομαι χάριν
 κομψῶς παραυδᾶν, ἣ γὰρ ἐξ ὑμῶν μόνη
 εὐνοια κοῦδὲν ἄλλο πλὴν θεῶν ἐμὲ
 ἔστησεν ἄρχοντ' · οὐ γὰρ ἐκδεῖξαι πάρα
 οὐ τεῦχος, οὐ μνημεῖον, ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου
 εὐρῶεν, οὐδ' ἀγάλασθ' ἡμίθραυστ' ἔχω
 πατέρων θανόντων, ὧτος ἢ δέονθ' ἐνός,
 ἢ ῥινός, οὐδὲ δέλτον εὖ πεπλασμένην
 ἢ ῥκμαρτυρήσει μ' εὐγενῇ πεφυκότα,
 ψευδῇ διδοῦσα κόμπον ἀξιωμαίων
 σαφῇ τ' ἐν ὑμῖν πίστιν · ἀρτίως δ' ἐγὼ
 τελῶν ἐς ἀστὸς χῶ νεὸς καλούμενος,
 γέρας λαβὼν τοσοῦτον, εὐβατον πόρον
 ἀνέφξα νῦν ἄλλοισιν, ἣ ποθ' ἴξεται
 ἐκείσε τιμῆς ἀρετῇ τῶν ἀξίων,
 ἣν οἱ δοκοῦντες εὖ πεφραγμένην ἀεὶ
 αὐτοῖς ἔσωζον, ὧν περ ἐν τῷ πρὶν χρόνῳ
 οὐ πλῆθος ὄλιγον ὧδ' ἐφέστηκεν πόλει ·
 οὐδεὶς δ' ἐμοῦ γε πρόσθ' ἔπηλυσ ὦν ἀνὴρ.

Wesley's Christmas Hymn.

EN praecones angeli
 Laudes cantant Domini --
 Pietas et pax beata,
 Lux e tenebris creata!
 Surgat uox mortalium,
 Cum choro coelicolum,
 Dicant omnes hodie
 Christum natum Virgine.
 Christus, adorandum Numen,
 Ex aeterna luce lumen,
 Thronum deserens regalem
 Aluum intrat Virginalem—
 En! per Carnem Caritas,
 Impermixta Deitas;
 Inter homines Creator
 Natus est et Mediator.
 Aue! pacis Rex qui uenis
 Sol exoriens terrenis,
 Qui dedisti lumen clarum
 Regioni tenebrarum.
 Tu splendorem exuisti,
 Causam nostram suscepisti,
 Tam Cr̄ator quam creatus,
 Et ut renascamur natus.

C. P. M.

From the Spanish.

THE strangest girl is young Juana,
 Fickle as an April day;
 Her moods so changeful that no man a
 Moment knows her will or way:
 If I say "To-day?" and sigh,
 "To-morrow," is her gay reply.

If she sees that I am changeful,
 She at once is dark and sad ;
 And she sings when I am tearful,
 Till her humour drives me mad.
 If I say "To-day ?" and sigh,
 "To-morrow," is her gay reply.

If I tell her that I love her,
 Straight she says she hates my sight—
 Whims each instant I discover,
 That will be my death outright.
 If I say "To-day ?" and sigh,
 "To-morrow," is her gay reply.

Up I look, my love revealing,
 Down she looks upon the floor,
 Then turns her eyes up to the ceiling
 When she knows I gaze no more.
 If I say "To-day ?" and sigh,
 "To-morrow," is her gay reply.

"You're an angel," once I told her,
 "You're a devil," she replied ;
 "I took heart and dared to scold her,
 She subdued me—for she cried.
 Then I ask'd, "To-day ?" and sigh'd,
 "To-morrow," gaily she replied.

She's so cruel and so wayward,
 If she thought I wish'd to die,
 She would flout me with a gay word,
 Laughing, as she heard me sigh,
 "Cruel girl, I'll die to-day"—
 "To-morrow," she would archly say.

J. F. W.

Dirge for a Maiden.

UNDERNEATH the sod low-lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one who left in dying
 Sorrow here.

Yet, they 're ever bending o'er her,
 Eyes that weep;
 Forms that to the cold grave bore her
 Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
 Soft and fair,
 Friends that loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above:
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love.

ANON.

Lucretius.

BUT now it seems some unseen monster lays
 His vast and filthy hands upon my will,
 Wrenching it backward into his; and spoils
 My bliss in being; and it was not great;
 For save when shutting reasons up in rhythm,
 Or Heliconian honey in living words,
 To make a truth less harsh, I often grew
 Tired of so much within our little life,
 Or of so little in our little life—
 Poor little life that toddles half an hour
 Crown'd with a flower or two, and there an end—

Aenïa,

HEV tegit herboso Lalagen uelamine caespes
 Lucifugaque domo ;
 Nunc humilis dormit quae nobis mortua liquit
 Nil nisi maestitiam.

Hanc tamen haud lacrimis Dolor unquam pronus obortis
 Spargere cessat humum ;
 Non oculos claudit uigiles, quicumque feretri
 Triste subiuit onus.

Ast ubi candescens aestiua lampade Phoebe
 Despicit in tumulum,
 Fletur, et intextas fletu, pia dona, corollas
 Fingit amica manus.

Sit tibi, molle caput, solium coeleste per annos ;
 Sit tibi dia Quies :
 Talibus ambrosium dabitur felicibus aeuum
 Associare Deo.

H. C.

Lucretius.

NVNC autem arbitrio, neque possum id cernere, nostro
 Nescio quid monstri uelut immanesque uidetur
 Immundasque manus intendere, uique retrorsum
 Flectens, ut sua iussa sequar, sic gaudia nostrae
 Exspoliât uitae, nec sane ea magna fuerunt ;
 Nam nisi quum numeris claudebam flexanimas res,
 Aut uiuentibus in uerbis Heliconia mella,
 Triste minus quo uerum exiret, saepe subibant
 Vsque adeo exiguae nostrae fastidia uitae ;
 An quia tam paucas res in se continet, horae
 Uix spatium integrae miserando more uacillans
 In finem, breuibus festi redimita corollis ?—

And since the nobler pleasure seems to fade,
 Why should I, beast like as I find myself,
 Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—
 What beast has heart to do it? And what man,
 What Roman, would be dragg'd in triumph thus?
 Not I; not he who bears one name with her
 Whose death-blow struck the dateless doom of kings,
 When, brooking not the Tarquin in her veins,
 She made her blood, in sight of Collatine
 And all his peers, flushing the guiltless air,
 Spout from the maiden fountain in her breast;
 And from it sprang the Commonwealth, which breaks
 As I am breaking now.

TENNYSON.

“Rich and Rare.”

RICH and rare were the gems she wore,
 And a bright gold wand in her hand she bore;
 But oh! her beauty was far beyond
 Her gems of gold or snow-white wand.

“Lady, dost thou not fear to stray
 So lone and sad in this bleak way?
 Are Erin’s sons so good or so cold
 As not to be tempted with woman or gold?”

“Sir Knight, I fear not the least alarm;
 No son of Erin would offer me harm;
 For though they love women and golden store,
 Sir Knight, they love honour and virtue more.”

On she went, and her maiden smile
 In safety lighted her round the green isle;
 And blest for ever is she who relied
 On Erin’s honour and Erin’s pride,

MOORE.

Et generosa quidem quoniamst effaeta uoluptas,
 Quid uetat, inuenio siquidem me animalis ad instar
 Factum, quin uir mortem adsciscam more uirili?
 Quod facere humanum est,—audet nam belua quando?
 Et sic uir quisquam, captivi more, triumpho
 Nedum Romanus, duci pateretur inultus?
 Non ita uitales carpo cognominis auras
 Haeres matronae, reges quae tempus in omne
 Morte sua eualuit delere, ubi coniuge et omni
 Primorum turba coram praesente, perosa
 Prorsum alienigeno pollutas sanguine venas,
 Fecit ut illibato e cordis fonte saliret
 Sanguis, puniceum uiolatae dedecus aurae,
 Vnde enata fuit Respublica, quae uelut ipsi
 Nos, tandem partes laxat resoluta uicissim.

H. M. H.

Nobilitas sola est atque unica uirtus.

VESTIBVS ingreditur pictis et diuite gemma;
 Auro collucens uirga regebat iter.
 Sed quid gemma ualet, niueo quid uirga colore
 Contra naturae candidioris opus?
 “Solane tendis iter, tristisque uagaris in ora
 Sola, metus expers?” obuius inquit eques,
 “Frigida progenies adeo his uersatur in oris,
 Vt non forma decens urat, opesue tuae?”
 Illa sub haec: “Eques, impavidam fortemque tueris;
 Quis spoliēt gemmas, iniiciatue manus?
 Sit mulier formosa licet, licet aurea uestis,
 Plus ualet hic uirtus, ingenuusque pudor.”
 Pergit, ut ante, uiam uiridantia litora circum,
 Virgineo roseas tincta rubore genas;
 Ergo illi, quae non patrio’st diffisa pudori,
 Clareshcit nomen—fama perennis erit.

W. B. G.

Horace's Second Epode.*

“BLEST man, who far from busy hum,
Vt prisca gens mortalium,
 Whistles his team afield with glee,
Solutus omni faenore.
 He lives in peace, from battles free,
Neque horret iratum mare ;
 And shuns the forum, and the gay
Potentiorum limina.
 Therefore to vines of purple gloss
Altas maritat populos ;
 Or pruning off the boughs unfit
Feliciores inserit ;
 Or in a distant vale at ease
Prospectat errantes greges ;
 Or honey into jars conveys ;
Aut tondet infirmas oues.
 When his head deck'd with apples sweet
Autumnus agris extulit,
 He plucks his pears so blithe and gay,
Certantem et uuam purpuræ,—
 Some for Priapus, for thee some,
Siluanæ, tutor finium !
 Beneath an oak 'tis sweet to be
Modo in tenaci gramine.
 The streamlet winds in flowing maze ;
Queruntur in siluis aues ;

* These verses are by Dr. MAGINN, a graduate of the University of Dublin. They have been published before, (the Editor believes,) but are inserted here at the request of some of the readers of *Kottabos*, who wished to see the piece which Mr. Galvin took for his model in his translation of Horace's Fourth Epode, which appeared in *Kottabos*, No. X.

The fount in dulcet murmur plays,
Somnos quod inuitet leues.
 But when the winter comes, (and that
Imbres niuesque comparat,)
 With dogs he forces off to pass
Apros in obstantes plagas,
 Or spreads his nets so thick and close,
Turdis edacibus dolos ;
 Or hares or cranes from far away
Iucunda captat praemia.
 Who does not love's unhappy stir
Haec inter obliuiscitur ?
 His wife can manage without loss
Domum atque dulces liberos,
 (Suppose her Sabine, or the dry
Pernicis uxor Appuli ;)
 Who piles the sacred hearth-stone high
Lassi sub aduentum viri ;
 And from his ewes, penn'd lest they stray,
Distenta siccat ubera ;
 And running this year's wine to get
Dapes inemptas apparet.
 Oysters to me no joy supply,
Magisue rhombus, aut scari,
 (If when the east winds boisterous be
Hiemps ad hoc uertat mare ;)
 Your turkey pout is not to us,
Non attagen Ionicus,
 So sweet as when we pick at home,
Oliua ramis arborum,
 Or sorrel, which the meads supply,
Maluae salubres corpori,
 Or lamb, slain at a festal show,
Vel haedus ereptus lupo.
 Feasting, 'tis sweet the creatures dumb
Videre properantes domum ;

Or oxen with the ploughshare go,
Collo trahentes languido,
 And all the slaves stretch'd out at ease,
Circum renidentes Lares !"
 Alfius, the usurer, babbled thus,
Iam, iam futurus rusticus,
 Call'd in his cash on the Ides,—but he
Quaerit Kalendis ponere.

"Nil restat ni quale decorum puellae."

(FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

TELL you hush!—no word of sneering scorn—
 True—fallen ; but God knows how deep her sorrow :
 Poor girl ! too many like her only born
 To love one day—to sin—and die the morrow.
 What know you of her struggles or her grief?
 Or what wild storms of want and woe and pain
 Tore down her soul from honour ? As a leaf
 From autumn branches, or a drop of rain
 That hung in frailest splendour from a bough—
 Bright, glistening in the sunlight of God's day—
 So had she clung to virtue once. But now—
 See Heaven's bright pearl polluted with earth's clay !
 The sin is yours—with your accursed gold—
 Man's wealth is master—woman's soul the slave !
 Some clear, pure water still the mire may hold.
 Is there no hope for her—no power to save ?
 Yes. Once again to draw up from the clay
 The fallen rain-drop, till it shine above,
 Or save a fallen soul, needs but one ray
 Of Heaven's sunshine—or of human love.

W. C. K. W.

A quaint-conseated Tyttie in Prayse of Wyne.

(WRIT BY MASTER KIT MARLOWE.)

THREE thyngs there be, all wyts agree,
 That chieflie doe combine,
 To fill man's heart with jollitee,
 Love, musick, and good wyne.
 And by my sooth I hold for truth,
 He ought not to live long,
 Who in the may-time of his youthe,
 Loves not love, wyne, and song.

Sweet wyne! *In uino ueritas* :
 Ay marry I hold to 't,
 Hys skynne conseales a parlous asse,
 Whom wyne can make a brute ;
 But I am not a beast, God wot,
 Then fill, good masters, wyne ;
 I hold him but a lubbard sot
 Whose wyttes are dulled by wyne.

Glad birdes make ring the groves in spring,
 When the sun shynes in the blue ;
 But one alone when he is gone,
 Doth carol the night through.
 To-night be we for harmonee,
 A nest of nightingales ;
 Your drunken throat hath no time note,
 Your dead men tell no tales.

Who marres our song, downe, downe among
 The dead men let hym lie ;
 The rich sunshyne mew'd up in wyne,
 Should out in melodye ;
 But brighter lyes in our loves' eyes,
 Blacke, blue, or grey, I ween ;
 December May it makes, night day,
 And soe, God save the Queen !

Beauty of a Starlight Night.

YE quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
 Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
 While half the world is lapp'd in blissful dreams,
 And round the lattice creep your fairy beams.
 How sweet to gaze upon those placid eyes,
 In lambent beauty looking from the skies !
 And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
 At dead of night along some noiseless way,
 How the heart mingles with a moonlit hour,
 And feels from heaven a sympathetic power !
 See ! not a cloud careers yon pathless deep
 Of molten azure—mute as lovely sleep ;
 Full in her pallid light the moon presides,
 Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides ;
 And far around the forest and the stream
 Wear the rich garment of her woven beam.
 The lull'd winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
 No stormy prelude rolls upon the waves :
 Nature is hush'd, as if her works adored,
 Still'd into homage of her living Lord !

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

Hoc Erat.

Ἄσβεστον ἄστρον φέγγος, οὐκ ἄναυδά πως
 δοκεῖτε λάμπειν, ἀτρεμῇ φρουρήματα
 νυκτὸς σκιώδους, νῦν, ἐν ᾧ φίλος βροτοῦς
 φίλαις ὄνειρος περιβολαῖσιν ἀμπέχει,
 ἐμὰς δὲ θυρίδας ἀμφέπουσ' ἀήσυροι
 ἀκτῖνες ὑμῶν, ὥς ἔμοιγε φίλτατον
 ἄνω γαληνὰ βλέφαρα προσλεύσσειν τάδε
 ἐξ οὐρανοῦ στάζοντα μέλιχον γάνος.
 καὶ νυκτὸς ἦν ποτ' ἐν καταστάσει μέσης
 πάντων ἀφροντις ἀψόφους οἴμους τινας
 τύχῳ βαδίζων, ὥς σεληναῖον δοκεῖ
 θίγειν πρὸς ἡπαρ ὄμμα, καὶ σύνοιδέ τι
 πάσχουσ' ἄνωθεν συγγενὲς ψυχὴν πάθος.
 βλέφ' ὥς τὸ κυανοῦν αἰθέρος τόδ' ἐμπύρου,
 ὥραϊος ὥσπερ ὕπνος, ἄστειπτον βάθος
 σῖγ' ἡσυχάζει, κοῦ νέφος πορθμεύεται,
 ὠχρὰ δ' ὀχεῖται πανσέληνος, ἀστέρων
 πρέσβιστος, αἴγλης εὐαγοῦς περιστεφῆς,
 πεπαίνεται δ' ἰούσα, παντόθεν δὲ γῇ
 πλεκτῶν ὕφασμα λιπαρὸν ἀκτίνων φορεῖ,
 ῥοαί τε ποτάμων, πᾶν τε φυλλάδων γένος.
 κοιμώμεναι δ' εὐδουσιν ἐν μυχοῖς πνοαί,
 οὐδ' οἶδμα πόντου δεινὰ φροιμιάζεται.
 καὶ πάντα σιγῇ, ᾧσπερ εὐφημεῖν δοκεῖ
 τὸν αἰὲν ὄντα προσκυνοῦντ' ἀρχηγέτην.

Barcarola.

I SEEM'D to steal on the moonbeam's track,
 As my frail bark glided o'er,
 Lightly and swift, on the deep-blue lake,
 Till I gain'd the far-off shore.
 Lightly and swift, like a timorous dove,
 Did I make the trysting place,
 There to dream on the bosom of Love,
 Enwrapp'd in its fond embrace.

Bound by the spell of a love so light,
 Fired by two sparkling eyes,
 Bright as the glow-worm on sand at night,
 Or stars in the purple skies;
 And pillow'd on breasts as soft as down,
 With heaven our only bow'r,
 I lay till the chimes from the distant town
 Had toll'd forth the parting hour.

Then on the lips of my lady fair
 I bade her a rapt adieu,
 And with a soul as light as the air,
 I sped through the waters blue.
 Lightly and swift o'er the tranquil lake,
 I made for the homeward shore,
 Secure in a faith which nought could break,
 That my Lady loved none more.

Barcarola.

PAREA così ch'il raggio della luna
 La nostra barca rintranciasse, allora
 Che varcava la placida laguna
 Finchè guignemmo alla lontana prora;
 Quasi colombe che al lôr nido aduna
 Tema e desio venimmo alla dimora
 U' nel seno d'amor e nel suo laccio
 Ci attende aurato sogno, e un vivo abbraccio.

Me circonda d'affetto il lieve accento
 E tal rifulge il ciglio, "e'l cor fa ansante"
 Come splende una stella in firmamento
 O la lucciola al suolo è scintillante:
 Sotto l'aula del ciel cui tace il vento
 Riposando sul suo sen palpitante
 Io rimango finchè lo squillo addita
 Dal paese lontan la mia partita.

Allor sul labbro dell' amato ogètto
 Sforai un addio, che la dovea lasciare,
 E col desir, che mi fea lieve il petto
 Per l'onde azzurre io ritornai a vogare:
 Svelto, e leggiere io men tornai soletto
 Sul lago il natïo approdo a ritrovare
 Sicuro che la Donna del mio core
 Fidele a me, per me sol nutria amore.

E. B.

Guinevere.

HENCEFORWARD, too, the powers that tend the soul,
 To keep it from the death that cannot die,
 And save it even in extremes, began
 To plague and vex her. Many a time, for hours
 Beside the placid breathings of the king,
 In the dead night, grim faces came and went
 Before her; or a vague spiritual fear,
 Like to some doubtful noise of creaking doors
 Heard by the watcher in a haunted house,
 That keeps the rust of murder on the walls,
 Held her awake; or, if she slept, she dream'd
 An awful dream; for then she seem'd to stand
 On some vast plain, before a setting sun,
 And from the sun there swiftly made at her
 A ghastly something, and its shadow flew
 Before it till it touch'd her, and she turned—
 When lo! her own, that broadening from her feet,
 And blackening, swallow'd all the land, and in it
 Far cities burnt—and with with a cry she woke.

TENNYSON.

To all whom it may concern.

WE understand that discharged soldiers who re-enlist are
 now allowed to count their previous service, together
 with other advantages; and that if they present themselves at
 the offices of the recruiting districts, or at the head-quarters of
 a regiment, they will be entitled to ten shillings levy-money,
 which will cover their expenses.

*Daily Telegraph.**August 11, 1870.*

Nunc te facta impia tangunt.

CONTINUO hinc animas circumuolitantia nostras
 Numina, perpetua morte ereptura cadentis,
 Seruatura eadem summo in discrimine lapsas,
 Reginam uexare minis; quin nocte profunda
 Dum placidus rex dormit et ad latus ipsa recumbit,
 Horribiles uoltus ire atque redire per umbras
 Saepe diuque uidet; fugat aut insueta sopores
 Nescio quo uexans formido corda pauore—
 Qualis ubi incertum stridentes cardine ualuas
 Nocturnus stupuit custos ubi caede uetusta
 Conspersus paries et inulto sanguine livet,
 Ergo agit excubias illa, aut si forte sopore
 Lumina declinat, suspensam insomnia terrent:
 Scilicet inmenso uisa est consistere campo,
 Subter uergentem solem; petere unde misellam
 De iubare ipso exsanguie aliquid pernicibus alis
 Deuectum, signansque uiam praeceuntibus umbris—
 Ad cuius tactum se uertere, et ipsius umbra
 Ante pedis sese nigrans expandere eundo
 Latior, inuoluens terras caligine dira;
 Sub qua magna, nefas, uolcano maenia late
 Fervere; dein somnum excussit, voxque excidit ore.

W. R. B.

Praemia militiae.

ACCEPTIMUS fore ut militibus exauctoratis aera procedant,
 et alia accedant commoda si denuo nomina edant; et si
 apud conquisitores uel ad statua cuiusuis legionis profiteantur,
 uiritim deberi conscriptionis mercedem et uiaticum H.S. sexa-
 genos.

J. F. D.

Pinto.

“**W**ELL now I shall begin my dinner,” he said to Pinto, when he was at length served. “What surprises me most in you is your English. There is not a man who speaks such good English as you do.” “English is an expressive language,” said Mr. Pinto, “but not difficult to master. Its range is limited. It consists so far as I can observe of four words—‘nice,’ ‘jolly,’ ‘charming,’ and ‘bore;’ and some grammarians add ‘fond.’”

D’ISRAELI.

Diners Out.

ALL great cities abound with little men, whose object it is to be the stars of the dinner-table, and grand purveyors of all the stray jokes of the town. So long as these confine themselves to fetch and carry for their masters they succeed tolerably well, but the moment they set up for originality, and turn manufacturers instead of retailers, they are ruined. Like the hind wheel of the carriage, which is in constant pursuit of the fore, without ever overtaking it; so these become the doubles of a Selwyn or a Sheridan, but without ever coming up to them. They are constantly near wit without being witty, as his valet is always near a great man without being great.

COLTON.

Urbani sermo conbibalis.

QUO tandem apposito "Iam caenare libet" Pisoni dixit, et "ideo potissimum mihi admirationem moues quod tam perite Anglice loqueris ut nemo possit melius." "Lingua Anglica," respondit Piso, "quamuis arguta sit, tamen ea est quam quis facile calleat. Fines eius parum ampli; quippe quatuor tantum, quod sciam, nomina habeat. Ei enim res quaeuis est aut 'lepida,' aut 'festiua,' aut 'dulcis,' aut 'insulsa;' praeterea aput nonnullos auctores est et 'in deliciis.'"

J. F. D.

Conuiuiorum circulatores.


NON desunt per urbes magnas homunculi quidam, qui lecti imi derisores agunt, et facetiarum institores, si quid sub basilicis ridiculi emanet. Quibus quamdiu satis uidetur patronorum logos baiulare et quasi τὴν καπηλικήν facere, satis belle uiuitur; at siquando salinas, ut ita dicam, suas exercere affectant, conturbant illico. Scis enim Persianum illud

frustra sestabere cantum
Si rota posterior curras et in axe secundo,

Ita fit ut Laeliastri siue Luciliastri euadant sanniones nostri, Laelii aut Lucilii nequaquam, et, quemadmodum regis pedisequus ad magnum creber accedat, ad magnitudinem nunquam, sic, inter lepores semper uersati, ipsi illepidi uiuant.


T.

Song of the Cynic.

HEN I am told there 's some one born,
 According to my rules,
 "'Tis well," I say, "here's one fool more
 To plague the other fools."
 And when I'm told there 's some one dead,
 My comfort I express,
 According to my custom, thus :
 "Thank heaven ! one fool less."

W. F.

Sonnet.

HEN slow and sad the lengthening shadows fall,
 And sinks the weary sun to his repose,
 When gentle evening at the daylight's close
 Robes her in darkness like a funeral pall.
 E'en then above the tapering tree-tops tall
 A thousand twinkling stars begin to peer,
 And Cynthia's trembling beams divinely clear
 Shine with a mild effulgence over all.
 So when the evening time of life comes on,
 When all the glory that at early dawn
 Allured us with so wonderful a light
 Grows pale and faint, still, 'mid the dusk obscure,
 There gleams from heaven a ray serenely bright,
 Less dazzling than the sun, but not less pure.

C. M. A.

Adversaria Critica.

THE following annotations on a well-known passage in Virgil, have been kindly forwarded to us by the eminent scholars whose names are appended to each:—

Arma uirumque cano.

The meaning of the above passage is obvious, but Ruperti possesses some ingenuity in going wrong. MACLEANE.

Ruperti thinks this a good commencement of an Epic poem; I don't. LONG.

*Arma*uirum†que? cano||.*

Qu.—Armigerumque? or, armiferumque? or, carmen herumque? or, bella uirumque? or, belligerumque? or, en! heroa cano? or,...canam? or, (with a slight remodelling of the rest of the line,) arma uirum recino? or,...canto? or, armorumque cano? or,...recino? or,...canto. But perhaps the words are all spurious, or a gloss, or an interpolation; or, perhaps, we should mark a lacuna after them. BLAYDES.

This is, perhaps, the most difficult hemistich in Latin poetry. I have considered these words carefully for twenty-five years, and I am in a position (I felicitate myself) to show that they have hitherto been quite misunderstood. Perhaps, however, it will be more convenient to postpone the consideration of the passage until I arrive in my annotations at the second book. The space gained by the postponement of my note on this passage I shall devote to the illustration of the Demosthenic use of the particle *δη*.

SHILLETO.

Translate "Deeds of Martial Enterprise I propose to make the subject of this my Epic Poem, together with the chequered fortunes of the individual who," &c. Perhaps *uirum* is the contracted genitive plural. The construction would thus be simpler:—*Cano uirorum*, I sing of the men.

BOYD'S ANTHON.

These words clearly betray the work of three, if not four, different hands. The *Aeneis* is evidently the work, not of Vergil, but of a Vergilid school of poets. We shall, to facilitate future reference, designate the different authors as the *Arma-ist*, the *Virumque-ist*, and the *Cano-ist*. Perhaps the *Virumque-ist* might be split into the *Virum-ist* and the *Que-ist*.

EWALD.

"I should be sorry to mention the filthy hallucinations of Kuinoel on this passage, lest the very mention of this dolt and robber should excite nausea in myself and indignation in my hearers."

HERTZBERG.

'Arms and the man.' Compare the analogous modern phrase 'Wine and Women,' and the French *Aux Armes*. It is needless for me to explain this line, the works of previous commentators being open to the student.

SIMCOX.

Subjoined is a list of 200 cursive MSS., in which the particle *que* is spelt with a *u*, and of 201 in which it is spelt with a *v*.

RITSCHL.

Arma being a term (perhaps) applicable to implements of cookery as well as implements of war, the following recipe for a beestings pudding from Athenaeus will not be out of place. Meanwhile, let us listen to the conversation of a literary purple dyer with an assistant-deputy farmer of the scriptura in the *cavea* of Pompey's Theatre. "Tell me, by the genius of Livia, who is that *sumen*-fed knight who is airing the ring which grants him the privilege of Roscius?" "That, so may the gods love me, is Marcus, the son of Lucius, of the Pomptinian tribe, whose grandfather was a *retiarius*, and whose grandmother sold strigils at the Mulvian Bridge."

MITCHELL.



The Old Corporal.

(AFTER BERANGER.)

LOADED and ready—come, that's right,
Let us move on—the bugles sound ;
Wait till I've lit the pipe—alight—
Now, before starting, shake hands round.
Though some folks say I've lived too long,
Your wet eyes tell me *that's* not true ;
For not a lad these ranks among
But knew Dad Fugle—loved him too.

A sub-lieutenant—snivelling cur—
Insulted me, I broke his head ;
A plaster cures the officer,
The private gets a dose of lead.
Perhaps I'd drunk more than I ought,
I'd do as much again, I know ;
One thing *my* corporal never taught,
The craven's knack, to brook a blow.

Small chance have you to patch your scars
 With ribbons, stars, and such like things ;
 See mine—I won them in those wars
 Where France shook thrones, and trampled kings.
 Ah ! how you used to stand me beer,
 And stand agape to hear my stories,
 And beg me tell you more ; well, here !—
 Here 's a brave end to all my glories.

Bob, your folk live near mine, you said,
 Go home, my boy, and mind your sheep ;
 Yield yon trees half so sweet a shade
 As those through which our chimneys peep ?
 How oft we ran, our girls and I,
 Through grasses with the dew still wet—
 Not to see home before I die—
 And poor old mother living yet !

Who 's this ? 'Tis the dead drummer's wife,
 And what can she be blubbering for ?
 " Your child—your husband—saved your life ?"—
 I recollect—the Russian war.
 Behind the rear-guard, stumbling on,
 We toil'd through many a frozen night,
 On my left arm I bore your son,
 And help'd you up, lass, with my right. .

Hallo ! the pipe's gone out—what then ?
 We 've reach'd the spot where I 'm to die ;
 No blinding, no ! stand back there, men !
 I'll face death with unbandaged eye.
 Sorry to trouble, gentlemen ;
 But one more service I'll require ;
 God bless you, lads, safe home again ;
 Mind and aim low—now ! steady ! FIRE !

H. J. DE B.

Puzzled.

DEARLY I love you, *Marie mignonne*,
 As you sit with your books in the morning sun ;
 The very air round you is, oh ! so sweet,
 And all that I ask is to lie at your feet :
 While the envious birds above you
 Call to me and the flowers, *Marie mignonne*,
 And bid us look up and love you.

Everything loves you, *Marie mignonne*,
 For your eyes shine soft as the morning sun ;
 And your red lip bends in a playful pout,
 As you come to a word that you can't make out.
 But the birds never seem to mind it,
 Nor the flowers—I, only, *Marie mignonne*,
 Would give a fortune to find it.

What is your puzzle, *Marie mignonne* ?
 Your troublesome word is a German one.
 Give me the book. We have found it now,
 And the cloudlet melts from your thoughtful brow.
 But your hand meets mine for a moment,
 And a thrill passes through me, *Marie mignonne*,
 Though I hardly think you so meant.

I too had a puzzle, *Marie mignonne*,
 But my troublesome word was an English one—
 Four little letters—l, o, v, e,
 But their meaning is now very plain to me.
 And the envious birds above you
 Sing sweeter than ever, *Marie mignonne*,
 For I love you, oh ! I love you.

Euphelia and Cloe.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure.
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
 When Cloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
 I sung and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :
 And Venus to the Loves around
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

PRIOR.

Peace, peace!

YE have not sow'd in vain !
 Though the heavens seem as brass,
 And piercing the crust of the burning plain
 Ye scan not a blade of grass ;

Yet there is life within,
 And waters of life on high ;
 One morn ye shall wake, and the Spring's soft green
 O'er the moisten'd fields shall lie.

LYRA ANGLICANA.

Aemilia et Chloë.

FICTIS, ut sibi sospitet,
 Cautus uector opes sub titulis tegit;
 Versus Aemiliam mei
 Laudant, sed penitus depereo Chloën.

Ornanti Aemiliae comas
 Praesto forte chelys, deliciae meae,
 Et carmen lepidum iacet;
 Vt iungam fidibus uerba rogat Chloë.

Hanc sumptam modulator, cano,
 Sed suspiria cum carmine misceo;
 Vox sane Aemiliam sonat,
 Mens defixa Chloën tota inhiat Chloën.

Illa auertitur, haec rubet,
 Canto ipse, et modulator, contueor, tremo;
 Dixit Cypris Amoribus,
 "Quam non dissimulant quisque suam facem!"

I.

Grata superueniet quæ non sperabitur hora.

NON uana tellus semina condidit!
 Ardore Titan ferueat aereo,
 Glebamque uertenti calentem
 Non tenuis caput herba tollet;

Vitale semper germen humo uiget;
 Fons dius edit nectareas opes;
 Mox uernus humentes arenas
 Cinget honor uiridi corona.

H. C.

Romaunt of the Myrtle.

NEVER was song stranger than mine—
 All of a falcon that flew thro' the brine,
 All of a falcon that flew o'er the sea
 To the dim Islands of Twilight; where be
 Groves of pale myrtle where wander and wait,
 Hovering and hoping, before Heaven's gate,
 The ghosts of sad lovers!
 There wait and wander, frail meteors of fire,
 Spirits Death-snatch'd in their morn of desire,
 Their April of passion—when lips at his kiss
 Freeze, ere the heart be made perfect thro' bliss
 To pass the glad portals.
 There came the falcon that flew o'er the sea—
 To the wan white bosom of Eulalie.

Never was song stranger than mine—
 All of a dove that flew back thro' the brine,
 All of a dove that flew back o'er the sea
 With a pale myrtle-spray from the wan Eulalie,
 To Mainz in the Rhineland!
 In Mainz was high feasting, and Berthold was there;
 And Frauenlob chanted the praise of the fair,
 And eyes grew more bright, cheeks more beauteous, and wine
 Foam'd fresh to their lips in great flagons ashine;
 And the king's heart was merry, the courtiers were clad
 In robes of rejoicing; but Berthold was sad
 For the loss of his falcon.
 To him came the dove that flew back o'er the sea,
 With that pale sweet token from Eulalie.

Never was song sweeter than mine—
 All of this dove that flew back thro' the brine,
 To Berthold—mute-brooding and wroth for their glee—
 With the flower of love-longing from wan Eulalie,

Sweet, sweet with her sighing!

Sweet with her sighing and pale with her kiss—
 What glimpse of forgotten deep bye-ways of bliss
 Grew clear to his vision—what fragrance of dreams,
 What nightingale music by weird-flowing streams
 Made mystic each sense—what wild glamour bid start
 The passionate fountains long-dead in his heart,

Till he fainted for yearning!

And the king dropp'd his beaker, the minstrel let fall
 His glittern—the music died harshly—and all
 Was tumult—men rose, women shriek'd, and 'twas said
 By knots of scared whisperers: "Berthold is dead!"

In Mainz in the Rhineland.

But Berthold was speeding far far o'er the sea
 To the warm breast of his own Eulalie!

J. T.

At a Christening.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

WHEN circling friends around conspire
 To bless this babe of thine,
 What marvel I alone retire,
 Nor press his lips to mine?
 That tribute sure were gladly paid
 My greeting fond to prove—
 But what would men say of the maid
 They saw embracing Love?

J. F. W.

Much Ado about Nothing.

ANTONIO. If you go on thus you will kill yourself;
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

LEONATO. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve : give not me counsel ;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience ;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain ;
As, thus for thus, and, such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form :
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, "sorrow, wag !" cry ; hem, when he should groan ;
Patch grief with proverbs ; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters ; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man ; for, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ach with air, and agony with words :
No, no ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow ;

Epicurus nihili facit dolorem.

ΑΝΤ. Ταῦτ' ἦν γένηται μᾶλλον οἰχίσει θανών ·
 κοῦ σωφρόνως τοι συμμαχεῖς ἀλγηδόνι
 ἐφ' αὐτὸν αὐτός.

ΛΕΟΝ. λῆγέ μοι βουλὴν φέρων
 ἥτις δι' ὧτων εἰσιν ὧδ' ἄχρηστος ὥς
 ἐς κόσκινον ῥεῖ νᾶμα · μὴ βούλευ' ἔτι ·
 μηδεὶς δὲ μηδὲν ἡδὺ προσφέρει, κακῶς
 πλὴν εἴ τις ἔπαθεν ὥστ' ἰσορρεπεῖν ἐμοί.
 ἴτω πατήρ τις ἐξ ἴσου φιλῶν τέκνον,
 ἐφ' ἧ γέγεθεν εἰς ἴσην ὑπερβολὴν,
 κείνος δ' ὑπείποι ταῦθ' ὅπως μαθήσομαι
 κούφως ἐνεγκεῖν · εἰ δ' ἀριθμήσας πόνους
 ἀμφοῖν, ἐμῶν ἐς μῆκος ἐς δ' εὖρος μετρῶν,
 ὥστ' ἀντιτείνειν πῆμα πῆματος, τὸ μὲν
 τοῦ δ' ἀντισηκοῦν, κεῖνα δ' αὖ κείνων, κατὰ
 μέλη τε καὶ πρόσωπα καὶ δέμας τὸ πᾶν ·
 ὁ δ' εἰ καταψῶν τὴν γένυν καὶ προσγελῶν
 “ ἔρρ', ἄλγος” εἶπεν, εἰ δ' ἐπόππυσεν, δέον
 στένειν, ἐπίπλασεν δ' ἄχος παροιμίαις,
 τὴν συμφορὰν δ' ἐν τοῖς μεριμνήταις λόγων
 ἐμέθυσεν, εἴ που γῆς τοιοῦτος ἔστ' ἀνὴρ,
 ἴτω, τρυγῆσω δ' ὧδέ πως τὸ καρτερεῖν.
 ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἔστιν · πᾶς δ' ἄπειρος ὢν κακῶν
 παρηγορεῖν τε καὶ φέρειν βουλὴν ἔχει ·
 γεύσῃ δ' ἐπὴν τις αὐτὸν, οἱ σοφοὶ λόγοι
 ὀργὴν ἐγείρουσ' οἵπερ ἤθελον τότε
 ὀδυνῶν βέβαια δεικνύναι τὰ φάρμακα,
 δῆσαί τε μανίαν ἐν μίτῳ βομβυκίων,
 ἄχος τ' ἐπώδαις, τήν τ' ἀγωνίαν δύης
 φήμαις ἀκεῖσθαι. μὴ σύ γ' · ἀχθηδὼν ὅταν
 τρύῃ κακῶν τιν' οὔτις ὅστις οὐ θέλει
 σύμβουλος εἶναι τοῦ φέρειν ῥᾶον κακά ·

But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;
 For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push at chance and sufferance.

SHAKSPEARE.

Torquemada.

WHEN this most wretched father went his way
 Into the wood that round his castle lay;
 Where once his daughters in their childhood play'd
 With their young mother in the sun and shade.
 Now all the leaves had fallen: the branches bare
 Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
 And, screaming from their eyries overhead,
 The ravens sail'd athwart the sky of lead.
 With his own hand he lopp'd the boughs, and bound
 Faggots that crackled with foreboding sound;
 And on his mules, caparison'd and gay
 With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

LONGFELLOW.

παντὸς τόδ' ἐστὶν ἔργον · ἀλλ' οὐδεὶς βροτῶν
 ἀνδρείος ὧδε κᾶστίν αὐταρκῆς φύσιν
 ὥς καὶ παθὼν ταῦτ' αὐτὸς ἐμμένειν λόγοις.
 ταῦτ' οὖν σὺ μὴ βούλευε · καὶ γὰρ οἱ πόνοι
 πάντων ὑπερβοῶσι κληδόνας λόγων.

- A. παίδων ἄρ' ἄνδρες διαφέρουσιν οὐκέτι.
 Λ. μή μοι λόγους ἔτ' · οὐ λίθος πέφυκ' ἐγώ ·
 οὐδεὶς δ', ἐγῶμαι, τῶν ἄγαν σοφῶν ἔτλη
 ὀδόντας ἀλγῶν καρτερεῖν, εἰ καὶ μάλα
 ἔπη τὰ σέμν' ἔρριψεν, ὥς θεός τις ὦν,
 καὶ συμφοράς τε καὶ τύχας κατήλασεν.

J. F. D.

ΘΥΣΙΑΙ ΒΡΟΤΟΚΤΟΝΟΙ.

Ἔνθεν δ' ἐς ὕλην ἄσσεται τλήμων πατήρ,
 ἀρχαῖον ἀμφίβληστρον εὐθρίγκων δόμων,
 ἥπερ νεογνῶν δίπτυχον γονὴν τέκνων
 ξὺν τῇ τεκούσῃ, παιγμάτων λελιμμένην,
 ἐπεσκίαζε διαδοχαῖσιν ἡλίου.
 χαμαιπετὴ νῦν εἶδεν εὐφυλλον χλιδὴν,
 ψιλῶν δὲ δένδρων μυρίου στενάγματος
 παρῆν ἀκούειν · ἐκ δ' αἰὲ κλάζων λιγὺ
 πυκνὸς κατ' εὐνῆς ὑφιεγεννήτου κόραξ
 ψαίρει κέλευθον αἴθερος μελαγχίμου.
 ὁ δ' αὐτοχεῖρ βλαστήματ' εὐδένδρου νάπης
 τέμνει, θερίζει, γῆρυν οὐκ εὐάγγελον
 στόνων ἄφεντα · κᾶπινώτιον ξύλον
 ὄνοισι δῆσας, οἷσι κωδωνόκροτοι
 λάμπουσι θύσανοι, νόστιμον πέμπει στόλον.

H. C.

Apology for Pleasure.

GLAUCOPIS forsakes her own ;
 The angry gods forget us ;
 But yet the blue streams along
 Walk the feet of the silver song ;
 And the night-bird wakes the moon ;
 And the bees in the blushing noon
 Haunt the heart of the old Hymettus ?
 We are fallen, but not forlorn,
 If something is left to cherish ;
 As Love was the earliest born,
 So Love is the last to perish.
 Wreathe then the roses, wreathe !
 The Beautiful still is ours ;
 While the stream shall flow, and the sky shall glow,
 The Beautiful still is ours !
 Whatever is fair or soft or bright
 In the lap of Day or the arms of Night,
 Whispers our soul of Greece,—of Greece,—
 And hushes our care with a voice of peace.
 Wreathe then the roses, wreathe !
 They tell me of earlier hours ;
 And I hear the heart of my country breathe
 From the lips of the strangers' flowers.

BULWER LYTTON.

Spirat adhuc Amor.

CEDIT ab urbe sua—tanta est caelestibus ira—
 Immemor heu ! Pallas cedit ab urbe sua :
 At, quae caeruleo praeter pede labitur, unda
 Integrat argenteos iam numerosa choros ;
 Iam Lunam Philomela ciet ; iam uiscera Hymetti
 Sole rubescentis nota frequentat apes.
 Sternamur licet ; at non spe sternemur adempta,
 Si quid inextinctum quod foueamus erit :
 Non nisi primigenus—sic creditur—est Amor ortus,
 Non nisi supremus—crede—peribit Amor.
 Nectamus roseas, nectat sibi quisque, corollas ;
 Sit mihi de Paphiis nexa corolla rosis :
 Pulcher adhuc nobis nullus non uoluitur amnis ;
 Pulcher adhuc nobis fulget uterque polus.
 Quidquid habet clari, quidquid tenerique bonique,
 Seu Nox siue Dies, hic gremio illa sinu,
 Hellade nos celebrat ; pauidos uox Helladis inde
 Nos mulcet placidas uaticinata uices.
 Nectamus roseas, nectat sibi quisque, corollas ;
 Aetatam redolent quae fuit ante rosae :
 Quippe mihi ex istis—audin' tu ?—floribus, hospes,
 Afflatur patriae spiritus ipse meae.

A.

“A very taunting Letter.”

IF Nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed, under a limited monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feeling of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor even the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have perhaps mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of ability. It is the apprehension of your friends that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance on your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding.

JUNIUS.

Great Expectations.

THERE will be mistakes at first, as there are in all changes. All young ladies will imagine, as soon as this bill is carried, that they will be instantly married. Schoolboys believe that gerunds and supines will be abolished, and that currant tarts must ultimately come down in price. The corporal and sergeant are sure of double pay; bad poets expect a demand for their epics. Fools will be disappointed as they always are; reasonable men, who know what to expect, will find that a very serious good has been obtained.

ΕΝ ΠΙΝΑΚΙ ΠΤΥΚΤΩΙ ΘΥΜΟΦΘΟΡΑ ΠΟΛΛΑ.

Εἴπως ἐδεδώκει σοι ἡ φύσις ξύνεσιν τῇ ξυνοικούσῃ μοχθηρίᾳ ἰσόρροπον, οὐκ οἷδ' ἂν ὅτῳ σου δεινότερῳ τις ἂν ἐχρήτο τῶν αἰεὶ πολιτείας ἐννόμῳ βασιλευμένῳ καταλελυκότῳ. ὅταν γὰρ ἄρα μηδὲ αἰδῶς, μηδὲ τὸ ἑαυτῷ αἰσχρὰ ξυνειδέναι, μηδὲ αὐτὸ τὸ τῆς τιμωρίας δέος, τὸν προεστῶτα κωλύῃ μὴ κακῶς πολιτεύεσθαι, δικαίως μέντοι ἂν ὀλοφύρουντο οἱ πολῖται ὅπως ἔχουσι, πλήν γε δὴ ὅσον τὴν ἀδυναμίαν τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐνθυμουμένοις παραμύθιον τι οὐκ ἐλλείπει. εἰ τοίνυν, τοιούτου καὶ οὕτως ἀπόρου περιστάντος κινδύνου, τῆς ξυνέσεως καλῶς ἔχεις, πάλαι ἦν σκεπτέον · μὴ περὶ ταύτης τι πεπλημμεληκῶς τύχοις, καίπερ ὀρθῶς ξυμμετρησάμενος τὴν βούλησιν. τοσοῦτον γάρ τοι ἤδη χρόνον τὸ ἄδολον καὶ τὸ ἀβέλτερον ταῦτόν δῆθεν δύναται, ὥστε ἀντηλλαγμένος πως ὁ λόγος ἐπὶ τὸ πιστεῦσθαι ἐκνενίκηκεν, καὶ, ὅστις ἂν ἦ κακοῦργος, οὗτος δὴ δεξιός τις ἑαυτῷ δοκεῖ. ὃ σε δεδίασιν οἱ ξυγγιγνόμενοι, μὴ, τοιοῦτόν τι περὶ σεαυτοῦ αὐτοσχεδιάσας, τῇ κακοτροπίᾳ ἔστιν ὅποι πιστεύων, τὴν τῆς ξυνέσεως δύναμιν λάθῃς πως ὑπερβεβηκώς.

T.

ΟΥ ΤΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΙΔΟΣ.

PRIMO quidem, ut in rebus nouis ferme fit, erunt qui fallantur. Hac rogatione perlata, unaquaeque puella nil morae futurum quin nuptum detur existimabit. Pueri, qui Mineruam colunt, sibi persuasum habebunt fore ut leges grammaticae antiquentur atque crustulorum annona tandem aliquando laxior fiat. Tesserarii et centuriones duplex stipendium sibi promittent; Bauius et Maeuius libros suos nunc demum Sosiis aera merituos credent. Stulti, ut semper, frustra erunt; homines uero perspicaces, quibus quid liceat sperare notum, nil paruum profici intellegent.

B.

Sea Idylls.

I.

EVELEEN.

MY own girl at home,
 Weep no longer for me,
 The ship steps through the ocean foam,
 That bears me back to thee.
 Full sail, and bending mast,
 We cleave the waters green,
 I'm hasting home to thee, at last,
 My own Eveleen !

I have o'ercome the fate
 That sever'd us so long,
 I have o'erpast the treacherous hate,
 Forgot the rankling wrong.
 I am speeding o'er the sea,
 They swore should roll between
 The one who loves thee well, and thee,
 My own Eveleen !

Of you how many a night
 I 've dream'd the long watch through.
 From noon's brain-seething shafts of light,
 My thoughts have flown to you.
 To you in your own home-bowers,
 Where the light falls cool and green,
 My saint of saints ! my flower of flowers !
 My own Eveleen !

But now no longer pine,
 No longer wait and weep,
 Our pennant floats far o'er the brine,
 We march along the deep.
 With store of royal gold,
 With silks of sunny sheen,
 And bridal raiment meet to fold
 My own Eveleen !

An hour ! and he shall trace
 The old home-scene once more,
 But to have seen his true-love's face
 White, as the shroud she wore !
 Ah, fading human love !
 Oh light in darkness seen !
 Oh voiceless, as the stone above
 Thy grave, Eveleen !

C. P. M.

II.

NEPTUNUS.

OLD falls the night on starless seas and skies,
 Stretch'd on the waves the weary north wind lies,
 With crack'd and shrieking voice he shouts and sings
 The maddest yarns about the maddest things :
 Storms, shipwrecks, water-fiends, all things that be
 The wicked, ghastly secrets of the sea,
 So wicked, that they make each water-sprite
 Leap from the water, screaming with delight !

But lo ! on the wet sands,
 A stranger stands.
 About his manful form, in many a fold,
 A Spanish mantle wraps him from the cold.
 The storm blows wilder as he passes by,
 And when he steps, red sparkles flash and fly !
 He hastes away to where yon lonely light
 Gleams from the fisher's cottage on the height.

Her father and brother are out at sea,
 The fisherman's daughter is there alone,
 The fairest maid in the land is she,
 No maiden half so fair as she

Can at market or feast or dance be shown ;
 And her merry grey eyes and her gold-bright curls
 Win the love of the men and the hate of the girls,

The fairest maid in the land is she.

And now she sits by the fire alone ;
 And o'er her face, in the red fire-light,
 The golden curls fall glossy and bright.

The stranger enters. How she flushes red !

"I come to keep my promise, as I said ;

I come to whisper in your ear

What will astonish you to hear.

The good old times have come again,

The good old Pagan ages, when

The gods might wed with the daughters of men,

Of valiant hero-race the springs,

Long lines of sceptre-bearing kings,

God-like, god-equalling in renown,

Who mightily ruled over castle and town.

And now come hence, be Queen and wife of mine,

For I am Neptune, ruler of the brine."

The fisher may seek for his home and his daughter
 Nothing is there but the cold grey water !

And the men were sad,

And the women were glad,

That she ne'er came back, howe'er they sought her !

C. P. M.

Heats.

RARE moon-madness! poet-soul that flew
 High above earth and its own earthly clay,
 And seem'd to dream one-half its hours away
 In a sublustral realm of deepest blue,
 Pillow'd on fleece-cloud, till each faint sense grew
 Keen as an eagle's. What the linnets say
 In summer woods, or throstle on a spray
 Of snowy sloethorn—every sound he knew
 Of every season, while the cushat's croon
 Was not more subtle-sweet than was the night,
 The dream-power of each verse's quaintest tune;
 A power earth-clinging, and yet heavenly bright;
 Heaven's poesy writ on water by the moon,
 And sweetly-soft like brooklets heard at night.

A. J. H.

After Spenser.

FAIRE! is no hope of thy relenting mynd,
 So goodly gifts yet lingering in thy face?
 But I, poor thrall, none other refuge find,
 Save when in dreams I joy in thine embrace.
 I wast away for lack of thy sweete grace:
 Why dost thou weare me with such cruelty,
 That in thy brest, of kindness seems no trace,—
 In mine no hope to end my mysery?
 Alas! I feel the bitter balefull smart,
 When to thy love mine eyes thou dost allure,
 And drag from out my bosom this poore hart;
 Give back mine eies, my bosom's bale recure!
 Which if thou grant'st, then life by thee is given,
 If not, I die. Will *then* thy hart be riven?

R. A.

Here and There.

OH! think not that with garlands crown'd,
 Inhuman, near thy grave we tread;
 Or blushing roses scatter round,
 To mock the paleness of the dead.

What though we drain the fragrant bowl,
 In flowers adorn'd, and silken vest,
 Oh! think not, brave departed soul,
 We revel to disturb thy rest.

Feign'd is the pleasure that appears,
 And false the triumph of our eyes:
 Our draughts of joy are dash'd with tears,
 Our songs imperfect, and in sighs.

We inly mourn: o'er flowery plains
 To roam in joyous trance is thine,
 And pleasures unallied to pains,
 Unfading sweets, immortal wine.

BLAND.

On Robert Emmett.

OH! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
 Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid;
 Sad, silent, and dark be the tears that we shed,
 As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
 Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
 And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
 Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

MOORE.

Aue Valeque !

AH! ne finge, precor, duros errare sepulcrum,
 Velatos sertis, nos ad inane tuum :
 Neue rosas circum credas sparsisse rubentes,
 Quae te pallentem ludificare velint.
 Quid si festiue calices siccantis odoros
 Membra tegit uestis serica, flosque caput ?
 Crede mihi, manes inter fortissime, nobis
 Non tua conuiuis sollicitanda quies.
 Ficta quidem nostri simulant haec gaudia coetus,
 Hoc falsum referunt lumina nostra decus :
 Pocula caenantum lacrimis tinguntur obortis,
 Singultuque parum carmina rupta ualent.
 Sed tibi quem tacito lugemus corde, uagari
 Per tua sopitum florea prata datur ;
 Sed tibi non ullo uitata dolore uoluptas,
 Nectarei fontes ambrosiaeque dapes.

W. M. J. M.

ΚΟΥΦΑ ΧΘΩΝ ΕΠΑΝΩΘΕ ΠΕΣΟΙ.

Τούνομα μὴ φθεγγώμεθ', ἐνὶ σκιᾷ ἤσυχ' ἰαύοι,
 οὐδ' ἡ ψυχρὰ τάφος λείψαν' ἄτιμος ἔχει,
 τὸν δ' ὀλοφυρόμενοι σιγῇ θαμὰ δάκρυ βάλλωμεν,
 ὥς χθόν' ὑπὲρ κεφαλὴν νύξ δροσόεσσα βρέχει.
 ἡ δὲ δρόσος πίπτουσ' ἐπινύκτιος, ἄψοφος οὔσα,
 ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινοῖς τὸν τάφον ἀμφιβαλεῖ,
 καὶ λαθραῖοι ὅμως θαλερὸν κατὰ δάκρυ χέοντες
 μνημοσύνην φωτὸς σώσομεν ἐν κραδίαις.

W. W. F.

Hendecasyllabics.

YOU chorus of indolent reviewers,
 Irresponsible indolent reviewers—
 Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem,
 All composed in a metre of Catullus ;
 All in quantity, careful of my motion,
 Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him,
 Lest I fall unawares before the people,
 Waking laughter in indolent reviewers.
 Should I flounder awhile, without a tumble,
 Through this metrification of Catullus,
 They should speak to me not without a welcome,
 All that chorus of indolent reviewers.
 Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,
 So fantastical is the dainty metre.
 Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor believe me
 Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers.
 Oh! blatant magazines, regard me rather—
 Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—
 As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost
 Horticultural art, or half coquette-like
 Maiden, not to be greeted unbenignly.

TENNYSON.

“She Stoops to Conquer.”

Omnia serviliter pro dominatione.

TAC.

Carmen Catullianum.

IGNAVI male iudices quot estis
 Exlegum pecus et pigerrimorum,
 En paruum in trutinam poëma ueni
 Perscriptum penitus modis Catulli,
 Certis temporibus, memorque motus,
 Ne lapsum, uelut ire fune tento
 Coner, fabula multa in urbe fiam,
 Et dem iudicibus pigris cachinnos.
 Tantum si titubem, ruina nec sim,
 Hos dum uersiculos sequor Catulli,
 Id, credo, tacitum feram : sed omnis
 Tarparum ista hara salua sit pigrorum.
 Durum est est modo ne cadam cauere,
 Tam mollis modus estque delicatus.
 Quocirca neque uile me neque expers
 Frontis ducite, iudices obesi,
 Quin, balatibus o libri remotis,
 (Iam tingit rubor ora glorianti)
 Vobis bellula sim rosa, elegantis
 Horti gloria, uel puella simplex
 Qualem non licet alloqui proterue.

J. F. D.

The Almighty Dollar.

Regina pecunia.

HOR.

Lucretius.

AND therefore now
 Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,
 Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart
 Those blind beginnings that have made me man
 Dash them anew together at her will
 Through all her cycles—into man once more,
 Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower :
 But till this cosmic order everywhere
 Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day
 Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour perhaps
 Is not so far when momentary man
 Shall seem no more a something to himself,
 But he, his hopes and hates, his homes and fanes,
 And even his bones long laid within the grave,
 The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,
 Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,
 Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,
 My golden work in which I told a truth
 That stays the rolling Ixionian wheel,
 And numbs the Fury's ringlet snake, and plucks
 The mortal soul from out immortal hell,
 Shall stand : ay, surely : then it fails at last
 And perishes as I must ; for O Thou,
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,
 Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,
 Who fail to find thee, being as thou art
 Without one pleasure and without one pain,
 Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine
 Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus
 I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not
 How roughly men may woo thee so they win—
 Thus—thus : the soul flies out and dies in the air.

TENNYSON.

Lucretius.

NVNC igitur quae cuncta parit, quae parta recondit,
 Discutiat Natura potens distracta per orbem
 Quae me fecerunt hominem primordia caeca,
 Inque hominem rursus, (si fert ita forte uoluntas,)
 Per me collidat, formas mutata per omnes,
 Sim fera, sim uolucris, piscis, sive auricomus flos :
 Certe dum carptim concinna haec machina mundi
 Tempori' momento, atque, una conuolsa ruina
 Occiderit prorsus,——neque longe forsitan hora
 Fatalis distat, gens imbecilla uirorum
 Quum sibi desistet uitam conscire trahenti,
 Ipse autem, ac generis spes, irae, tecta Laesque,
 Ossaque praeterea iamdudum occulta sepulcro,
 Cum tumuli ipsius (dico) compagibus ipsis,
 Corpore quum constant alternis factae et inani,
 Se dabit obscuro per saecula cuncta profundo,——
 Nostrum autem interea, tempus dum uenerit illud,
 Clarum opus, exposita est in quo ratio inclyta ueri
 Quae sistit circumuoluentem Ixionis orbem,
 Obtunditque angues Furiarum in uertice, et aufert
 Mortales animas aeterno e carcere Ditis,
 Durabit certe ; post autem concidet ipsum
 Nos ueluti, fatis idem manet exitus ambo.
 Namque O alma Quies, caelesti e semine, Nympha,
 Deliciaeue uirum doctorum, et casta uoluptas,
 Qui nequeunt te, Diua, tamen contingere, quum sis
 Laetitia priuata omni, priuata dolore,
 Quamquam te noui fore serius ocyu' nostram,
 Occupat immatura tamen mea deprendisse
 Te manus haud molli pacto ; namque haud tibi curae est
 Quo pacto te homines present, modo denique uincant——
 Emoritur sic sic animus prolapsus in auras.

Tears, Idle Tears.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depths of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Ah ! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
 On lips that are for others ; deep as love
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
 Oh ! Death in Life, the days that are no more.

TENNYSON.

Epigram.

(ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.)

I KNOW the thing that 's most uncommon,
 (Envy, be silent, and attend,)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

POPE.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus.

VR fonte guttae cordis ab intimo
 Surgunt inanes—crediderim deos
 Sic flere—dum contemplor, anni
 Pomiferi sata laeta lustrans,
 Fulsero soles qui mihi pristini?
 Quam mira, tristis quam morientibus
 Extendit augustas trementi
 Luce dies oculis fenestras
 Aestate prima, Sol rediens choros
 Quom semisomnos concitat alitum;
 Tam mira, tam tristis latescit
 Corde dies reditura nunquam.
 Non tam negatis dulcia quae labris
 Fingunt amantes oscula; mortuae
 Non illa quae caro puellae
 Ore suae meminere pressa!
 Non ipse amator tam penitus nova
 Aestate primis uritur ignibus!
 Quam uiuus elapsos, sepulta
 Spe, crucior meminisse soles!

M.

Ad Varum.

REM, Vare, nouam et nimis stupendam!
 Vidi prodigium (faucte linguis
 Si queis splene iecur tumescit atro),
 Sanae (credite) feminam Mineruae,
 Non hercle illepidam neque inuenustam—
 Amicis tamen haud molesta uiuit.

T.

Ajax.

(SOPH. AI. 693-717.)

THRILLS my heart! soars my spirit on ecstasy's wing!
 O Pan, Pan, thou who roamest the sea,
 From the snow-beaten ridge of Kyllene, O king—
 O god of the dance, come to me!
 Come join us in Nysa's and Knosus' wild maze,
 And the untutor'd revel of joy let me raise.

And thou, too, the bright Lord of Delos divine,
 Speed o'er the Ikarian wave;
 Let thy manifest presence irradiant shine,
 And grant me the boon that I crave;
 For the War-god hath raised the dark cloud from mine eye,
 O'er our ships dawns the light of a fair, happy sky.

For Ajax, forgetting his deep-brooding care,
 And yielding to heaven's high will,
 Hath perform'd the due rites with a penitent's prayer;
 Mighty Time brings to naught every ill:
 And of naught shall I say that it never shall be,
 From the thraldom of passion since Ajax is free!

A. W. Q.



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